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PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL.

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

With Numerous Illustrations.

LONDON:
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.
1877.

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THE ALTHORP GALLERY.

I.—Peter Paul Rubens.

The Painter's Daughter.

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

THE original picture from which M. Flameng has etched this plate is one of the very few works of Rubens which were conceived from the first in grey, and in which only just so much colour is introduced as the artist thought necessary to avoid the appearance of ghastliness. In fact it is simply a *grisaille*, with carnation for the flesh. If the reader has in his mind any pure *grisaille*, in cold grey, without carnation, he will at once remember how ghastly such works look, even when executed by the very greatest masters. There is one, for example, by Vandyke, in the La Caze collection in the Louvre, representing a lady in a black and white dress. The pigments used in that were, I believe, white, black, raw umber, and terre verte, so that the work is not absolutely limited to cold grey, and still it predominates everywhere; and there is no flesh colour, so that the face looks like that of a corpse. It is probable that Vandyke intended this merely as a beginning, to be painted over afterwards in full colour; but the Rubens before us is a finished work, evidently, and therefore the more interesting, as an exception to his general practice—a practice which, as Fromentin said, had no secrets. Fromentin spoke of the 'two or three ruling colours' in the works of Rubens, 'which play a part we easily understand, the action of which is foreseen, and the influences of which are known to every one in the present day who has learned the practical art of painting.' Then Fromentin goes on to say, 'These colours are always the same in the works of Rubens;' which would be true if rather less absolutely stated. This picture, being an exception, has the sobriety of Velasquez.

It is curious what an old-looking little woman the child seems, and yet, at the same time, the painter has quite made us understand that she *is* a child, though what would be popularly called 'an old-fashioned one.' It would be difficult to find a more charming picture in the whole of Earl Spencer's collection. The exuberance of Rubens is here tamed and tempered to a natural ease and grace which remind us almost of Reynolds, though the style and costume are different. Rubens seems to have painted this picture merely to amuse himself, or to gratify his paternal feelings, and without any intention of artistic display. The work, in our opinion, is all the better for this simplicity of purpose. We have been fortunate enough to secure for its interpretation the services of one of the most distinguished living etchers, who has of late been giving especial study to the work of Rubens in the Royal Gallery by permission of her Majesty. The reader will at once perceive how easily and surely the easy and sure work of the great Flemish master has been interpreted by an etcher whose very name reminds us of the land and nationality of Rubens.

EDITOR.

ALBERT DÜRER: HIS TEACHERS, HIS RIVALS, AND HIS SCHOLARS.

THE following papers will treat of Albert Dürer, not in general, but with reference to the particular question,—What were his relations as an engraver, and especially as an engraver on copper, to other masters of his age? The art of engraving—or more strictly the art of printing from engraved blocks or plates—came into general use in Germany, the Low Countries, and Italy, like the art of letterpress printing, between 1450 and 1500. In this period, the period of the Renaissance, many artists began to cut designs of their own on metal, or to hand them to professional wood-engravers to be cut on wood, for the purpose of being printed and published, whether as illustrations to books or for separate sale. To the goldsmith the invention offered a new and fruitful application of his craft, to the painter a means of bringing his designs within the reach of every one. These two trades, the painter's and the goldsmith's, were occasionally exercised by the same hand, and very habitually by different members of the same family. Albert Dürer, a painter and the son of a goldsmith, was born at Nuremberg in 1471. He began to publish prints both on copper and wood soon after 1495, and presently rose to be the greatest of all masters in both styles. He stands pre-eminent among the engravers of the Renaissance, pre-eminent north of the Alps at any rate; but he does not stand alone. Both north of the Alps and south, the art was practised in Dürer's time by a number of other masters, some older than himself, some younger, others of whom we cannot tell whether they were older or younger or of the same age. Of some we know the names and lives; of others the work only, while their personality escapes us. In the hands of these men, engraving, at least on metal, was not usually, as it is with us, an art by which one man multiplies and disseminates the ideas of another; it was an art by which a man multiplied and disseminated his own ideas. The engraver upon copper was usually the inventor of the design which he cut, and the greatest artists took delight in the new skill. Taking the chief of these engraving artists one by one, we shall inquire what is known about each, and shall compare his work with Dürer's. We shall see at what points Dürer is like or unlike both his northern and his southern contemporaries; how in the course of his career he borrowed from one man, and matched himself against a second, and set the example to a third and fourth. In this way, though we shall put together no systematic or complete account of Dürer's history, we shall get a clear conception of the qualities which were most characteristic of his genius. And we shall learn, further, what were the sources and antecedents of that genius, and what its authority and influence; in that department where Dürer was pre-eminent, we shall see what he had immediately before and after and around him. We shall make ourselves acquainted with other masters whose work is familiar, not, like Dürer's, to every one, but only to the special student. That which our study loses in system it will thus gain in range; and it will aim at precision as to those points which come within its range. Many of these points the reader may have found already mooted, and some of them discussed at length, by previous writers, and especially by the latest biographer of Dürer, Dr. Moritz Thausing. Dr. Thausing's book is perhaps the best life of an artist yet written. It is not merely, like many German biographies, admirably thorough, learned, and mature; it is also brilliant, ingenious, and acute. It is, I believe, on the point of appearing in English, and no ordinary reader will henceforth need to use any other authority. To Dr. Thausing I am indebted at every turn, and in a less degree, to many other writers whom it would be hardly in place to enumerate here—chiefly to the scattered monographs of German critics, but also to our own countrywoman, Mrs. Heaton, and countryman, Mr. W. B. Scott. The scheme and substance of the present essays is, however, my own, nor have I written without a close familiarity with the

original materials of the study—a familiarity imposed, in part, by my duties in the custody of the rich collection of these masters which exists at Cambridge. I shall mention all cases where my instances and illustrations have been suggested by others.

Illustration, in our scheme, is as important as discussion, and indeed is necessary to it. The modern inventions for reproducing works of art in facsimile are often delusive or unsatisfactory; but this is not the case with some of the inventions for reproducing the works of engraving. By the process of M. Amand-Durand—employed, in his hands, with the feeling of a true artist—a new copper-plate is produced from a line-engraving or etching: and the impressions from this new plate are as good, except for the sentiment of the thing (which is a great deal), as the original impression from which the plate is made. As good, I say advisedly; for whatever force, delicacy, or brilliancy there may be in the original is kept in the facsimile. Each chapter of our study will be accompanied with one or more engravings reproduced in this admirable way by M. Durand, besides minor illustrations of a necessarily less perfect kind. The reader will thus be in possession, when the work is done, of a number of engravings, selected for comparison and contrast, by various masters of that age when engraving was in its first perfection, and when the greatest men threw into the art their best powers both of mind and hand. For a print of this age, let the reader remember, is a print and something more. The study of such prints is not only fascinating to the collector and the dilettante; it is, or should be, interesting and fruitful to every one. The art is in itself one of the most beautiful of arts, the most subtle and forcible in its effects, and demanding in the artist the highest qualities of patience, and of manual training and power. This is true of all good engraving; but an engraving of these schools is often a masterpiece not only of workmanship but of original imagination, it is often the expression, in small, of the whole mind and genius of a man or of a nation. Engraving had an immense share —a share second only to that of letterpress printing—in the popular education of Europe, and especially of Northern Europe, in the age of the Renaissance and the Reformation. The quaintest, the rudest print of that period may often constitute, by itself, a whole chapter in the history of culture. One of the objects with which the present essay is undertaken is to make the reader realise not only the beauty and power which the workmen of these schools presently added to the strenuous quaintness of their style, but the interest of what they have, in that earnest utterance, to tell, and so to incline him to pursue for himself, in the public print-rooms where they are preserved, the study of these delightful archives of the human genius.

I.

DÜRER AND MARTIN SCHONGAUER.

'In Germania si levò poi un Bel. Martino, tagliatore in rame, il quale non abbandonò la maniera di Rogiero suo maestro, ma non arrivò però alla bontà del suo colorire, che aveva Rogiero, per esser più usato all' intaglio delle sue stampe, che parevano miraculose in quel tempo, et hogi sono anchora in bona reputatione tra i nostri mansueti artefici, perchè anchora che le chose sue siano secche, però hanno quelche bon garbo. Da questo Bel Martino sono venuti tutti li famosi artefici in Germania, il primo quel absoluto amorevole Alberto Durero, discepolo di esso Bel Martino, seguitò la maniera del maestro, accommodando assai più al naturale, benchè non anchora del tutto, quel suo modo di pannisoni, et trovò una via più gagliarda et non tanto secca, accompagnata di geometrica, d' optica, regole, et proportione alle figure.'—Lamberto Lombardo to Vasari (*Gaye, Carteggio*, iii. 177.)

Before Albert Dürer the best engraver in Germany had been Martin Schongauer of Colmar. If we were attempting a systematic history of engraving, we should have to speak of other masters who worked about the same time as Martin Schongauer, most of them in a ruder manner than his, and who may possibly, therefore, have been his seniors and teachers. Nearly all these primitive masters are nameless, or can be identified at most by the initials or the date with which they used to mark their plates. Some of them belong, apparently, to Upper Germany, to the towns of Bavaria and Franconia; the most important of these is known as E. S., or the Master of 1466, according to the initials and the date with which he occasionally signs his prints.

Others belong to the Low Countries, or to towns of Germany contiguous to the Low Countries; the most important, perhaps, among these is the master signing with the initials I. A. or I. A. M., together with the instrument, an engraver's burnisher, which Bartsch* mistook for a weaver's shuttle (*navette*), and sometimes also with the name of the town where he worked, Zwoll. But as the earliest literature on the subject takes no account of these masters, and as the relations of succession and mutual influence between them is very obscure, and this is not a systematic history, they may be dismissed. For us, as for popular tradition both among German and Italian writers, Martin Schongauer may be regarded as the father of the Northern Schools of engraving—as having appeared, and exhibited for the first time the grace and excellence of which the new art was capable. His fame as an artist was and is very great. As to his personal history, though we know it better than that of some masters of whom we shall have to speak, yet our knowledge is in part legendary and disputable. The early chroniclers of these things were careless people, content, like Vasari's correspondent, to say of a man that he appeared, or 'arose,' without stopping to specify time, place, or antecedents. Vasari himself is the most careless chronicler of all, and the most easily contented. He has no idea of any difference between Germany and the Low Countries, and the idea he has of the Low Countries is limited to *Anversa*—Antwerp; for him, both Martin Schongauer and Dürer were painters and engravers of Antwerp. The early German writers who notice Schongauer† naturally know their own country better than this, and are aware that the place where he lived and worked was Colmar in Elsass, near the left bank of the Rhine between Basel and Strassburg; but beyond this they are little more explicit than the Italians. His very name assumes a legendary and variable form. Wimpheling, writing within seventeen years of his death, calls him Martin Schon, for *Schön*, Martin the beautiful. This nickname, one would have supposed, might refer to the beauty of his person, and be at the same time a play on the first syllable of his real name. But we find the equivalent, *Hübsch* or *Hipsch*, instead of Schön, used also by contemporaries; by Dürer himself, in a note on a drawing of Schongauer's now in the British Museum, and similarly on another described by Heinecken; and by Hans Burgkmair, in a writing stuck on the back of the frame of a portrait of the Master in Nuremberg, in which writing Burgkmair also says that Martin was called Hübsch, not because of his person, but 'because of his art.' The nickname went abroad, and the Italians call him sometimes Buon Martino, but usually Bel Martino, and the French Beau Martin. This is all fair enough; but presently a Frenchman, the Abbé de Marolles—he whose famous and immense collection formed the first nucleus of the *Cabinet d'Estampes* in the Paris Library—perverts the name and nickname into Ipsem Martin le Tudesque; and worse, an Italian, the Padre Orlandi, confounding Martin Schongauer with one Marinus, called Zeuuw because he came from Reinersmalen in Zeeland, speaks of him as Martinus de Secu, called Romeffiolaen. Let us give as shortly as possible the upshot of the principal evidences that have been discovered as to the master's family history and his own.‡

The family of Schongauer took their name and origin from the village of Schongau on the Lech, in Upper Bavaria. As early as the 13th century members of the family appear by the archives of Augsburg to have been resident, and to have been numbered among the rich and governing class, in that city. In the year 1428, one Ulrich Schongauer, belonging apparently to an impovished branch of the house, left Augsburg, where he had been earning

* For the benefit of readers unfamiliar with this study, let it be mentioned that the 'Peintre-Graveur' of Adam Bartsch is the standard book of reference, and foundation for all other books of reference, on the subject; and that the numbers preceded by a B., hereafter occurring, are the numbers of his catalogues.

† These are Wimpheling, *Epitome Rerum Germanicarum*, ch. 68, Strassburg, 1505; Chr. Scheurl, *Vita Antonii Kressen*, first published in 1515, and again in the collected edition of Pirkheimer's works, Frankfort, 1610; Neudörffer, *Nachrichten über Nürnberger Künstler*, Nürnberg, 1546; reprinted in the Vienna *Quellenschriften*.

‡ The authorities by whom these evidences are resumed and discussed (in some instances with conflicting conclusions) are: *Le Musée de Colmar—Martin Schongauer et son Ecole:* par Ch. Gontzuiller. 2nd ed. Colmar and Paris, 1876. An essay by W. Schmidt in *Kunst und Künstler des Mittelalters und der Neuzeit*, herausgegeben von Dr. Robert Dohme. Part 1, p. 24, sqq.; Leipzig, 1875. *Geschichte der deutschen Kunst in Elsass*, von Dr. Alfred Woltmann; ch. x.; Leipzig, 1876.

a bare subsistence as a painter, to seek his fortunes elsewhere. We cannot tell what kin this Ulrich Schongauer was to another, Caspar Schongauer, a goldsmith, whom we find admitted to the rights of citizenship at Colmar in 1445, and registered as dying there in 1468. Caspar was in all likelihood the father of Martin and of Martin's four brothers, Caspar, Georg, Paul, and Ludwig, of whom the first three were goldsmiths and the last a painter. About the place and date of Martin's birth there is uncertainty: the uncertainty hingeing upon the following circumstances. There are two portraits of Martin Schongauer in early life, both of them plainly copies from a common original which has disappeared. They show the pleasant and handsome countenance of a beardless man between twenty and thirty years of age, looking three quarters to the right; the eyes are open and honest, the jaw vigorous, the chin and cheeks full and round; a cap is pulled down on the right temple. One of these portraits, of full life size, is in the Academy at Siena; the other, about half life size, at Munich. On both are painted the words, 'HIPSCH MARTIN SCHONGAUER MALER,' the family coat of arms, a half-moon, gules, on a field argent, and the date 1453. On the back of the Munich picture is a note, much tattered, the writing on which is to the following effect:—'Master Martin Schongauer, painter, called Hipsch Martin because of his art, born at Colmar, but by his ancestors a citizen of Augsburg. He was the son of Herr Caspar and died at Colmar in the year 1499 on the 2nd day of February. God have mercy upon him . . . . I his disciple, Hans Burgkmair, in the year 1488.' This note makes it appear that the Munich portrait was painted by Hans Burgkmair, the famous painter and book-illustrator of Augsburg, and further, that Burgkmair had been a pupil of Schongauer, and had fastened to the picture this account of his master's birth, death, and parentage. But the account has difficulties. If this is the likeness of Martin in 1453, he must have been born soon after 1420. But Burgkmair at the same time says that he was born at Colmar, and we know that his father Caspar did not receive the citizenship of Colmar till 1445. Hence some have argued that the other date of the portrait must in reality be 1483, and not 1453; and indeed the form of the third figure on the Munich picture would do as well for an 8 as a 5. This view, according to which Martin Schongauer would have been born soon after 1450 instead of soon after 1420, is supported not only (1) by Burgkmair's statement that his birthplace was Colmar, which is itself supported by the fact that his name is the name of the patron Saint, St. Martin, of the parish his father inhabited in that town; but also (2) by the evidence of Heinecken, who describes a drawing on which, says he, Albert Dürer had written with his own hand, 'This was drawn by Hibsch Martin *in the year* 1470, *when he was a young fellow*;' and again (3) by the inferences as to the ages of Martin's brothers, which we draw from the fact that they were not admitted citizens, one of Ulm, another of Basel, and a third of Colmar, until the years 1475, 1485, and 1494, respectively. But in favour of the earlier date for Martin's birth, there is this evidence, that the date '53 is unmistakable on the Siena picture; that the tradition is constant, as well as probable from internal evidence, which makes Martin Schongauer the pupil of Roger of Bruges, which he could not have been had he been born about the later of the supposed dates, as Roger of Bruges died in 1464; and that an early writer named Jobin puts his apprenticeship as far back as about the year 1420. Again, as to the date of Martin Schongauer's death, the inscription of his pupil Hans Burgkmair, already quoted, gives it as the 2nd of February, 1499: whereas in the book of anniversaries of the parish church of St. Martin there is an entry actually existing, according to which he died on the same day in 1488. As between these two death-dates there has been also much controversy; some urging, in favour of 1499, and against the entry in the parish books, not only Burgkmair's notice, but the fact that another document of the year 1492 mentions Martin Schongauer as paying a rate on account of some house property held by him in Colmar, and also the evidence of pictures bearing the mark of his hand, which were painted for a certain Guido Guersi, Preceptor of the convent of the Antonites at Issenheim, in the year 1493. On the other hand, it is contended, that the rate may well have been entered in Martin's name after his death; that the Issenheim pictures are not by Martin himself but by his scholars; that Albert Dürer has said how, when he went to Colmar in 1492, Martin was no longer

there, and therefore most probably that he was dead: and finally, that the date 1499 in the inscription on the back of the Munich picture has been inserted by a later hand at the end of the fifth line of the inscription, there being a gap where the real date will originally have stood, at the beginning of the sixth. This last point seems to have been proved conclusively, so that we may accept 1488 for good and all as the date of Martin's death. For that of his birth, the evidences are so evenly balanced that we can hardly determine whether to pronounce with Dr. W. Schmidt for 1450, or with Dr. Woltman for 1420. In the latter case, he will have lived to a good old age; in the former, he will have died under forty, and we may well wonder both at the activity of his genius, and the authority which it acquired over others, within so short a life.

If we take the earlier date for his birth, then we may easily accept the tradition which makes him the personal pupil of Roger of Bruges; if the later, still the example of that master must have influenced him more or less, for it is not to be mistaken in his works. Roger of Bruges, as is well known, was among the painters of the Low Countries the most distinguished follower of the Van Eycks. He came from Tournai in the French dominions, and his name was Roger de le Pasture, translated into Roger van der Weyden. The improvements which the Van Eycks had launched upon the art of painting—their splendid mastery over colour and the resources of the oil medium—the sincere and penetrating grasp of character and of fact which they possessed along with their devotional spirit—their love of landscape—the trick of their heavy draperies, running at first in straight folds and then breaking into strong zigzags and angles—all these things Roger inherited from the Van Eycks, and practised with perhaps something less of energy and minute painstaking than they. He had an excellent art of composition, distributing his figures with distinctness and simplicity. In no part of Germany was there any art approaching in excellence that of this school of the Van Eycks and their followers. The ancient glory of the school of Cologne had departed. The painters of Upper Germany, of the Bavarian and Franconian towns, were for the most part the rudest of craftsmen, in whose shops mere uncouth altar-pieces, subjects of ascetic sanctity or repulsive martyrdom, were turned out hastily and for small price, by rough pupils, with a few touches from the master. Something of the same difference between the schools of the Low Countries and of Upper Germany may be recognised not only in painting, but in all the minor forms of art. The miniatures in late Upper German manuscripts are commonly coarse and ugly, their drawing and sentiment alike of the rudest; while those of some of the Low-Country schools are works, as is well known, of a grave, exquisite, and refined art. Presently engraved picture-outlines began to be printed on MSS. for the illuminator to fill up; and in the case alike of these and of early printed books, the cuts, whether on wood or copper, produced in Upper Germany are inferior to those produced in or near the Low Countries, as for instance at Bruges, in the west, or at Zwoll, on the borders of Holland and Westphalia, on the east.

The account given by Vasari's correspondent above quoted, that Martin Schongauer learnt painting from Roger Van der Weyden, but was less of a painter and colourist than his master because of the time he spent upon his engravings, may be taken as a rough statement of the truth. But the influence of Roger and the oil-painters of the Netherlands was not, certainly, the only influence which took effect upon Martin Schongauer. He is the creator of types of beauty, and countenances of serene holiness, which have their precedent in the altar-pieces not of the Bruges school, but rather of the earlier and more mystic school of Cologne. Martin Schongauer is in part a mystic, a soul-painter, searching after the expression of the stainless, the beatified, the superhuman; he is by no means wholly possessed with the new Northern spirit of realism and of fact; he dreams out tranquil, youthful martyrs of his own, he dreams out his own benign Madonnas, and in this he is akin not only to the painters of Cologne—to Meister Wilhelm or Meister Stephan—but to the painters of the Umbrian mountain-schools, whose pictures, like theirs, are essentially dreams of heaven, of spiritual countenances and celestial apparel. San-

drart, an early authority, says indeed, expressly, that Schongauer was a friend of Perugino; and not only that they were friends, but that they used to exchange drawings, and that each borrowed what was best in his work from the other. That is probably a hasty saying; but certain it is that in simplicity of composition, in the character of some of their landscape backgrounds, and above all in the noble types of their warrior archangels and youthful martyrs, there is between Schongauer in the North and Perugino in the South a real affinity.

The only place to study Martin Schongauer as a painter is in his native town of Colmar.* Here there exists a Schongauer Society, the members of which have acquired the convent called Unterlinden, formerly the home of a mystic sisterhood, and have turned it into a Schongauer Museum, which they have enriched with a statue of the master by Bartholdi, and a collection of paintings assigned to himself and other local artists. Unhappily, long before this patriotic enterprise was set on foot, too many of the great works of the master had perished. During the wars following the French Revolution, the pictures in the Cathedral of Colmar—and among them some of Martin Schongauer—were trampled under foot and burnt in the market-place. Other churches seem to have been almost as thoroughly despoiled; there only remains in one—in St. Martin's—a single picture, which, by the common consent of students, is a masterpiece of Martin Schongauer's brush. This is a Madonna with the Child, seated in front of a trellised hedge of roses, and seems, in spite of restoration, to be a very beautiful and typical work of the master. About the other pictures collected in the Schongauer Museum—altar-pieces drawn from various churches and religious houses—there is much division among critics; some allowing one to be authentic, some another, but few the same, and some none at all. I have not been to Colmar, and cannot speak with any authority on these matters; besides, our business is with the engravings and not with the paintings of the master.

As an engraver, he is the best of his time. In the work of other primitive masters we find a less accomplished practice; harsh outlines, and roundness indicated generally by plain straight strokes for the shadowed parts, with shorter straight strokes or scratches making a slight angle with the first, for the transitions from shadow into light. The best masters of Flanders and the Lower Rhine, and particularly those immediately influenced by the school of Van Eyck, are admirable for the richness of their compositions and the serious sweetness and realism of their types, but technically, they are embarrassed, and are not yet masters of the means and the effects of their art. Martin Schongauer is the first who can freely make his line follow and express the forms which he wishes to indicate; he can play, so far as that severe art allows, with his burin upon the copper, and gives one, for all the restraint and asceticism of his style, the sense of mastery and power. The locks of his Madonnas and Virgin Martyrs ripple exquisitely down beside their brows and shoulders; wreaths of delicate foliage, many-sprayed, encircle the head of St. Agnes or the Angel of the Annunciation. The lily of the Annunciation is drawn with a great, almost an excessive, delight in the curving of its leaves and the curling of its petals. An iris in the brook which St. Christopher is fording is treated with the same feeling; so are the thistle and the mullen in our illustration. A rich growth of ivy trails over the ruined Gothic arch, beneath which the Virgin has laid her child in Bethlehem. Not that Martin Schongauer introduces these things except occasionally, or fills his backgrounds, like Albert Dürer, with rich spaces of landscape, or rich growths of the forest, or multitudinous living things, for the mere pleasure of engraving them, the mere proof and exercise of skill. On the contrary, he is generally very sparing of details. He only puts in barely as much as is necessary, leaving his compositions very clear, broad, and simple, indicating his landscape backgrounds with admirable feeling, but broadly, with mere outlines often, and putting in his foregrounds not many details but one or two, which he works out with loving fidelity. When he does choose to crowd a composition with many figures and incidents, he gets effects of considerable richness, chiefly by elaborately

* The picture assigned to him in the National Gallery is probably not by his hand, but composed by an artist of his school, with considerable variations, from his famous print of the *Death of the Virgin*.

broken drapery, and by putting near together many heads with their hair richly treated. Such a composition is the famous *Death of the Virgin* (B. 33), a print which collectors prize above measure, and for an example of which the inordinate sum of 400*l.* was paid last year. Other great and costly engravings of Martin Schongauer are the *Battle of St. James the Greater* (the patron saint of Spain) *against the Infidels* (B. 53), and *Christ carrying His Cross* (B. 31). But in these scenes of violence and crowded action Schongauer's design, for all its richness in the general effect, is somewhat feeble, constrained, and affected in detail: he is not really at his best in them, nor even in that other celebrated piece of the *Temptation of St. Anthony* (B. 47), in which the greybeard saint, with a countenance patiently rueful, is menaced, buffeted, clawed and plucked at in mid-air by a flight of fiends—a print of which the fantastic invention so pleased Michaelangelo in his youth that he made a picture from it. Neither, again, is Schongauer at his best in plain studies from very plain life, like those sets of the five foolish and five wise virgins which were so popular in his time; having been copied, though all his things were much copied, perhaps oftenest of all. Where he is really at his best is in his beautiful virgins and angels of the Annunciation (B. 1, 2, 3), or in his birth of Christ aforesaid (B. 4), where the mother kneels beneath the Gothic arch with the ivy, worshipping her child, which she has laid upon a loose end of her robe, while the kneeling ox and standing ass look on mildly, and Joseph stands by with what seems an unnecessary lantern; a choir of diminutive angels, like the angels of Van Eyck, hovering aloft on the right, the shepherds peering among the ruins on the left, and another shepherd, to whom the herald angel delivers his message, being visible in the open landscape beyond. He is again at his very best in the great Crucifixion (B. 25), which resembles the finest compositions of painters of Bruges. The St. John in this piece is one of those creations of Northern art than which Southern art never yielded anything more beautiful; as indeed upon all youthful saints, heroes and martyrs—St. Michael slaying the dragon (B. 51), St. Lawrence with his gridiron (B. 56), St. Stephen (B. 49), Martin Schongauer bestows these open countenances of knightly or saintly beauty, these frank eyes and crisp locks, and a carriage of the noblest manhood.

But it is time to come to our especial point, the relations of Martin Schongauer with Albert Dürer. It became the fashion to consider that all the good art of Upper Germany had sprung up from the example of the Low Countries as imported by Martin Schongauer of Colmar. This is to do less than justice to the natural power of progress in the schools of Upper Germany. The influence of the Low Countries no doubt told for much upon the painters of the Upper Rhine and Nuremberg and Augsburg; but their own natural powers, as well as other influences, especially influences from Italy, count, as we shall see, for not less in their progress. Lamberto Lombardo makes 'all the famous artificers of Germany,' and first of all Albert Dürer, come from 'Bel Martino.' The German Wimpheling more precisely calls Dürer the pupil, *discipulus*, of Martin. But other nearly contemporary Germans, Neudörffer and Scheurl, have taken pains to get better information, and tell us, as from Dürer's own authority, that his father had wished indeed to put him in apprenticeship with Schongauer, but that, it appearing that Schongauer was dead, he had been apprenticed to Wohlgemuth of Nuremberg instead, and that when he went travelling after his apprenticeship he was kindly received by Martin's brothers at Colmar and Basel, but had never seen, much less been pupil to, Martin himself. There is some confusion in this account, as Dürer was certainly articled to Wohlgemuth in Nuremberg *before* the date of Schongauer's death, 1488; but the main fact is no doubt true. Dürer is in no strict sense the pupil of Martin Schongauer. There is not, among the many existing copies made from Schongauer's prints by his contemporaries, one which we can tell to have been made by Dürer.

The only print of Schongauer's which Dürer has hitherto been supposed to have imitated, and that very freely, is the *Flight into Egypt* (B. 7), which we have chosen for our illustration.*

* Dr. Thausing says (p. 251), 'The Flight into Egypt is strongly influenced by Schongauer's engraving, down to the palm and other exotic trees, and the drawing of the ass.'

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Schongauer's treatment of the subject is akin to that common in illuminated manuscripts of his time and earlier. He shows us a pause in the journey, at the skirts of a thin wood. Mary is mounted on the ass, which puts down its nose to sniff at a thistle; while Joseph, with his pilgrim's bottle hanging at his back, gathers dates, of which he has already given her one. In his gathering he is helped by a flight of little long-robed angels who bend down the fruit within his reach; some are hugging at the trunk, others hauling at the boughs. Among the stems of fig-tree and vine and palm in the wood, we see a stag and hind; on the top of a tree of cactus-like growth a parrot crunches fruit, and three lizards play about its stem. Dürer, in his famous woodcut series of the *Life of the Virgin* (B. 89), published in 1511, has treated the subject with distinct reference to this delightful print of Schongauer's. There is the same march from left to right, only an ox is added to the cavalcade; the travellers are not pausing for refreshment, and are faring through a thicker forest; the stag and the lizards are introduced but differently; instead of angels helping to gather dates, we have cherubs idly fluttering in a cloud, the date-palm being transferred to the right, and its boughs sweeping in splendid curves to the top of the picture; while the cactus-like tree is moved to the right, and the the jungle of vines and fig-trees is made infinitely richer and lovelier in design. Joseph with his pack slung over a stick, a bent and bearded figure, leads the ass by the halter; and Mary, no ideal virgin as with Schongauer, but a plain pleasant figure of the time, rides with her broad hat slung at her back: the whole scene is denuded of the ideal and the miraculous, and made real and homely.

Placing the general work of Dürer beside that of Schongauer, there are many more points of contrast than of resemblance. Dürer has far more of the spirit of the Renaissance, the spirit of fact and reality, and of patient and searching thought; Schongauer has far more of the Gothic spirit, the spirit of devout dreaming. In things more technical, I have said how Schongauer prefers simplicity, nay, emptiness, and Dürer richness and complication, in his landscape and accessories; how Schongauer does not, and Dürer does, delight in feats and effects of engraving for their own sake. Take any of the Virgins of Dürer and compare them with the Virgins of Schongauer, and you will see at once both the spiritual and technical differences between the two. Schongauer dreams out his tranquil type with the vast forehead and rippling hair, with the demure eyes and benignant mouth, with the long straight nose, oval face, and small rounded chin; he sets her standing in empty space (B. 28), or seated with the child before a wattle fence, or in a walled garden with one bare tree; the treatment is of extreme reserve and simplicity. Dürer's Virgins are no dreams, but the plainest types of Nuremberg motherhood; if he sets one in heaven, he will engrave as richly as he can the twelve stars of her crown and the rays of the glory which encompasses her; if he shows her with her child upon earth, he will fill the scene with landscape, with plants and animals, and other playthings of his art. In this range Martin Schongauer has certainly the advantage; but in all subjects calling either for depth and strenuousness of thought, or for the exhibition of life and action, Dürer shows his immeasurable superiority. Perhaps the comparison may best be made between Schongauer's series of the Passion of Christ and Dürer's Little Passion on copper. In the first place, Schongauer's ideal of Christ is merely an ideal of dignified meekness and remonstrance; the high forehead and weak chin and gentle mouth expressing no more than this, while the persecutors are made to look villainous and grotesque by the deformity of their noses and the shooting out of their tongues and their lips. Dürer's Christ is a great and noble as well as a new creation; strong and heroic as well as patient, yearning and striving as well as enduring, with looks of poignant tenderness, reproach, and resolute pain; human as well as divine. To see the full weakness of the one artist and strength of the other, turn to the subject of Christ's descent into hell. In Schongauer's treatment (B. 19), Christ with his banner comes from the left, and sets his right foot in a posture somewhat affected and distorted on a feeble prostrate fiend, while another not less feeble strikes helplessly at him from above the door. The door of hell has fallen out of its Gothic frame, and

Christ has laid hold of the kneeling Adam by the hand; beside Adam kneel Eve and the patriarchs, large of head, skinny of limb, and, like all Schongauer's figures, long and bony of hand and foot. In Dürer's version (B. 16) we look through a round arch, out of which the door of hell has fallen, and see Christ with his banner facing us, a three-tongued glory flaming about his head, stooping, with a worn face of ineffable tenderness, to rescue a patriarch by the wrist; Adam and Eve, already rescued, stand in touching converse outside; near us are heads still imprisoned

PEASANTS GOING TO MARKET, AFTER SCHONGAUER.

among the flames, and among them the head of a fiend; while another fiend, really fierce and awful like all those of Dürer's invention, has climbed and clung rat-like upon the arch, and with his broken lance strikes savagely at the deliverer.

The second engraving of Schongauer (B. 88), which we reproduce here by a different method, looks at first sight like a treatment, only a little more familiar, of the subject of the first. An old peasant, who happens to have the same features as the Joseph of the other piece, leads by the halter a jade, upon which a woman rides astraddle and barefoot, with a long switch over one shoulder and a bunch of live hens for market hanging from her left hand, while a stout boy holds on to her girdle behind: the man is bare-headed, and carries under his arm an old sword, which has pierced its scabbard; in his hand is a basket of eggs, and over his shoulder a sack of corn.

In the work of some of the later, the more irreverent masters of the northern schools, this might indeed have been a study for a Flight into Egypt. Not so with Schongauer; it is, of course, merely a study of the peasant life about him. He is, I think, the earliest artist who studied peasant life for its own sake. How Dürer followed him in this, with a franker humour and a freer hand, let our last illustration testify (B. 89). Dürer's print is no imitation of Schongauer, but a free treatment of a kindred subject. A peasant and his wife are crying their goods for sale in the market—milk, eggs, and fowls. With the German masters immediately following Dürer, these homely scenes of country life came to be a stock representation, and are treated, sometimes, with excessive bluntness. Another class of subjects which had attractions both for Dürer and Schongauer—and indeed for all artists—of this age were subjects of natural history. They loved to engrave both real and mythological animals. In a later chapter of the present study I shall publish a print, anonymous and hitherto unknown, of a monkey, and show how it was incorporated by Dürer in one of his well-known devotional subjects, and how its author was most probably no other than Martin Schongauer. But even if this is taken as proved, the debt of Dürer to Schongauer remains wonderfully small. They were men of essentially different genius. Dürer, who presently went far beyond Martin Schongauer—beyond any other engraver of his time or since—in technical resource and power of hand, Dürer no doubt profited in the beginning from a study of the comparative mastery of the master of Colmar. So, we shall see, did he profit by the study of many others, and in a manner more capable of demonstration.

PEASANTS, AFTER ALBERT DÜRER.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

EDWARD J. POYNTER, R.A.

PORTRAIT BY ALPHONSE LEGROS.

MANY readers of the PORTFOLIO who know Mr. Poynter's works will value this representation of him by the friendly hand of M. Legros. A friendly hand, we say, but not a flattering one, for the intellectual and earnest style of portraiture to which the work of M. Legros belongs excludes the artifices which make flattery possible. Nevertheless, the etching before us made a very deep impression on artists who saw the first proofs of it, and although the portrait was not originally commissioned for the PORTFOLIO, we were glad to secure the plate at once, in its absolutely unpublished state, for the benefit of our subscribers. Other portraits of the same severe and noble character, and by the same artist, will appear in future Numbers.

Mr. Poynter was born in March 1836. His first passion in art, or, at any rate, his first artistic ambition, was for landscape, and he was led in this direction by the beauty of Nature herself during the winter of 1852–53, which he spent, not in London, but in the pleasanter climate of Madeira, which he visited for the benefit of his health. Most of that season—which it seems almost a misuse of language to call winter—he spent in sketching from nature. He had already some artistic preparation, having been sent to draw at Leigh's, in Newman Street, during his holidays from school.

Mr. Poynter's attention was turned from landscape to the figure during the winter of 1853–54, which he spent at Rome. Here he found Leighton, who was then occupied on his famous picture of the procession in honour of Cimabue, and who soon took a kindly interest in the young artist, allowing him to draw from the models who came to his studio to be used in the great picture. Leighton also set draperies on his lay-figure for young Poynter to study, and the consequence of all this friendly help was that his inclination veered from landscape to the figure, although during this sojourn in Italy he still sketched from nature a great deal.

On returning to England, Mr. Poynter worked regularly at Leigh's for a time, and also in Mr. Dobson's studio. He was Mr. Dobson's pupil for a year, and entered the Royal Academy as a student in 1855. In that year he went to Paris to see the Universal Exhibition of Pictures, and received a strong impression from the work of Decamps, which had a great effect upon the direction of his ambition, by giving him a decided leaning towards the picturesque treatment of Old Testament subjects. Once under this French influence, the young English artist was naturally led to think of studying in Paris, and went over there in the spring of 1856 to work in Gleyre's *atelier*. Here he studied for nearly four years, returning at intervals to England.

Mr. Poynter's first English employer appears to have been Mr. W. Burges, the architect, for whom he painted mediæval panels for cabinets, a kind of work not much to his taste. He also drew cartoons for stained glass for Powell and others. In the summer of 1859 Mr. Poynter set up an *atelier* of his own in Paris, and painted a small picture from Shelley's translation of Homer's 'Hymn to Mercury,' besides which he began another from Dante. The first of these two pictures was sent to the gallery of the British Institution, and rejected; the second was sent to the Royal Academy, but only to share the fate of its predecessor. Instead of being discouraged by this failure, young Poynter sent the Dante picture a second time to the Academy in 1862, when it was accepted, but hung at the top of the room.

The private studio in Paris appears to have been retained only for a year, as Mr. Poynter settled finally in London in 1860. Mr. W. Burges employed him again, this time on sixteen life-size figures for the ceiling of Waltham Cross Abbey, which were completed in the course of the summer. These were treated mediævally, so far as the artist could bring himself to work in the mediæval spirit.

Soon after this, Mr. Poynter happened to execute a small drawing of two girls in an Oriental costume, which was of importance in his career as an artist, because it led him into a kind of subject by which he has since become famous. The girls in the drawing are carrying waterpots, not far from the Nile, which supplies a background to the little composition; and as at that time Messrs. Dalziell Brothers were intending to publish an illustrated Bible, they were on the look-out for suitable contributors, and thought that the unknown artist who had drawn this little Egyptian subject might possibly do them good service. They accordingly offered him commissions for drawings on wood, which he accepted, selecting motives from the lives of Joseph and Moses. These turned the artist's thoughts in the direction of Egyptian Biblical subjects, and resulted in the choice of an important one for a picture which occupied a great part of his time from 1863 to 1867, when it was exhibited under the title of *Israel in Egypt*. Every one who visited the Academy in that year will remember this work as one of the greatest successes of the season—indeed we believe that no picture exhibited in England during the year 1867 attracted such general attention. The subject, nevertheless, was singularly difficult to deal with, for this reason: modern pictures of ancient Egypt are in

most instances entirely crushed and overpowered by archæology. The external peculiarities of ancient Egyptian life are so striking, and so easily ascertainable in books and museums, that the artist who endeavours to throw himself back into that age is always likely to destroy the pictorial quality of his work by the accumulation of archæological erudition. There have been very numerous instances of such failure; as, for example, in the case of Adrien Guignet, who had a rich and supple style of painting when he was free to follow his own bent—a style full of life and energy, thoroughly comprehensive and pictorial, and who painted a picture of Joseph in Pharaoh's palace, now in the public gallery at Rouen, which is as dry and uninteresting as it is learned, and utterly unlike the usual manner of the artist. Mr. Poynter's *Israel in Egypt* was correct enough archæologically, but the archæology sat lightly on his mind, and left him still the artist, with unimpaired pictorial energy and unabated interest in human action and suffering. So the spectator got beyond costumes and hieroglyphics in an instant, even to the heart of the matter, which was the cruel slavery of a people in bondage executing gigantic labours under the thongs of their taskmasters.

Whilst this picture was on the easel, a space of five years, the artist worked a good deal on minor matters, such as drawings on wood for 'Once a Week' and other papers, some cartoons for historical stained-glass windows in the Town Hall at Dover, and the etchings for Lady Eastlake's work, 'The History of our Lord.' He also exhibited a small picture at the Royal Academy in 1863. The year after he sent *An Egyptian Sentinel*, and in 1865 two pictures, entitled *Faithful unto Death* and *The Siren*.

Mr. Poynter has always been variously occupied, and has never felt under any obligation to limit himself to painting one class of pictures. Thus he accepted a commission to design the Grill-Room at South Kensington with the fittings and tile decorations, in which a series of large earthenware panels are surrounded by rich woodwork. The upper panels are filled with figures executed in blue *camaieu* and designed in a lively and interesting manner, much more in keeping with the purposes of the room than a severer style would have been. It has been objected that the decoration of the grill-room is overdone, that there is too much of it, but in a public eating-room the decoration should always be so distributed that every one may have something to look at from his seat, and Mr. Poynter managed this very effectually.

After the exhibition of *Israel in Egypt* Mr. Poynter was sure of the public attention, and everything depended upon the importance of his next work. Had it been weak, his reputation, like so many others, would have gone down in the reaction which usually follows a success; but he threw all his knowledge and power into the picture of the *Catapult*, which realised ancient warfare as vividly as the preceding work had realised ancient slavery. The consequence was an increase of popular favour and the artist's election to the Associateship.

It is unnecessary to particularise several minor works which appeared in subsequent years, but we may mention as evidence of Mr. Poynter's various activity that in 1869 he took to exhibiting water-colour portraits and other water-colour drawings, especially landscape studies, at the Dudley Gallery. In 1868 Mr. Poynter went to Italy to study mosaics, in order to prepare himself for designing a large mosaic for the Lecture Theatre at South Kensington. Mr. Layard and Sir Henry Cole were at that time much interested in mosaic as a means of decorating public buildings, and at their suggestion Mr. Poynter began his design in Italy and completed it after his return home. It has not hitherto been executed in the permanent material, but the project is not abandoned, and will probably be ultimately carried out. In 1869 Mr. Poynter received a commission from Mr. Layard to design a mosaic of St. George for the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament. Two of the cartoons for this were exhibited at the Academy in 1870, together with a small picture of Andromeda. In the same year Mr. Poynter made some drawings for Keats's 'Endymion.' Six of these drawings were executed, but the series was never carried out, through the failure of the publishing house of Moxon. They were issued, however, in their incomplete state, and make what the artist calls 'a very lame-looking volume.' In 1871 Mr. Poynter exhibited the *Ibis Girl* and *Milanion*

in the Temple of Venus, and in the same year was invited to take the Slade Professorship in the new School of Art at University College, which he kept until June 1876. During these years of his Professorship, although Mr. Poynter had to do a great deal of work in that especial capacity, he did not abandon his productive habits as an artist. He accepted a commission to paint two large pictures for Lord Wharncliffe at Wortley Hall, the subjects being *Perseus and Andromeda* and *The Dragon of Wantley*, both of which, in different years, were exhibited at the Academy. In the summer of 1872 Mr. Poynter made the cartoons for two frescoes, *St. Stephen before the Council* and *St. Stephen dragged forth to be Stoned*, commissioned by Mr. Palmer for St. Stephen's Church, Dulwich, and afterwards executed there. The artist's taste for decorative work led him to occupy himself for a long time with two carefully-finished decorative pictures, *The Golden Age* and *The Festival*, which were exhibited in 1875. Mr. Poynter occupied himself in 1874 with a project for a picture of Atalanta's Race, the completed work being exhibited in 1876 to the decided increase of the artist's reputation. It may be presumed also that this picture led to Mr. Poynter's election as full member of the Academy, which took place soon afterwards.

In the summer of 1875 Mr. Poynter was invited to take the place which Mr. Redgrave had resigned at South Kensington, under the new title of Director for Art, combining with it as Principal of the training schools the post vacant by the death of Mr. Burchett, the Head Master. Having accepted this new position, Mr. Poynter resigned his Slade Professorship.

We may add, in conclusion, that few living artists are so capable of exercising influence by discourses as the subject of this notice. The matter of his public speeches is substantial, and the style both clear and authoritative. A recent address of his at the Social Science Congress in Liverpool produced a great effect, and was certainly the event of the week, in the English world of culture, notwithstanding the grave political anxieties of the time. The whole tenour of that discourse gave evidence of a cool and enlightened judgment, superior to common illusions, and accompanied by the moral courage which is necessary for the expression of plain truth. The speaker pointed out the difficulties against which the artistic spirit has to contend in the arrangements of modern city-life in England, showing that some of these difficulties were the result of uncontrollable circumstances, but that others resulted from carelessness, which might have been avoided, or from wilfulness, which, had it been met at the right time by the authorities, might have been successfully resisted. His criticism of the vulgar ornamentation of works which are ugly in themselves, and can never be made beautiful, was so just, that his hearers might at once apply it to many well-known public eyesores. Although Mr. Poynter's tone was not particularly hopeful, it is likely that his way of addressing the public may effect more ultimate good than the outpourings of either optimist or pessimist enthusiasms. Nothing could be more natural and right than Mr. Poynter's election to the membership of the Royal Academy, for he possesses exactly those qualities which an Academician ought to possess. He is learned in the practice of art; he can draw and paint soundly; he knows the technical conditions of several different kinds of artistic production, having studied oil, water, fresco, mosaic, tile decoration, stained glass, etching, and drawing upon wood; besides which, he can educate others, and speak also to the general public, on due occasion, in such a way as to make himself attentively listened to. Such a career is at once an example to artists of narrower culture, and a striking refutation of the vulgar prejudice which would confine artists to one department of the fine arts, and even to some one subdivision of their department.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE MAKERS OF FLORENCE.*

MRS. OLIPHANT has not been fortunate in her title. Dante and Savonarola and Michel Angelo, great as they all were, did little or nothing towards making Florence. Giotto built the Campanile, Brunelleschi built the Dome of the Cathedral. Arnolfo da Lapi, of whom Mrs. Oliphant tells us little because there is not much to tell, built the nave and the tribunes, and the Palazzo Vecchio. But all these together are not Florence: they are the measure of the greatness of its true makers, the unknown citizens who substituted the popular organization by

THE CENTRE OF FLORENCE.

trades for the semi-feudal organization by Sestieri, the commercial nobility whose wealth and public spirit confined the tyranny of the Visconti to the bounds of the Milanese, the oligarchy which grew out of them, and accumulated the resources which the first two chiefs of the house of Medici dispensed so wisely, and so splendidly. Mrs. Oliphant, in her Introduction, expresses a wish that she had had room to say something of the last, but she does not seem to imagine that the heads of the great families of the fourteenth and fifteenth century are included in the scope of her work.

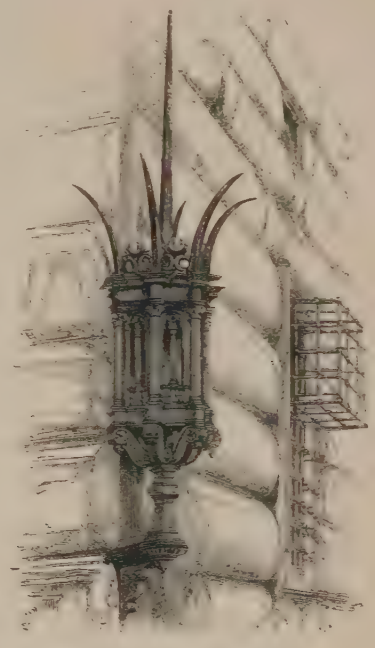
One is almost inclined to think that Agnolo Pandolfini, the 'Peaceful Citizen,' is of all the figures in Mrs. Oliphant's gallery the one who has the best right to his place; he and the like of him earned what kept the world of artists and politicians and preachers at work. He and his *moglie costumata* are the staple of the throngs of gracious dames and dignified burghers, who appear as spectators of all the sacred scenes of history and legend painted at Florence from the days of Masaccio to those of Andrea del Sarto. His homely precepts of sparing and spending, of keeping a light heart and a clear conscience, were really the staple of the stuff which preachers embroidered according to their gifts, with all the passionate romance of repentance, and charity, and aspiration. He and his house took their share of political service, but they were not politicians and had no mind to be. His sons may have lived to hail the rise of the Medici, which was a deliverance to them as well as to the *popolo minuto*. Mrs. Oliphant is hardly in sympathy with him, but she understands him, and esteems him, and the extracts

* The Makers of Florence: Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, and their City. By Mrs. Oliphant. With Portrait of Savonarola engraved by C. H. Jeens, and Illustrations from Drawings by Professor Delamotte. London: Macmillan & Co.

from his charming lecture to his posterity upon his own wisdom lose nothing by her comments; and it is a shrewd if not a kindly remark that the sons, with a curious *esprit de corps*, completely take their father's part, as married men, in his dealings with their mother, which, though kindly in intention (perhaps beyond the custom of the day), were not exactly directed by a spirit of equity.

Mrs. Oliphant is a partisan of Dante's wife as well as of Pandolfini's; she dislikes the legend which has grown up among the commentators to her dispraise too much to quote the text that it is founded upon, and she argues very plausibly that it may have been her forethought that

LANTERN. PALAZZO STROZZI.



TORCH-HOLDER FOR ILLUMINATIONS.

saved the first seven cantos of the 'Inferno' (with much other property) from the sack of Dante's house. Modern critics have suggested that the story of the recovery of the cantos may have grown out of the conjectures as to the meaning of '*I dico seguitando*,' and that the letter of Fra Ilario is not of indisputable authenticity. But Mrs. Oliphant is averse to such scepticism: she tells us of the bones which were heaped together, the story says, in Dante's place at Can Grande's table, as if Josephus had not told the story before of a Jewish adventurer at the Court of Alexandria. Her ingenuity is most at ease when she can take tradition for granted. Nothing can be prettier than her explanation of the disappearance of the last thirteen cantos of the 'Paradise,' as the result of what had been loverlike in Dante's relation to Can Grande after they had quarrelled, since he could not have the first sight of each new instalment of the 'Commedia' no one else should; and the crown of Dante's great work might moulder away forgotten in a cupboard by a window.

As might be expected, Mrs. Oliphant's favourite authority on Italian art is Vasari, whose picturesqueness and insight have been, as she says, very unfairly depreciated, because in a collection stretching over centuries he fell into many mistakes. Accuracy is only to be expected of writers who have a comprehensive record at hand to correct. Her own remarks on the wonderful immunity of artists who passed unsuspected and unhindered from city to city and from court to court, through a peninsula which was never all at peace, and hardly any of it at peace for long together, are very well worth reading. They find a commentary in another

remark, that from Cimabue to Buonarotti scarcely one of the artists who made a name in Florence had a proper family name: some are called after their father; some, like Brunelleschi, after the employer to whom they were apprenticed first; some, like Bacio della Porta—better known as Fra Bartolommeo—after their haunts or their habits; while some, like Giotto, had no name but the name of baptism. They were all plain men, most of them countrymen, who grew up outside the heating atmosphere of close neighbourhood and narrow streets of palaces that grew higher as the families in them grew larger; which Mrs. Oliphant is inclined to make accountable for the combative, factious blood of the true Florentine families. We are not sure whether she is equally safe in laying so much stress on the homeliness and practical jokes of men like Giotto and Sandro Botticelli. The proportion in which a man's real life is taken up by his art varies very much, and cannot be measured by the rank of the artist; we can never be sure whether the true self comes out in the serious work or in the more or less picturesque oddities which went on outside it. These uncertainties do not affect the interesting narrative of the rivalry between Ghiberti and Donatello and Brunelleschi, in which Brunelleschi was always victorious when he chose to contend; or the pathetic contrast between the methodical, precise Lorenzo Credi, who drew his subtlest inspirations from the neighbourhood of Lionardo da Vinci, and was faithful to the teaching of San Marco to the last; and the reckless, humorous Botticelli, whose subtly sad manner was formed before he joined the Piagnoni, and who drifted away again into an unhonoured and hopeless old age. A pleasanter picture is the strange partnership between Mariotto Albertinelli and Bacio della Porta, often interrupted and renewed, and only finally dissolved by the death of the lesser and more wayward master, who, once at least, had an opportunity of repaying a part of his debt to his great colleague by completing the work that he left unfinished in his flight to the cloister.

HEAD OF AN ANGEL, AFTER DONATELLO.

The story of San Marco is at once the largest and the completest section of Mrs. Oliphant's book: its fortunes are traced from the readmission of the Dominican community to Florence to the end of the work of Fra Bartolommeo—its last great religious. We have the narrative of the days when Fra Angelico was decorating with such sweet profusion the convent which Cosmo de Medici had built, and earned the fame which gave him the opportunity of refusing the see of Florence for himself, and transferring the nomination to a brother of San Marco, since known as Saint Antoninus, who probably was less inclined than Mrs. Oliphant to reproach Cosmo for the misery of the *Poveri Vergognosi*, for whose relief he instituted the fraternity of the *Buonuomini di San Martino*. The account of Savonarola is the best and clearest which we have in English, though it probably contains nothing that is not to be found in Villari or Marchese. It need hardly be said that for Mrs. Oliphant Savonarola is a prophet: she is not staggered at his discovering that Alexander VI. was not a true pope after Alexander VI. had excommunicated him, and still less at his refusing to exert himself (as, she says, he might have exerted himself in vain) to procure all strictly legal chances of escape for Bernardo del Neri and his companions, who were certainly guilty, if not exactly of high treason, as she says, at least of misprision of what Savonarola counted very odious treason. One is not surprised to find that the cause of Savonarola is the cause of God, and the cause of the Medici and the Borgias the cause of the devil; and one has no right to expect that an author before writing of Savonarola should have mastered all the recent literature on the Borgias, though it tends materially to modify the monstrosities of the current legend. But after Mrs. Oliphant's emphatic protests against the sumptuary legislation, which before it broke down had rescued

much wealth for monumental outlay, it is a little surprising to find that she thinks the cause of Savonarola was the cause of Florentine liberty. A theocracy is not a free government in any of its forms; and after the banishment of Michel di Lando, whatever merits the Florentine Government had possessed—and by the contemporary Italian standard these were many and great—it had never been in any intelligible sense of the word a free government. It is true an insurrection had always better chances at Florence than at Venice or Milan, but short of insurrection the mass of the community had no means of checking or directing the action of

HOLY FAMILY, BY MICHAEL ANGELO, IN THE BARGELLO (*unfinished*).

its rulers. As for Savonarola, many readers will be inclined to agree with Canon Kingsley, that with all their faults his opponents were more human than he was. He made, like many mediæval preachers in Italy, the same mistake as the Puritans made in England and America: he employed the minority, who are capable of caring supremely for moral and spiritual interests, to coerce the majority, instead of employing the minority to leaven the majority. Though Savonarola's bonfire of vanities probably included nothing more precious than at most some academical studies which the painters under his influence had done with, and were glad to throw away, his authority would have ruined art if it had lasted. He waged war upon all costly superfluities, all unproductive munificence, even when it took an ecclesiastical direction.

For the technical side of art Mrs. Oliphant almost shares his contempt; she is astonished that there is more sympathy now-a-days with Palissy's reckless struggles to wrest from nature a glaze for his hideous lizards, than with Savonarola's half-reckless challenge of a sign from Heaven. Palissy got his glaze, Savonarola did not get his miracle; that is why we do not think our sympathy with Palissy wasted. We only sympathise with failures in a path where it is known that adequate exertion is generally successful, and yet not certain of success. Though Mrs. Oliphant dislikes Palissy—and, what is more serious, Michael Angelo's *David*—she thoroughly appreciates Fra Angelico. There is much weight in her suggestion that the exquisite effects of sky, which he must have watched from the old Dominican convent on the hill outside

Florence, transfused themselves into the exquisite colouring and sentiment of his paintings, and that the *naïve* inadequacy of his Christs may lead us to one reason of the predominance of the Madonna in art: since the same inadequacy is visible in the work of more self-conscious painters who endeavoured to disguise it.

Beside the illustrations which we have extracted, we would call attention to two lovely views, of the Cathedral from the Pitti Gardens, and of Florence from Fiesole, and to the

THE ARNO, LOOKING WEST FROM THE PONTE VECCHIO.

interesting portraits of Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici, of Saint Antoninus, and of Savonarola. We are not told by whom the originals of Professor Delamotte's drawings were executed in any case except one, the portrait of Savonarola, which is ascribed to Bacio della Porta; another, we are told, is from a recent bust in San Marco, and here, at least, we wish we had been told the name of the artist, which untravelled readers cannot be expected to know.

G. A. Simcox.

BRIEF NOTES ON ART.

Sculpture in England and France.—In England, as we all know, sculpture has been in a generally unsatisfactory condition ever since the beginning of our modern artistic development, whereas painting has produced results of much higher value, in some instances even of such great value that its productions already take rank with the masterpieces of the world. We have had a few, a very few, great sculptors, but we have no regular production of good sculpture. In France, on the contrary, there is a considerable school of sculpture which produces masterpieces every year at the top of the scale, works of quite respectable quality on a lower plane, and good decorative sculpture for public buildings and private houses at the bottom. Nobody can drive through the newest streets of Paris without seeing quantities of really good decorative work in sculpture, and nobody with any appreciation of that art can visit the annual *salon* without being delighted by a few noble works, and pleased or interested by many others which only fall short of the highest excellence. It is certainly true that of late years the French school of sculpture takes the lead of the school of painting in the same country, clever and, efficient as that generally is. The most important works during the last few years have been works of sculpture, such as the *Gloria Victis* of Mercier, the statue of *Youth* by Chapu, in Regnault's monument; and the great works of Paul Dubois, especially the *Charity* in the *salon*

of 1876. In England a great subject of national and artistic interest was proposed lately in the project for the Byron Memorial. A number of works were sent to South Kensington, which only served to betray the weakness of our native art. A few were respectable in drawing, but the majority had not even that recommendation, whilst we sought in vain for anything of sufficiently high artistic character to be a worthy commemoration of an immortal poet. It has been suggested as an explanation, that the French sculptors are just sufficiently encouraged by the Government to permit them to live with a high artistic ambition, whilst there is no encouragement for any lower ambition in that art except the decorative work, which enables many artists to live whilst hoping for better things. With regard to painting, on the contrary, there is only too much encouragement from the wealthy middle classes; so that painting, by the very fact, of its commercial success, is kept down on a lower level. This may be perfectly true, and yet it does not entirely account for the remarkable strength of the French school in sculpture at the present time, since the same encouragement was given by the Government at times when sculpture was far lower than it is now. It is believed, however, that the very difficulties against which French sculptors have to contend, have a tendency to elevate their profession by eliminating from it all but the most heroic spirits; whilst on the other hand the fact that there is *something* to be hoped for, acts as a stimulus to spirits of that high quality which could not work without a hope of some kind to sustain their courage. It is certain that without the hope of encouragement from the Government, M. Jean Gautherin would never have executed his statue of St. Sebastian, which was one of the most remarkable works in the *salon* of 1876. He carved it with his own hand in the marble, hewing away with the living model before him, and finished it entirely in the space of five months. The Government (a Republican Government very uncertain of its own future) bought the work for 560*l.* It is in this way that the French school of sculpture has been maintained, and we are inclined to believe that without Governmental encouragement a great school of sculpture cannot be maintained in modern times, either in France or elsewhere.

Large Earnings of Modern Artists.—The high prices given for pictures during the last twenty years show no sign of diminution, either in England or France; indeed we seem to have reached a condition of things in which artists whose reputation dates only from the present decade receive prices equal to those of great old masters. M. de Neuville, M. de Nittis, M. Firmin Girard, Mr. Fildes, and others, may be mentioned as examples of the surprising rapidity with which reputations of the kind which leads to fortune may be made in these days. As for the elder artists, already in full celebrity, there seems to be hardly a limit to their pecuniary success. Meissonier accepted a commission a year or two since from a dealer known to us for a small picture of two figures, at 3000*l.*, and when the work was finished asked twice that sum, on the ground that the value of his performances had doubled in the interval. A thousand pounds has become quite a common price for works by celebrities as recent as a new opera-singer. For 100*l.* you can only get a small oil-sketch of one figure by such a recent celebrity as M. de Neuville. The elder artists of reputation are building fine houses, like wealthy merchants, and the younger ones are either saving fortunes or spending them. Meanwhile there is just as much struggling as there ever was for those artists, young or old, who have not yet attracted the attention of the public and are not on the dealer's private lists of available men. We do not know that this exceptional prosperity of some artists is really favourable to the interests of art—we are inclined to believe, rather, that it leads to a second pecuniary struggle in the career of an artist. First, he struggles for subsistence, and then for splendour. A philosopher might ask, 'Why contend for splendour at all?' The answer is, that people are beginning now to estimate an artist very much by his way of living. If his brush can keep up a fine establishment, he is considered a great painter; if he lives moderately and economically, he is not thought to be very successful in his profession. The consequence is, that some of those who earn the most money are the most hardly pressed by the necessity for earning, and do the most rapid work.

discerns here and there a motive exaggerated indeed, but exaggerated direct from nature; as where, in *The Martyrdom of St. Stephen* (B. 94), a young man who has taken his coat off the better to throw stones, strains his right hand across his body to help pull off the coat of a friend on his left, and his left hand in like manner across his body to point to the saint who is on his right. Again, in the large and interesting print of *Judith and Holofernes* (B. 4), where in the foreground a richly attired nurse receives in a wallet the grinning decapitated head which the still more richly attired Judith hands to her with averted face, we see in the background the buildings of a walled town elaborately designed, and in front of the ramparts the battle of Bethulia ridiculously raging; but yet, if we examine the medley, we shall find that these incidents of tussle and pursuit are made ridiculous chiefly by an excessive desire to make them real. The same candid intention renders the prints of Israhel van Meckenen an invaluable record of contemporary furniture and costume. Perhaps the best of them all is the *Dance of the Daughter of Herodias* (B. 9); within a hall partially enclosed on three sides with stone seats elaborately carved and draped, many couples of dancers, in fifteenth-century fashions of the richest quaintness, move hand in hand over an inlaid floor; the daughter of Herodias and her partner are the leading couple; in the middle the quaint-visaged musicians stand back to back on a carved pedestal; the sequel is depicted in little scenes which we see through openings to right and left —the execution on one side, the head brought to Herod where he sits upon his daïs on the other. Besides Bible histories, Israhel's work includes many single figures of saints, and several devotional pieces of the mystical kind. Among his representations of the Virgin Immaculate, there is one (B. 49) where the archangels are figured beneath the feet of the Virgin overthrowing demons, one of them a demon of impurity in the likeness of a siren, which is interesting both on its own account and because it bears the date 1502, showing that it was done within a year of the master's death. Another subject of the Virgin, a very small print (B. 41), bears an inscription connecting it with an Indulgence published by Pope Sixtus IV. in 1476; with these two exceptions, we have rarely any strict clue to the dates of Israhel's prints. The most agreeable portions of his work are certainly a series—partly, it seems, borrowed, partly his own (B. 171–183)—in which there is always a man and a woman together, each pair illustrating some occupation or pastime or some moral lesson; and next to these, his fanciful and elaborate plates of goldsmith's design—scrolls, ornamental letters, and the like, engraved with an admirable firmness of stroke in the most intricate spirit of late Gothic work.

These pieces of mere ornament exhibit the strong and not the weak side of the early engravers. For in Germany as in Italy, in the days when the art of engraving was still quite new, the figure designs of the engraver showed the influence of his technical inexperience and constraint, and are generally in a more backward style than the contemporary works of painting, the older and maturer art. But Italy is Italy, and the North is the North. In the constraint and inexperience of the early Italian engravers there is an infinite pathetic charm, an imaginative sweetness, arising from the only half-successful struggle to give a rhythmical expression to beautiful and ardent fancies. In the constraint and inexperience of the early northern engravers we watch the more uncouth struggles of a duller and less generous spirit; the childishness of the northern imagination is by comparison ludicrous, antic, and ignoble. This difference we shall feel for ourselves when we come to look at the Italian work which Dürer saw and imitated. In the meantime, if we would understand the foundations upon which the art of Dürer arose, we must study the work of a craftsman like Israhel van Meckenen.

From the works of more original masters than himself, Israhel made copies with very great skill. In his own practice he was far from the equal of Schongauer, either for purity of feeling, dignity of composition, or richness and pliancy of technical resources. But among the fifty or more pieces of Schongauer which he copied are some of that master's richest and most elaborate works—the *Christ carrying His Cross*, the *Death of the Virgin*, the *Temptation of St. Anthony;* and it is surprising how little of the power of the originals is lost in Israhel van Meckenen's copies (B. 23, 50, 87). It is only in the rendering

of the noblest countenances of Schongauer's design that he fails, and vulgarises the type. The whole set of small Apostles, and the whole set, excepting one, of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, are among the things he copied. The relative power of Israhel van Meckenen and Franz von Bocholt may be fairly tested by their treatment of the subject of St. George slaying the Dragon. There is a St. George of Israhel's own invention (B. 98), and another by Franz von Bocholt which Israhel afterwards appropriated and put his name to (B. 99). The first of these is a grotesque in the most childish and unreal spirit of early art,—the knight a slim fantastic figure with his vizor down, affectedly putting his lance, of which the monstrous twirling pennon is hopelessly in the way, through the throat of a diminutive writhing dragon,—the charger an impracticable creature, flourishing his rat tail and making his saddle-cloth flap,—the princess kneeling beside her lamb with her body flung back and face distorted in absurd distress. The second is a great improvement; still partly grotesque and childish, but the landscape has charm and reality in spite of the impossible overhanging rock on one side; in spite of the grotesqueness of St. George's pointed boots and curling pennon, there is spirit in the way he gallops up the hill and turns in the saddle to deal a swinging blow with his sword at the monster he has already transfixed with his lance; there is fancy in the invention of the venomous little cub-monster who has been looking on, and now shrinks back into the mouth of the den upon the discomfiture of its parent. Nothing is more interesting than to follow a stock subject like this from the childish to the mature stage of representation. Following these two prints, we should for this purpose turn to the larger, the unsigned, St. George of Martin Schongauer (B. 52), and see, while dragon and charger still remain feeble, what nobility Schongauer has given to the frank countenance and backward-flowing locks of his bareheaded knight; and from this, to the consummate strength and manhood—all childishness now utterly put away—of Dürer's St. George upon his charger standing still after the victory (B. 54). The subject of Samson straddling over the lion's back and tearing his jaws apart—for the action is always represented thus—may afford a similar comparison, and the reader may learn how long a stage art travelled within a few years, from the inexperience, the puerile comicality, of Franz van Bocholt (B. 1) or Israhel van Meckenen (B. 2) in their treatment of the subject, to the noble and impressive energy of Dürer in the famous woodcut of his early time (B. 2).

Israhel, we have learnt, belonged to an earlier artistic generation than Dürer, and died when Dürer was thirty-two. Nevertheless, among the many engravers whose work Israhel copied, Dürer has always been counted; for in Dürer's work on copper there are three pieces of which versions also exist by Israhel van Meckenen. These are: the *Virgin with the Butterfly*, or *with the Grasshopper*, some prefer to call it—*with the Dragon-fly* would perhaps be a better name than either (B. 44); a very early work of Dürer, harsh and disagreeable in character and not of first-rate execution; the *Four Naked Women with Death and the Devil—Witches* according to some, *Graces* according to others, but most probably emblems of the doom of fleshly pride and beauty: this is of fine execution, and its date in Dürer's work is uncertain (B. 75); and the *Gentleman and Lady out Walking, with Death behind a Tree*—also a dry and early work of Dürer's, of which the significance is obvious, and which represents an episode of that vast epic of Death constructed half in terror and half in levity by the popular imagination of these ages (B. 94). Of these three prints, then, versions, with very slight differences, exist both by Israhel van Meckenen and by Dürer; and—in accordance with their respective genius and reputation of the two masters—Dürer was always set down as the inventor and Israhel as the copyist. Recent investigations, however, have shaken this view. Other versions of all three prints exist by contemporary hands; of the last two, so popular were the subjects, four or five other versions. It has been made probable, and something more, that in these cases, instead of the older of our masters, Israhel, copying the work of the younger, Dürer, they both copied that of some third master. The original of the *Virgin* is possibly by an engraver signing with the Gothic initial A. The original of the *Four Naked Women* is almost certainly, and that of the *Gentleman and Lady Walking* very probably, by a master signing with the initial W.

This mysterious signature W. will occupy us only too much at a later point of our study; and to that point the further discussion of these engravings must be adjourned. Here the reader is only desired to note and remember that there exist these three instances of a positive contact between the art of Dürer and Israhel van Meckenen, though we cannot be sure whether it arose in copying the one from the other, or both from common originals.

Our example of Israhel's work is chosen not to illustrate this special contact with Dürer but to show what the master himself is like when he is at his best. This quaint and pleasant scene of a German citizen playing the organ while his wife blows the bellows, with the inner chamber and all the fittings of the home rendered with so faithful an eye, and so firm and crisp a touch, belongs to that series in Meckenen's work already mentioned as his happiest.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

HARDWICK HALL.

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES FROM A DRAWING BY DAVID COX.

MANY English artists have taken an interest in Derbyshire, which has the double attraction of fine scenery and remarkable houses. Haddon Hall is the most frequently drawn; indeed there is hardly a day in the warmer months of the year when you will not find artists there hard at work, making studies from the terraces or in the interior. Hardwick is visited also for artistic purposes, more perhaps for the old hall and the fine trees and distance than for the more modern building, though even that has now a very respectable antiquity, and contains many interesting things. It is a too common custom when a new house is to be erected on an estate to remove every trace of its predecessor, on the same principle which induces us to get rid of old hats when we no longer employ them for the shelter of our heads; but at Hardwick this practice was very happily departed from, so that two halls may be seen very near each other—one the remnant of old Hardwick, the other the newer house which was built by Bess of Hardwick, who married four husbands, and erected more than that number of great houses. There was a prophecy, so they say, that she would never die so long as she continued building, but once her masons were stopped by a frost, and then Death took the opportunity to remove her from the sphere of her labours.

The house this vigorous lady built at Hardwick contains some of the finest rooms in England, including a great state-room of audience and a very long portrait-gallery. Amongst the portraits is one of Hobbes of Malmesbury, the philosopher, who was at one time a tutor in the family. Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots are both there, and so is poor Lady Jane Grey. There is a tradition that Queen Mary was confined here, but a local antiquary, Dr. Spencer Hall, observes that the new house was not built before her death. She might, however, he adds, have possibly been in the old house, on a brief visit or call, while in custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

We are disposed to believe that the towers or blocks of building which rise above the trees in the drawing must be the remains of old Hardwick Hall, but the truth is that Cox seems to have paid very little attention to the architecture of either building, and there is a possibility that these masses of masonry may be intended to represent the two lofty wings of the more recent mansion, as they are seen above the trees. In that case there would be hardly any architectural exactness, for the vast windows, which are so conspicuous a feature in the Hall, are at the best most imperfectly indicated; but it was evidently not the intention of the artist to make an architectural study at all. The trees were his real motive, and yet they would not have the character they possess unless the artist had at least indicated the near neighbourhood of some stately human habitation.

We learn from Mr. Solly's 'Life of Cox,' that it was after a change of residence from Hereford to London, in 1827, that he travelled in Derbyshire and other northern counties to seek new subjects for his pencil. For many years, beginning with 1831, he visited Haddon, Hardwick, Bolsover, Bolton, and the neighbourhood of Lancaster.

It appears that when at such places as Hardwick Hall, David Cox seemed quite at home, and was well known to the stewards and gardeners. He was in the habit of walking about, quite unattended, just where he liked. During all his life he easily made friends of people in all classes, having modest and unassuming manners, with unaffected kindness and benevolence. The only beings with whom he does not seem to have been on friendly terms at Hardwick were the bloodhounds. He had a prudent feeling that it was well to keep at a distance from these animals, and would go a round to avoid them. It is rather curious in connexion with this subject that there are two large dogs in the foreground of the water-colour drawing, from which, by kind permission of Messrs. Agnew, our etching is taken.

Cox did not limit his studies at Hardwick to the woods outside the mansion, though he had a strong liking for the broken old oaks about the place. Sometimes he worked in the noble Elizabethan rooms. He made three drawings of the interior of the picture-gallery, which are celebrated for their excellence. He had been prepared for these by similar studies at Haddon. The Hardwick interiors were prepared for the Manchester Exhibition, and afterwards purchased by Mr. Bullock, at whose sale they fetched 75*l.*, 75*l.*, and 300*l.* respectively.

In the year 1846 David Cox was at work upon an oil picture, which had for its subject *A Woody Lane near Hardwick*. He pleasantly said in a letter that this picture, which measured about twenty inches in its larger dimension, was a tolerable size for a young beginner, he being then fifty-three years old, but not much experienced in oil. From these instances, it is evident that Hardwick had a permanent place in his affections.

In the present etching M. Brunet-Debaines has interpreted with great care the peculiar execution of David Cox, in which there is so little line and so little detail, but which expresses so well the variety and restlessness of light, the massing of foliage, and the sentiment or spirit of a scene.

ANCIENT STREETS AND HOMESTEADS OF ENGLAND.

MR. RIMMER is an admirable sketcher, and he has been fortunate in his engraver, whom he praises for his success in reproducing favourite scenes as heartily as if the drawings engraved were not Mr. Rimmer's own. Moreover, Mr. Rimmer knows something, and has thought much, about old buildings and the conditions of their picturesqueness; and with all this he has written a very tantalising book. The truth is, that the kind of book he intended to write is one that can only be written in a satisfactory way when something like an organic history of English architecture shall have been written, showing the order in which building went on in different districts, and how different styles came to succeed each other. At present we have hardly anything but a disconnected chronology of styles, with here and there a hint as to the way some subordinate feature grew out of an earlier. When such a history has been written an observer like Mr. Rimmer will be able to work out and correct details in an instructive and delightful way. Until it is, we can hardly expect that everybody will be at the pains to work in view of it, though we are doubly grateful to whoever will. Still, it is a little provoking to have reminiscences strung together quite at random, and in the course of a page to be carried from Salisbury to Surrey and from Surrey to Salisbury, and to be reminded in a desultory way of the kind of historical fact of which Murray's Handbooks remind us in a systematic way. The historical plays of Shakespeare stand, of course, upon a higher level; and Mr. Rimmer quotes

A. Brunet-Debaines sc.

them with such evident enjoyment that it seems almost churlish to wish that he had found too much to tell us upon his own account to have leisure to quote Shakespeare. In one respect he has exercised a self-denial for which it is hard to thank him: he has been careful to say as little as possible of churches, and castles, and manor-houses, and to keep strictly to streets, entries, and homesteads, with a strong predilection for streets and entries. Even these are not treated exhaustively: Berkshire and the Eastern Counties, which are both rich in material, are reserved for a second series; and Cambridge, apparently, is to be treated by itself as a whole, which is decidedly the preferable arrangement: for, after all, the civil and domestic architecture of few places is entirely independent of the ecclesiastical. At Oxford he finds the Colleges irresistibly attractive, and says hardly anything about the town, though there is a pathetically picturesque illustration of one of the squalid waterside streets at the foot of the Castle; and yet the colleges

OLD MARKET, WARRINGTON.

are much more independent of the purely local architecture. We almost wish he had begun by giving us a comparatively complete monograph of the western and northern marches, beginning with Chester, which he knows and likes best. The description of the 'Rows,' with all their varieties of effect, is interesting; and we are glad to know that, in a modified form, they are being revived and extended into the suburbs of the town. If, as seems most probable, they owe their original development to a lowering of the roads, we cannot expect or desire an exact reproduction. One notices with a little surprise, as a proof of the inorganic condition of English archæology, that Mr. Rimmer quotes all the opinions as to the origin of the Rows, as if they stood on exactly the same level, and one antiquary was just as good as another. And, indeed, until there is a comparatively large body of instructed persons familiar with the same set of facts, one antiquary is as good as another who has worked in isolation upon a different mass of evidence. Then, too, architectural questions run up into historical questions. As Dean Howson points out in his interesting introduction, though the buildings in Kendal are not striking, the way in which the town is laid out in a number of little streets that lead nowhere along the main street that runs through the town is striking enough. So, again, we should have liked to hear more of the ground-plans of Sussex towns, with their four main streets leading to the four points of the compass. A writer on ancient streets ought to know how far the arrangement extends out of Sussex, and how old the towns where we find it are, and what are the historical or geographical causes which have determined the limits of its extension. Or, to take a subject on which

Mr. Rimmer has given us some information and a great many charming drawings. He tells us—and people who have not made the picturesque tour of the United Kingdom should be grateful for the information—that we do not find the beautiful 'post and petrel' buildings in the Eastern Counties. Is this because stone was more plentiful or timber scarcer? Again, in the Norman house at Lincoln, and in the street at Elstow, one sees that the gables are low and do not face the street. It would be interesting to know if there is any connexion between timber architecture and high gables; as also whether the difference between the house in the market-place at Warrington in our illustration, and Stanley House (an old palace of the Earl of Derby, now let off as cottages) at p. 17, is because the Warrington house, with the straight, squared framework and elaborate quatrefoils, is later than Stanley House, where the branches in the gables are arranged almost as they grew on the tree; or because the timber in Stanley House was harder. Opposite the view of Warrington there is a view of an old row in Manchester which is suggestive in another way; side by side there are 'post and petrel' houses without gables and stone houses with gables. Had the 'post and petrel' houses gables once which were replaced, when the timbers were out, by a specimen of the roof sloping inwards in all directions, which builders adopt as the cheapest, and which their employers are often glad to see masked by a balustrade? It is quite true, as Mr. Rimmer says, that for the last two centuries buildings have been getting steadily less picturesque; and every one who calls attention to this deserves the gratitude of all who walk about with their eyes open, especially when the monitor understands the nature of the picturesque as well as Mr. Rimmer. But it is not equally true that the beautiful in architecture has simply been 'frowned down.' There is a rough-and-ready fitness in building which is generally beautiful in its degree, and there is a masterly and rational fitness which is always beautiful, and sometimes supremely beautiful; but between the two there is a conventional fitness and completeness which is seldom beautiful in itself, and yet is more indispensable in the eyes of ordinary members of a civilised community than the picturesqueness of a building which is substantial and habitable, but looks as if it were more or less unfinished and out of repair: for instance, a great deal of the picturesqueness of most rows of old cottages depends upon the way in which the timbers of the roof have given under the tiles. Again, an inn like the New Inn,

NEW INN, GLOUCESTER.

WHITTINGTON VILLAGE.

Gloucester, which was built to accommodate pilgrims to a questionable shrine, is as picturesque as a building can be: nothing can be prettier in its way than the timbered corridor open to the courtyard, with an open staircase in one corner: nothing can be uglier than the direct descendant of this type, the eighteenth-century or early nineteenth-century inn, with a long narrow passage, with doors along both sides of it; but the open corridor was always draughty and uncomfortable, and when the innkeeper found that his guests needed a double row of chambers round his courtyard he had reason to congratulate himself. So, too, an entry or a yard with a number of rooms and outhouses huddled round it just as they are wanted are always picturesque, and sometimes group in a most delightful way under a great tower, as at Wrexham in the frontispiece, or Gloucester at p. 81, and even the room where Nell Gwynne was born, at p. 66, without any of this adventitious sublimity is quaint and piquant enough; but then how noisy and draughty it must be, and how cold the open staircase must be when a wind blows through the entry! Even apart from this chance of discomfort, and from our growing dislike to the constant sight of irregularity, the picturesqueness of an old yard generally means that timber and space are plentiful enough to be used on the spur of the moment in just the quantity that may be wanted. So, too, with the delightfully simple village scene at Whittington, which we extract. As Mr. Rimmer says, its whole charm depends upon the way the homely house in the shadow stands back from the road. The tree and the church tower would have been lost behind ordinary village houses —three stories built up to the verge of the road. One asks why the house is set back. Simply because it took the builder's fancy, or because he did not care to protest against an encroachment of the highway? or because the householder *wanted* a wide space for carts and waggons to draw up in front of his house out of the main stream of traffic? There seems to be a crane in the corner of the gable to the left, which is suggestive. Mr. Rimmer writes with a practical object, and therefore it is not irrelevant to point out that much that he admires can hardly be reproduced. To take another example. The exquisite quaintness and intricacy of the window in the old farm-house near Salisbury, obtained by the combination of the simplest forms, is a precious possession; but it is not an example: it is what only a very clever workman, quite left to himself, could or would invent. A great deal of leisure is implied in the elaboration of the result; a great deal of solitude in all senses is implied in the simplicity of the means. Leisure and solitude are things no first-rate workman

WINDOW IN OLD FARMHOUSE NEAR SALISBURY.

LORD LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.

will be able to command again. As soon as he shows promise his imagination will be crowded with specimens of all the best that has been done in his line and out of it: as soon as he comes to performance he will be kept busy.

Perhaps the effect of Lord Leicester's hospital at Warwick is less irrecoverable. There may still be towns where the road is cut deeper than the footway into a hillside, and architects capable of using such accidents of ground to set off architecture, which, though manly and vigorous, has nothing exquisite or unapproachable about it. In fact, it might almost be called a specimen of undebased 'Carpenters' Gothic.' Mr. Rimmer has a keen sense that Gothic architecture had run to seed in England before the revived Romanesque was imported in the sixteenth century, as the surviving Romanesque had been imported before. Perhaps the decay of Gothic architecture was a symptom of the same causes as the corruption of the monasteries; but certainly secular architecture (at Nonesuch, for example) was as thoroughly corrupt as ecclesiastical; and it is a little surprising to find Merton Chapel, of all places, quoted as an example of 'late and feeble' work. It would have been interesting to hear more of the interaction of the Dutch classical style with the earlier Italian classical style, and how it happened that the former naturalised itself so much more thoroughly. For instance, the town-hall at Guildford, in our illustration, is as thoroughly English as the gabled inn lower down the street. Perhaps materials may have had something to do with the matter. The most characteristic buildings in the Dutch manner are in brick. All Mr. Rimmer says of brickwork is worth reading. In the view at Grantham, opposite p. 209, we have a gabled house still quite Gothic in feeling, with a good deal of tolerably pure Italian detail in wood, standing close by a stone house almost classical in feeling, though the rich detail is pure Perpendicular.

TOWN HALL, GUILDFORD.

Another interesting suggestion, which Mr. Rimmer only makes in his sketches, is the connexion between market-crosses and market-halls. The market-square at Salisbury, p. 12, which looks larger in the illustration than in the reality, may serve for the starting-point. The vaults under the cross would serve to shelter a dozen stalls and their customers. When one turns to the market-square at Beverley, p. 280, one sees that the cross has been reconstructed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is much roomier in proportion below, and much more unmeaning above. From this the transition to the market-halls of Ross, p. 68, or Peterborough, p. 175, seems natural enough. The open arcades are enlarged and rooms are built on the top of them for town business. At last the town councillors got too dignified to work over cabbage-stalks, and then comes the iron and glass market, of the type for which the town council of York lately proposed to sweep away Sampson Square, with its grim impressiveness and its half-effaced traces of a distant past. The grimness of Sampson Square and the splendour of the Minster beyond make exactly one of those contrasts which it is pleasant to a trained eye to experience occasionally, and very trying to untrained and sensitive eyes to have to endure

habitually. It would carry us too far to inquire why it is so much easier to enjoy the contrast

CANTERBURY.

between Mercery Lane, at Canterbury, with its tall, dim houses (half of whose height is lost in the illustration), and the rich gateway of the Close, with the Minster towers above.

G. A. Simcox.

THE PRINT-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.*

MR. FAGAN has compiled a very useful guide to the collection of prints and drawings in the British Museum. His book will carry to many, even of those who profess an interest in art matters, the first intelligence of the vast treasures that lie hidden in the Print-room, and it will thus serve to draw public attention to a department of the National Museum that much demands and much deserves public support. When the great value and interest of the national collection of prints and drawings shall once have been made widely known, we may

* A Handbook to the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. With Introduction and Notices of the various Schools. By Louis Fagan. London: George Bell & Sons.

hope it will be no longer possible to exclude the public from the full enjoyment of the artistic wealth that has been accumulated in their name and at their cost. Nothing can be more absurd than that a series of engravings, perhaps the finest in the world, and a collection of original drawings of the highest beauty and excellence, should for years have been hidden away in an apartment which visitors to the Museum are not even invited to inspect. An intelligent stranger might pass many days in the British Museum without being able to discover that there existed a public collection of prints and drawings. The door half-way up the staircase leading from the northern end of the Egyptian Galleries, bears no inscription that would tempt inquiry; and the few screens in the King's Library form at present the only ostensible record of the existence of the collection with which this volume is concerned.

This anomalous state of things is not, it must be understood, in any sense due to those who have the charge of the department. Once admitted to the sacred chamber the student finds all that he can desire, and those who have had most occasion to make use of the collection will be the most eager to acknowledge the courtesy of the Keeper and his assistants, and the valuable assistance in research which, with their knowledge of the department and its resources, they are able and willing to render. The fault belongs rather to the general system, and not to the individuals who preside over a particular department, and against this system it is now quite time that the public should sharply protest. If the national treasures had been brought together by questionable means there might be some excuse for the kind of secretive prudence with which they are guarded. But seeing that all these prints and drawings have come into the possession of the nation by honourable gift or honest purchase, there is no sort of reason why they should not be liberally displayed and fully enjoyed. The publication of Mr. Fagan's book will probably do something towards the accomplishment of this desirable result. It will acquaint the public for the first time with the extent of the resources from which they have hitherto allowed themselves to be excluded, and it may perhaps encourage the Trustees to undertake on their own behalf a more complete and perfect catalogue. For in a first attempt to give a coherent account of such a collection it is scarcely to be expected that there should not be some defects which a further experience might cure. Mr. Fagan, if we rightly understand him, does not assume to write specially for students who are already familiar with the subject of which he treats. That they will find in his Handbook much practical information that will be of service to them we are assured, but the main purpose of the work has been to satisfy a larger class who desire to know something of the contents of the department. 'It is to be clearly understood,' says Mr. Fagan in a preface of sufficient modesty, 'that this work does not make any pretension to instruct the learned in the matters of art which form the staple of the book. The intention is simply to offer to them and to the public a brief compilation, which, whilst indicating to some extent what is to be found in the Department of Prints and Drawings, will facilitate researches in the National Collection.' In this aim the author has, we think, been successful. To all classes the book will be of service, but it will be found specially useful to those who, without possessing any profound knowledge of the subject, wish to enter upon its study. The general arrangement of the work is simple and good. Dividing the material according to the recognised classification of schools, the author follows in the case of each school a chronological order. The engravings are in every case taken first, and then the original drawings, where any such exist. By way of general preface, we have a short history of the art of engraving, with some practical explanation of its terms; and there are also brief prefatory notices to the original drawings of the different schools. In speaking of individual artists, Mr. Fagan would, we think, have done more wisely if he had avoided all matter of criticism and comment, and had confined himself merely to the statement of the dates and principal facts of their career. It was obviously impossible within the limits at his disposal to deal adequately even with the least of the artists in his catalogue, and it would therefore have been more satisfactory to have avoided all attempt at criticism. The omission of the few terms of praise or censure

would not take in the least from the practical value of the book, for we do not look in a catalogue for the kind of assistance that would help us to a critical judgment of style. This mistake might easily be remedied in a second edition of the work, and in the meantime it is not of such magnitude as to affect the practical value of much useful information, laboriously collected and carefully arranged.

BRIEF NOTES ON ART.

IMITATED WOODS.—Some contemporary writers on art have led part of the cultivated public to reject entirely the imitation of woods and marbles in wall decoration, whether by means of papers or of paint. The argument they use will be familiar to most of our readers. It is of a moral rather than an artistic character, being founded on the virtue of honesty and the baseness of deceit. The new school of artistic house decoration, which is doing good service in many things, but not in all, is absolutely intolerant of imitated woods, rejecting them utterly and universally. There is, however, something to be said on the other side. The question has a double aspect; it is a moral question first, and an artistic question afterwards. Now, with regard to the moral difficulty, we venture to affirm that if we look it fairly in the face it will vanish utterly. It is argued that imitated woods are deceitful. The plain truth is, that they are not deceitful at all. Who is ever deceived by them? A child perhaps, here and there; and yet the writer of this note remembers perfectly well that even in childhood he knew the difference between painted oak and real oak. Certainly nobody past the age of fifteen, with the slightest observant faculty, was ever taken in by 'graining.' When the question is put directly to the objectors themselves, 'Does graining deceive *you?*' they invariably say that it does not; but they imagine that it may deceive others who are not so clever as they are. The truth is, that however deftly the graining may be done, there is always such an immense difference in surface texture between painted wood and wood bare as the plane left it, that the eye detects it at the first glance.

Passing from the moral to the artistic side of the matter, we venture to affirm that graining has certain artistic qualities which are not altogether, nor in all circumstances, to be despised. If excessive or obtrusive it is bad; but if used reasonably it has the great merit of avoiding the dulness of a perfectly uniform surface, which is always wearisome to the eye, and almost intolerable in large spaces: in fact, the imitations of wood have some of the most important merits which belong to the real woods themselves, though not all. The imitation has the variety of the original, and may come pretty close to its colour, but cannot have its texture. The best existing imitations are the oak papers, which are printed directly from real oak boards, as an etching is printed from the plate. The grain of oak is coarse enough to permit this; other woods have to be imitated more artificially. Such papers are less dull than papers without any variety of tint, and they need not offend even a severe taste if used judiciously, in certain situations.

DECORATIVE ETCHING.—Some of our readers who occupy themselves with the decoration of their own houses may thank us for mentioning a variety of decorative work, which has the advantages of being easily and rapidly executed by anybody who can draw, whilst it is perfectly permanent and useful in various ways. All the materials required are strong sheet zinc, some nitric acid and water, some Japan varnish, and a few camel-hair brushes. The zinc is first cut into the shape required, and then well coated with Japan varnish on the back. Now comes the artistic work, which is simply to paint with Japan varnish all the lines and spaces of the design which you desire to have in relief, and this can be done very easily and rapidly for the rather broad and simple work which is suitable for decoration. The plate is then laid in a bath and bitten just like an ordinary etching, but only for one deep biting. You then clean with

turpentine, and you have the whole of your design in permanent relief upon an agreeable dead ground. Shields of arms, panels for cabinets, medallions for doors, and other ornaments, can be produced in this way with the utmost facility, and at a very trifling expense.

FAC-SIMILES OF PRINTS.—In Mr. Loftie's interesting little work, 'A Plea for Art at Home,' he says:—'Photography has enabled some foreign cheats to produce prints with which to deceive tourists; but no one acquainted with the originals could have been deceived for a moment.' No doubt this is perfectly true with reference to the particular kind of photographic reproduction which Mr. Loftie had in view when writing; but certain old engravings can be reproduced so accurately by the Amand-Durand process as to embarrass even good judges. We have seen specimens which would be distinguished with difficulty from any but the very finest impressions from the original plates, if it were not for the difference between new and old paper. Our illustrations to Professor Colvin's papers on Albert Dürer are by this process, and will speak for themselves. The truth is, that the extreme degree of perfection to which M. Amand-Durand's invention has been carried is beginning seriously to disquiet the print-sellers, as the time seems to be very near at hand when nobody but an expert of extraordinary skill will be able to know originals from copies—we mean in the case of those prints which happen to be especially favourable to reproduction by this process.

A NEW BLUE.—Mr. Wyld, who kindly gave us some technical memoranda, which were published in the PORTFOLIO for June 1875, has drawn our attention to a new blue, prepared by M. Blanchet, 17 Rue Grenelle St. Germain, Paris. This new pigment is called *Bleu Lumière*, and approaches in hue more nearly to celurium (*bleu céleste*) than anything else, but its especial quality is an extraordinary degree of luminousness; so extraordinary, indeed, that we have never seen it approached in that respect by any other pigment. This quality of light and the nature of its hue make the *Bleu Lumière* extremely tempting for use in skies, but we are quite unable to answer for its durability. The chromatic power of the pigment is proved by its effect on other blues in contrast. For example, Mr. Wyld painted a sky with it on a small picture in our presence, and then painted clouds upon this sky. The clouds were of a rosy yellow, of a tint which may be accurately produced in isolation by a mixture of yellow ochre, rose madder, and white; but the pigments employed by Mr. Wyld were celurium and white, the celurium being turned to rosy yellow by the mere force of contrast with the intensity of the *Bleu Lumière*, and this although the new pigment is a pale one. Mr. Wyld said, that in the course of fifty years' experience he had never seen so marvellous an effect of contrast, for the celurium, or *bleu céleste*, is itself one of the most brilliant blues in existence.

that of the figures of saints, including those sets of the twelve Apostles which, after the sets of the Passion, constituted perhaps the most popular class of prints of all. Another group is that of portraits. The earliest masters engrave no portraits: Franz von Bocholt none, Schongauer none; Meckenen only two, of which one is doubtful; Albert Dürer, who engraved six, is really the father of this mode of making all Europe familiar with the lineaments of famous men. Purely ornamental or decorative pieces make up another group: these consist sometimes of ornamental alphabets or single letters; more often of elaborate pieces of fanciful and decorated heraldry; sometimes they are designs for crozier or pax or reliquary, intended to be actually carried out in goldsmiths' work; sometimes mere scrolls and arabesques, done to show the cunning of the artist's hand and the play of his designing fancy. Scarcely a single engraver of the fifteenth or sixteenth century but has left some of these rich devices of ornament; and it is very interesting to trace in them the transition of Northern taste, under Italian influence, from the intricate and fantastic late Gothic of Israhel van Meckenen to the spirited and inventive Renaissance of Leyden, Aldegrever, or the Behams. Lastly, we come to the great miscellaneous class of so-called 'Profane Subjects,' which fills but a small space with the pious masters of 1460–1500, but increases constantly afterwards. To this class belong scenes of classical history and mythology; which an artist like Martin Schongauer does not touch at all, but which find their way, though in forms enigmatical enough, into the early work of Dürer, and presently, in much greater clearness and abundance, into that of the Little Masters who followed Dürer. To it also belong scenes of peasant life; of these we have looked at an instance or two already. To it, again, belong scenes of witchcraft and devilry; scenes of soldiercraft and jousting; and scenes of daily domestic existence within doors and without. These last are perhaps the most interesting of all. The simple habit, indeed, of the time, according to which any subject of the Bible or of ancient history was thought out in terms of contemporary life, and represented, with an infinite fidelity, in the fashion of contemporary furniture and costume—this habit would enable us to realise and live again in the very world the artist lived in, even if of that world he had given us no professed representation. But we are none the less glad of such representations when he does give us them. The choice of even these social subjects has, like the choice of the scriptural and legendary, also something of a fixed and traditional character. Certain special groups recur continually: as that satirical one of the young wife and old husband, and again, the old wife and young husband; or again, the morality of the wife who keeps her husband in subjection; or the pair of lovers conversing in a landscape, or the similar pair conversing in a pleasance where Death lies in ambush for them. The illustration of the organ-player and his wife in last number was taken from one—and that the best—of a whole set of these typical illustrations of social life, done by Israhel van Meckenen partly from other people's designs, partly from his own. In that set Israhel represents the life of men and women in his peculiar way—with much patient and conscientious veracity as to dress and fashion, and with much affectation and contortion, the result of a straining after the same veracity, as to gesture and expression. His subjects include, besides the organ-playing pair, a woman who sings while a youth plays a guitar; another playing the harp to a guitar accompaniment; a pair setting out in travelling costume; a pair dancing, the man with wild agility, and balancing in mid fling a wine-glass on his forehead; a woman assaulting her husband with a distaff, while a fiend hovers by enjoying the scene; a monk walking in front of a nun, who tells her beads as she follows him; a pair in rich apparel going out hawking; a bride and bridegroom in their chamber; two lovers sitting on a stone seat, with a plant of carnations in a pot beside them and wine and drinking vessels on the ground; a young man with a great sword standing beside a lady; and a woman spinning while her cloaked husband sits beside the wardrobe.

This month our illustration is again from real life. The subject of a husband and wife embracing, upon the man's return, it seems, from a journey, is not one of those commonly treated. It is a choice of the artist's own, and is expressed here with excellent feeling, and with drawing exceptionally good for a master of this time. In the dress of the man—the

big boots, short cloak, and slouched hat with the three great feathers—as well as in the maturity of the draughtsmanship, there is something that makes us think of Dutch work in the seventeenth century. The print, however, carries its own date, 1503; and when we look a little more closely we notice the Gothic design of the table, the sharp angular folds of the woman's dress upon the ground, the early fashion of the chandelier, composed of a pair of deers' antlers in combination with the carved figure of a woman, and the feeling of the little glimpse of landscape seen through the window—things all of them in character with the art of that, and not of the later, date. In truth, we have here but a particularly happy and mature example of an engraver whose work belongs to the early years of Dürer's own career, and who was no doubt older than Dürer.

This engraver signs always, as in the instance before us, with the initials M. Z. He did not belong, like Martin Schongauer, to the Upper, or like Israhel van Meckenen, to the Lower Rhineland, and does not show the traces of any immediate influence of the Flemish painters.

TWO COUPLES PROMENADING, FROM THE 'GREAT BALL,' BY M. Z.

He is, so far as we can tell, an independent master of Bavarian origin. At least it is certain that he worked at Munich. His two largest engravings represent with minute local detail two scenes of festivity at the Court of Albert IV., Duke of Bavaria. One of these is known as the *Great Ball* (B. 13) and the other as the *Great Tournament* (B. 14); both are dated 1500. In the ball scene we see the interior of a hall on the first floor of the ducal residence; the Duke himself sits playing cards with a lady in a bay-window, through which we look down into the streets of Munich. The band is divided, four musicians playing in a gallery on the right, two others in a similar gallery on the left; on the floor of the hall three couples promenade arm-in-arm; another couple are seated in conversation; elsewhere a cavalier approaches his seated lady. The little dog—no artist either of Germany or Venice in this age can be content without a little dog in his picture—sits complacently in the midst; a page carries a great wine-cup covered with a napkin; another page stands at the door, which is ajar, and thumps with a stick to keep back the crowd of people who have pressed upstairs to have a look. It is just such another picture of Munich manners and costume as Israhel van Meckenen has left us, under the title of a *Dance of the Daughter of Herodias*, of the manners and costume of his own country. Above are two of the couples as they promenade with modish gallantry,

—the women with that set gait and carriage, the shoulders back and the lower part of the body projected, which is a special character, and one of the most ungraceful characters, of German art in this age. It is curious to remark the identity, or something like identity, of the design of these two figures with that of the famous pair out walking, with Death behind a tree, which was engraved by Dürer and by half a dozen other masters, and which we shall have occasion to discuss later on. The *Great Tournament* of which we have spoken is an animated companion-piece to this one of the Ball, and the lists are set in the court-yard of the same Duke Albert's palace, with a similar view of streets in Munich, which can still, I believe, be recognised.

The home of our artist being thus ascertained, can we ascertain his name? Not with any certainty; the attempt leads us, in this case once more, into the reign of conflicting conjectures. A writer of 1618 calls him Mathias Zingel, a name which others repeat in the form Zagel. Sandrart, writing in 1693, says that some call him Martin Zink, and others Martin Zatzinger. This last name, Zatzinger, Zeyssinger, or Zasinger, has been generally adopted in catalogues and books of reference; and indeed there is proof that a goldsmith-engraver of such a name did live at Nuremberg (not at Munich) in the beginning of the 16th century. In conjunction with the painter Hans Ostendorfer, this Zeyssinger published a memorial, engraved on wood, of the funeral procession of Duke Albert in 1509. But there is nothing whatever to identify him with our master, who would seem, on the contrary, to have died before that date; at least our print of the *Embrace*, done in 1503, is the last of his dated prints, as well as the best of all those, dated or not, which he has left. Another candidate for the initials has been suggested by Dr. Nagler in the person of one Mathes Zwikopf, of whom tradition relates that he was a goldsmith-engraver of Munich. But it is safest to be content with the initials only.

If we have thus to deal with, in M. Z., but the shadow of a name, we have on the other hand a very well-defined and unmistakable artistic personality. He has only left three or four-and-twenty pieces, but they are among the most interesting and characteristic of the age. Even in his choice of subjects, M. Z. shows a fancy of his own. Besides the *Embrace*, the *Tournament*, and the *Ball*, for free illustrations of contemporary life, he gives us a free illustration of romance in a print suggested by a story in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The story is that a certain king having died, and his inheritance being disputed between his three sons, a counsellor of the realm advised that the body of the dead king be set up for the sons each to shoot at, and that the son whose arrow should strike nearest his father's heart should have the kingdom. So it was done; but when the two eldest had shot, the third declared that he could never do that outrage to his father's body; and to him, for this proof of piety, the kingdom was awarded. The story is very dramatically told in the engraving by M. Z. The corpse, half stripped of its cerements and tied to a tree, is pierced with two arrows near the heart; the counsellor sits on horseback to the right, amid a group of soldiers and attendants; the two elder sons plead each the superiority of his own aim, the third kneels beside the counsellor's horse to make his dutiful refusal. Similarly, in the department of emblems and moralities, there is a device of M. Z. which, as far as I know, is original. In the foreground of a landscape an owl is fluttering away along the ground to the left; after the owl follows a woman, holding up her gown to screen or protect the bird, and looking back at the same time in peevish remonstrance at the sun, whose rays are breaking in strongly from the right; across the rays are written in a landscape the words *Duck dich, i.e.* 'Bow yourself,'—'Duck.' The woman with her owl no doubt stands for Night, and the design sets forth the flight of darkness, perhaps the darkness of ignorance, before day. Again, in the rendering of familiar tales of the Bible or of saints, moralities, and allegories, the master always puts in some touch of his own. Thus his Memento Mori is the figure of a naked woman, like the figures commonly standing for Fortune; only that on which she stands is not the rolling ball of Fortune, it is a Death's head; and she holds in her hand a sun-dial (B. 17). This is one of the most delicately engraved pieces of the master. His only subject from the Old Testament is that one of which I have

quoted, at the head of this chapter, the mention made by Sandrart—the subject of Solomon persuaded by his wife to worship idols (B. 1). The piece hardly deserves Sandrart's praise, for the woman, in low dress and fluttering ribbons, is the ugliest possible, and is not drawn standing properly on her feet; but the landscape seen through the windows of the vaulted chamber is very characteristic; and so is the figure of Solomon in his turban and long drapery. He kneels with folded hands—the hands very carefully drawn with the thumbs over one another—before the idol; this is in the likeness of a naked female figure, fat, and with her head in a coif, like the figures of woman usual in scenes of idolatry and witchcraft, holding in one hand a ball with staff and pennon, and standing on a kind of Gothic pilaster: similar figures stand in niches. Turning to subjects of saints; of all the saints of Christendom, none were oftener engraved than St. Christopher and St. Catherine. The St. Christopher of M. Z. is the usual giant, helping himself, with a huge tree for staff, through the perils of a stream which does not come up to his knees; but the sense of wind and motion are expressed much better than usual in his flying cloak and beard; and it is interesting to see the little figures of water-monsters which the artist has lightly sketched in the background, to indicate the treachery of that element. In one part of the stream a siren or nixie is seen holding up her two tails; in another a couple of water-men or Tritons fight and smite at one another. The Saint Catherine is one of the largest and most admirable works of M. Z. The scene is laid in a wide landscape with hills in the distance, a pool full of bulrushes, and a foreground sprinkled with bushes and tufts of grass. In front kneels the princess among her guards, awaiting the death-stroke; the Emperor Maxentius looks on from horseback; the executioner draws his great sword; close by kneel four angels, their countenances and long curling locks fairer than any we are familiar with in Northern art, holding up a sheet that is to receive her body. Away in the distance we can see the little figures of the same angels fluttering about the tomb to which she has been miraculously transported on Mount Sinai. And on the right happens an earlier incident, the attempted execution by the wheel, the lightning from heaven, the shattered wheel, and overthrown guards.

LANDSCAPE, FROM THE 'MARTYRDOM OF ST. CATHERINE,' BY M. Z.

This animated fullness and inventiveness is one of the special marks of our Munich engraver. Technically, he has two manners; in the *Beheading of St. John* (B. 3), the story of the *Three Kings' Sons* (B. 4), and one or two other pieces which seem his earliest, he works with a rather coarse and thick stroke; in most of his engravings with a stroke very fine and delicate indeed. In neither manner has he anything like the strength and certainty of Dürer, or even of Martin Schongauer. He sees form and roundness, and tries to express it with careful shading (this is what Sandrart means by the *rotundior moles*); but his shading is feeble, in sharp flicks and scratches, and this method of cutting, flick and scratch, in thin hair lines

gives a quite peculiar effect to his drawing of landscape and landscape details. We give on the opposite page a piece of his landscape work—from the background of the *Saint Catherine*—which exhibits this effect at its pleasantest. It is particularly in landscape that the comparison of M. Z. with Dürer is interesting. They both love the same scenery of wooded hills, with here and there a castle or other habitation, sloping in promontories to a lake or river. We

MEN-AT-ARMS, AFTER ALBERT DÜRER.

see this taste fully developed in Dürer in his earliest great work, the woodcut series of the *Apocalypse*, published in 1498; witness that noble peaceful panorama of the earth which he has spread below the vision of the four-and-twenty elders about the throne (B. 63). Did Dürer conceive the hint for this kind of landscape from the work of M. Z.? or M. Z. from his? or did they both adopt it from studies on the road between their homes and Italy, in that which we call the Bavarian Tyrol? This is one of those questions of mutual influence which it is always interesting to ask oneself, but seldom safe to answer positively. If there is one order of art in which we have reason to suppose that Dürer was peculiarly his own teacher, it is certainly in landscape. Earlier than all the rich and elaborate landscapes of his engravings, earlier even than the composition of his *Apocalypse*, we have from his hand a number of studies, in body colour on paper or vellum, finished from nature with the most faithful care, and with the finest sense for breadth and poetry of effect as well as for picturesqueness of detail. Some of these are views of places immediately round about Nuremberg, some of them of towns or valleys of the Tyrol; and there is good ground for believing that they are all work done during his

early youth, the Tyrolese studies during his first journey to Venice at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three.

Over and above their common ideal of landscape, there are not wanting instances in which the prints of Dürer and of M. Z. are very closely parallel. The Munich master has engraved a subject of a man riding in a landscape, with a lady mounted behind him (B. 19) which is quite in the same spirit as Dürer's two little prints of the *Small Courier* (B. 80) and the *Lady on Horseback* (B. 82). More closely parallel still are M. Z.'s group of soldiers in a hilly landscape—a piper, a drummer, a halberdier, and a standard-bearer struggling with his colours (B 20)—and Dürer's well-known group of the *Landsknechts* or *Men-at-Arms* (B. 88), of which we have given a reproduction. There exist many versions of the same composition by various hands, and all these versions have been called copies after Dürer. Among them there is one, unsigned, which looks very like the work of M. Z.; and of this it is at least doubtful whether it may not be the original from which Dürer's print is a copy. For the *Landsknechts* belong to Dürer's early time; and concerning his early works, like the early works of any other master, there is always some likelihood that they are copied from the works of predecessors.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

TURNER.

(*Continued from Page* 192, *Vol. VII.*)

THE pictures exhibited in 1812 included the *Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps* which was remarkable, amongst other reasons, for a quotation from a manuscript poem entitled 'Fallacies of Hope,' the first sample of this poem which Turner offered to the appreciation of a discerning public. He had discovered quite a new and ingenious means of achieving poetical renown, namely, through the medium of the Royal Academy Catalogue. In this way the specimens of Turnerian verse, which were printed from time to time, attained quite a considerable circulation; but the effect upon the literary world can hardly have been such as the poet must have desired. The attempt was itself a remarkably apt illustration of that very common fallacy of hope which leads people, without the feeblest literary faculty for either prose or verse, to imagine that they can construct a poem.

The composition entitled 'The Fallacies of Hope' may have existed at one time, or it may have been only a project; nothing remains of it now except the few extracts in the Exhibition Catalogues. The painter left, however, a good many fragments of other poems amongst his sketches and papers, for the habit of making poetical attempts was very persistent with him, notwithstanding the wretchedness of the results. It might be possible, indeed, if it were worth the expense, to make up a small volume of Turnerian poetry, which might bear as a motto on its title-page one line of the poet himself—

'Lead me along with thy *armonuous* verse.'

Such a volume would contain some of the most remarkable specimens of grammar, spelling, and construction, that could be offered as exercises for correction to little boys at school.

'Hill after hill incessant cheats the eye
While *each* the intermediate space *deny*.'

'To form the snares for lobsters armed in mail,
But *man* more cunning over this *prevail*.'

'From his small cot *he* stretched upon the main,
And by one daring effort *hope* to gain
What hope appeared ever to deny.'

'The floating sea-weed to the eye appears,
And, by the waving medium, *seamen steers.*'

'Here roars the busy mell called breaks,
Through various processes o'ertakes
The flax in dressing, *each* with one accord
Draw out the thread and *meet* the just reward.'

'Have we not soil *sufficient rich?*'

'Or sulphurous cloud at open east foretels
Where atmospheric *contraries doth* dwell.'

The above extracts exhibit the Turnerian knowledge of grammar. The spelling is generally better than might be expected in such 'armonuous verse.' The versification, on the other hand, is perfectly amazing. There is never any certainty when two or three verses have been got through in the proper number of syllables that the one which follows will not be a slough of confusion.

'Fain would I offer all that my power holds
And hope to be successful in my weak attempt
To please. The difficulty great, but, when nought
Attempted, nothing can be wrought.'

The first line here would pass if we pronounced power as a word of one syllable. The second line has two syllables more than its share; omit 'my weak' and it becomes readable, though prosaic. The third is peculiarly awkward to read, and has one syllable *de trop.* The fourth has only eight syllables instead of ten. Still, if we do not count syllables, the mere roughness of the passage is permissible enough; indeed, it reminds me strongly of some of Robert Browning's reflections.

All these defects of versification, though they may make a poet unreadable, are not in themselves enough to prove that he might not ultimately have done good work. A far greater evidence of incapacity is the poverty of the versifier in ideas, and the laborious dulness of his thinking. There is not one ray of that poetic intelligence which makes things new and fresh for us. In a word, the written poetry of Turner is not only destitute of literary craft and skill, but it is *bête.* It is below the ordinary level of taste and intelligence amongst boys in English grammar-schools. Imagine a versifier stupid enough to write such rubbish as the following!

'To guard the coast their duty, not delude
By promises as little heeded as they're good:
When strictly followed, give a conscious peace
And ask at the eve of life a just release.
But idleness, the bane of every country's weal,
Equally enervates the soldier and his steel.'

* * * * *

'Where the soft . . . . flowing gives renown,
'Mid steep worn hills and to the low sunk town,
Whose trade has flourished from early time
Remarkable for thread called Bridport twine.'

The bathos of this poetry is such that the most affecting subjects move us only to laughter when Turner deals with them. Here is a description of a death by lightning, which finishes so that one cannot think of the subject seriously:—

'Dark indeed
Died the smitten wretch, not doomed to bleed.
The current dread charred with the veins
Sulphurous and livid, still the form retains.
Most dreadful visitation! Instantaneous death
Of supreme goodness allows the fleeting breath
To fall, apparently without a thought of pain.'

It is difficult to make out the grammar of the last two lines and a half. Is it the instantaneous death of supreme goodness which allows the breath to fall, or is it instantaneous death which allows the breath of supreme goodness to fall, and who is supposed to have been at all likely to think about pain? Is it death, or goodness, or the breath?

Another peculiarity of Turner's poetry is a sort of thunderous grandeur, often coming with the most comic effect immediately after a very matter-of-fact passage :—

> 'If then my ardent love of thee is said with truth.
> Agents the demolition of thy house, forsooth,
> Broke through the trammels, doubts, and you, my rhyme,
> Roll into being since that fatal time.'

The meaning of the lines about house property is not very clear, though one has a vague notion that something unpleasant has occurred, but the last line seems very sublime. The idea of the poet's rhyme rolling into being after the fatal time of that affair about the house agents has in it an undeniable grandeur. There is a very striking passage about the ancient Romans in connexion with a road of theirs near Salisbury. The second line of it might be most appropriately quoted with reference to the Coliseum, the Arena at Nimes, and many other relics of antiquity :—

> 'Then the famed . . . . street appears a line,
> Roman the work and Roman the design.
> Opposing hill or streams alike to them:
> They seemed to scorn impediments; for when
> A little circuit would have given the same,
> But conquering difficulties cherished Roman fame.'

Turner never did anything worse than his poetry, except his prose. Yes, after fairly weighing the faults of both, we are driven to the conclusion that the necessity for some degree of attention to metre was an advantage to him in literary composition. Amongst the verses you will find a line occasionally which may fairly stand comparison with the more turgid ones in Thomson's 'Seasons,' or another line of a pedestrian kind, which is as good as the prosaic ones in Wordsworth's 'Excursion.'

1. 'The straining vessel to its cordage yields,
   So Britain floats the produce of her fields.'
2. 'Another guards the passage to the main.'
3. 'As morning fogs that rising tempt the breeze.'
4. 'And barren left through all the varied year.'
5. 'The parching heat of summer's solstice o'er.'
6. 'A gloomy lurid interval succeeds.'
7. 'Or on the blasted heath or far-stretch'd down.'
8. 'While the fierce archer of the downward year
   Stains Italy's blanched barrier with storms.'

These are not bad lines, taken separately, and if Turner had always kept up to their level he might have been a respectable mediocrity in versification, like many other artists who have tried their hands at poetry for amusement. Now let the reader study a specimen of Turnerian prose—not merely a letter to a friend accepting an invitation to dinner, but a philosophical piece about morality and art. Let him study it as long as he may think it worth his attention, and he will find it utterly impossible, I will not say to understand the whole, but to understand one single sentence in the paragraph :—

'They wrong virtue, enduring difficulties or worth in the bare imitation of nature, all offers received in the same brain; but where these attempts arise above mediocrity it would surely not be a little sacrifice to those who perceive the value of the success to foster it by terms as cordial that cannot look so easy a

way as those spoken of convey doubts to the expecting individual. For as the line that unites the beautiful to grace, and these offerings forming a new style, not that soul can guess as ethics. Teach them of both, but many serve as the body and the soul, and but presume more as the beacon to the headland which would be a warning to the danger of mannerism and the disgustful.'

Of Turner's correspondence very little is in existence, and little can have been worth preserving. He could write a simple note, especially to an intimate friend; and though his spelling was always uncertain, he sometimes, by happy accident, could get through a few sentences without a blunder. Like most uneducated men, he disliked letter-writing, and he carried this dislike to a degree involving positive discourtesy to others. He received a good many dinner invitations, and though not what is called a diner-out, was on the other hand frequently disposed to profit by that rule of society which allows a bachelor to receive hospitality without returning it; so that although nobody could be sure he would accept an invitation, nobody, on the other hand, could be certain that he would invariably prefer his bachelor's fireside. His dislike to the trouble of letter-writing made him treat invitations in a very peculiar manner, and in a manner which only very kind and indulgent friends would have put up with. Sometimes he answered them, but he did not by any means consider it an obligation to do so; and he would go to dine, or determine at the last minute not to go, just as we go to the theatre, without writing anything to the provider of the entertainment. Whenever he went beyond a simple note his letters were ill-spelled and ungrammatical.

This criticism of Turner as a writer may here come to an end. Enough has been said to prove the truth of an assertion made at the beginning of this biography, to the effect that he did not know the English language. His unsuccessful attempt to learn Latin with Mr. Trimmer is a proof that he did not know Latin. His outrageous spelling of French names is equally good evidence that he never mastered French, and there is not a trace of proof that he ever knew any other tongue. The plain truth is, that he never possessed any language whatever. Hundreds of foreigners can write better English than he could. There are English letters on my table from Dutchmen at Amsterdam, at the Hague, at Leyden, which are far superior in grammar, spelling, and construction, to anything that Turner could compose after living in London for fifty years, with access to the best society in England.

Is there any use, it may be asked, in dwelling upon these weak points of a great genius? Would it not be at once more agreeable and more becoming to veil them gently in forgetfulness? Perhaps it might, but surely the agreeable and the becoming are not the only purposes of biography. When we study the life of a man who is famous for what he has done, it is good for us to have no illusions about the range of his powers or the degree of his cultivation. The quotations which have been made will quite certainly prevent any reader from forming in his own mind the image of an ideal Turner and worshipping it. Beyond this benefit, which is not to be despised, we have the other advantage of knowing how completely, in Turner, the man was sacrificed to the artist, as gardeners sacrifice certain fruit-trees to their fruit. The pruning was not done intentionally in his case. One dominant faculty absorbed all the sap of his intelligence, and left him as inferior to the mass of educated men in common things as he was superior to them in the perception of natural beauty. It may be a consolation to mediocrities to reflect that if they cannot paint they would infinitely outshine Turner at a grammar-school examination; but, without desiring to soothe the jealousies of artists who spell better than they paint, we may surely affirm that it remains, and must ever remain, an open question whether, if you compare Turner with what we call an educated gentleman, the sum of superiorities will not be on the side of the gentleman. The case of Turner is just one of those cases which confirm an old prejudice against artists, as craftsmen who have developed a special skill at the cost of more necessary knowledge and accomplishments. It throws, too, a very strong light upon the question whether artistic genius is a special faculty or an exceptionally high condition of all the faculties. I think that the case of Turner proves artistic genius to be a special faculty only. If all his mental powers had been of a high order he would have written his

native language easily and correctly as a matter of course, and even composed good poetry, since he had feeling and imagination. On the other hand, his career proves conclusively that literary talent and the sort of education which fosters it are not, as so many believe, absolutely essential to the attainment of distinction and success in life. The lesson which such men leave to us when we understand both their excellence and their deficiency is not to humiliate ourselves, not to lose our self-respect in their presence, and on the other hand not to attach too much importance to our own superiorities over them, since they have done so easily without our accomplishments. It is probable that every reader of these pages is greatly superior to Turner in what is held to be the education of a gentleman,—why, then, should he humble himself before Turner as a sort of demigod? At the same time it is impossible to forget that this unpolished and illiterate being had the rarest gifts of nature of a special kind, and cultivated them, by incessant industry, to the uttermost; all which is a clear proof that the knowledge of language is not necessary to the exercise of high faculties.

P. G. HAMERTON.

GEESE.

PHOTOGRAVURE FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A.

THE original, of which this photographic engraving is as faithful a reproduction as the absence of colour will permit, was originally exhibited at the Water-colour Society's Exhibition in the year 1867. It then bore the title which we have given it. As *The Street, Cookham*, it appeared among the artist's works exhibited last year in Bond Street. In spite of the very considerable lapse of time we retained a very clear recollection of this little village scene; and it is likely that many of our readers who may not have seen it last winter will remember the drawing also, and be glad to possess a reproduction of it. Even the simplest of Frederick Walker's works had a remarkable hold upon the memory of those who appreciated him, which was one great reason why he became famous early enough to know it before his premature and lamented death. The one before us is peculiar, and besides its merits, which we will duly acknowledge before we have done, has some rather obvious defects. It is a transcript of nature, with little attempt at composition. The flock of geese come so far forward that the leading gander is too close to the footlights, where he produces the well-known result of exaggerated perspective, in which there may be no defect of truth yet an error of taste. The background is of unconnected interest. The group to the right, and the woman in the doorway, make together a pretty and complete little subject. The man looking in at another cottage-door is an independent study; and the labourer going away with the spade on his shoulder, and not concerning himself in the least with what is going on behind him, is more independent still. It would have been agreeable, too, to see a little more sky than the minute triangle at the top of the picture above the girl's left shoulder; but the skill and character in the drawing itself soon make us forget all these things. Even the scattering of interest which, from the purely artistic point of view, we have just objected to, is truth itself in such a scene as this. Village life is just exactly this, as every artist knows who has sat down to sketch for an hour or two in any village street. Little independent incidents are always going on—a little group forms here, a person looks in there, a man sets off to his labour, and each minds his own business, except some woman whose restless curiosity finds occupation in watching other people. The reason for the suppression of the sky was evidently to make the light colour of the geese more telling; it is the geese which light the picture. They are most cleverly painted in the original; and the great white mass they make is so ably dealt with that each bird gets its due degree of relief, notwithstanding the well-known difficulty of relieving white on white. As for character, it may be doubted whether geese have been more faithfully represented since their immortal predecessors cackled

on the Capitol. As in human communities the force of law and custom is never quite sufficient to repress all manifestations of individualism, so in the goose communities each bird appears to have his own views of life, and to look out for what he considers to be his private interests, whilst paying all outward deference to social obligations. Since the geese, and not the human beings, are the subject of the picture, the artist has subordinated his figures by means of a certain lightness of execution rather resembling that of very good landscape figures. The whole of the background is beautifully painted, and charming in colour. The scene is thoroughly English, the smallness of scale and the slightness of construction in English cottages being rendered with great truth. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to the general roughness and massiveness of village buildings on the Continent.

Cookham, where this little scene is situated, is on the banks of the Thames, about half way between Maidenhead and Marlow, in one of the most beautiful parts of the river, the scenery having a striking character both above and below the village. Above, on the same bank, is a fine hill or down overhanging the river, bare near Cookham, but nearer Marlow clothed with the beautiful Quarry Woods. There are one or two noblemen's seats in the neighbourhood, especially Cliefden, which extends along the top of a lofty ridge overhanging the river, and the steep bank is covered with trees coming down to the water's edge. Cookham Church is an Early English edifice with a strong grey tower, built of flint, which looks well from the river. Queen Eleanor's cook lies buried there, and so does a master-clerk of the spicery to Henry VI. There is a grave in the churchyard which will interest our readers more than either of these—the grave of Frederick Walker.

LIFE OF TITIAN.*

THIS exhaustive biography of the most celebrated of Venetian painters follows as a fitting sequel to the 'History of Painting in North Italy,' by the same learned writers. In the earlier work the name of Titian is barely mentioned. His relation with Giovanni Bellini is only briefly touched upon; and yet, from the manner in which the art of his great contemporaries, Palma and Giorgione, is discussed, it is easy to perceive that the task, now so thoroughly accomplished, was already in contemplation. Upwards of five years have elapsed since the History was given to the world, and the interval of time has certainly not been too great for the preparation of the bulky volumes in which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle now present to us the fruit of their researches into the long and productive career of Titian. To some persons it will doubtless appear that the authors' latest theme has been unduly developed; and if we look merely to the relative merits of such men as Giorgione, Palma, and Titian, we shall be compelled to acknowledge that, to dispose of the two former in as many chapters and to reserve two large volumes for the facts of Titian's life, is a course not to be justified by a comparison of their respective works. But for this apparent disproportion Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are scarcely responsible. Giorgione's life was short, and his authentic works are few; whereas the subject of the present biography lived long and worked unceasingly, thus leaving to the historian rich and varied resources of biographical material, and a large number of pictures to be examined, arranged, and described. No one, therefore, who has any serious interest in art, is likely to complain of the length of the book or to grudge its fullness of detail. Of the life of a great artist we can scarcely be told too much, nor can the most trivial incidents in a career of a man like Titian be regarded as insignificant. We want to know all, and the most minute and familiar truths, perhaps, most of all; and it is one of the principal merits of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle that they

* 'Titian: his Life and Times. With some account of his Family, chiefly from new and unpublished Records.' By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. 2 vols. 8vo. with Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1877.

spare themselves no trouble in the collection of authentic facts, and in the revision of the loose statements of earlier and less cautious inquirers. As regards this side of their work there are, indeed, but few who can presume to the rights of criticism; and for our own part we are content most thankfully to accept the results of their labours without attempting to test the accuracy of their conclusions. That the work they have accomplished was most urgently demanded, every one who has ever striven to sift any of the facts of Titian's career will readily acknowledge. It is, indeed, altogether remarkable that the biography of so great a painter should have remained so long unwritten; and yet it is undoubtedly true that, until these volumes were published, we did not possess any complete or ordered record even of the bare facts of Titian's career. The brevity with which, in their preface to the present volumes, the authors dispose of all earlier efforts in the same field is entirely justified. Ridolfi's life, which might have been complete, is miserably inadequate; and nearly all later biographers, who have added anything new, have contented themselves with mere fragmentary essays, dealing only with one side of the artist's career. Even Germany has done but little, and France still less, in honour of a great name, while England enjoys the distinction of having produced the worst and the best of the books on the subject that have preceded the biography of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The so-called 'Life of Titian,' by Northcote, is probably the most disappointing book in the world; certainly there was never a volume with less claim to its title; while, on the other hand, we possess in Mr. Gilbert's 'Cadore' the first serious study of that most important element in Titian's art, his love of nature and his delight in landscape.

In the larger labour they have undertaken, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle had therefore little to hope and nothing to fear from the work of others. If they had attempted to continue their history of Florentine and Southern art the task would, in both respects, have been very different. We already possess full biographies of Lionardo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. The main lines of inquiry are firmly established; and the student who should attempt to add anything to what is already known would find himself confronted by formidable rivals. He would need for success, not merely the qualities of industry and power of research, but those rarer gifts of criticism and understanding which can give new vitality to facts already known and accepted. These are not the gifts with which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are principally endowed; and those who are familiar with their earlier works will not expect brilliant literary power or acute critical perception. But in the case of Titian these qualities are, perhaps, less to be desired than some others which our authors are specially fitted to supply. The first duty of biography was obviously to ascertain and set in order the outward facts of the painter's career. These facts must be established before any kind of higher criticism can be exercised with safety or profit; and it may be doubted whether it would have been possible to find writers more admirably fitted for this preliminary labour. It is evident, at least, that the task has been most conscientiously and seriously undertaken. The authors have gone back to the original sources of information, and have dragged to light a mass of new and valuable material in the shape of Titian's correspondence with his different patrons.

It is difficult at first sight to say why the story of Titian's life should have been left so long untold. As the foremost representative of the school that has had by far the largest influence on modern art, it might have been thought that a worthy history of his career would long ago have been compiled. But, for some reason, the masters of Venice have never attracted the curiosity or commanded the fascination that belong to the painters of Florence. The world has leapt by instinct to the conviction that their art holds a less intimate relation with their individual personality than is the case with the art of other schools. It has been accepted, though not in so many words, rather as a thing of superb craftsmanship than as an expression of the human spirit, and there has been little in the result to suggest or compel inquiry into the life and mind of the artist. The genius of Florentine art is so closely bound up with the most subtle movements of intellectual ideas, that a knowledge of the personality of the artist is a necessary factor in the right understanding of his work. It is not merely the skill, but the soul,

of the man that is thrown on to the canvas, and we want to penetrate beyond the perfect images of art in pursuit of the problems which these images are made to express. Speaking broadly, this is rarely true of the later Venetian art, and it is certainly not true of Titian. While Mantegna was a paramount influence at Venice the intellectual element was still important, and our curiosity still alert; but it had almost vanished before the death of Giovanni Bellini, and scarcely survives in the shadowy life of Giorgione. It was left to the genius of Titian to assert with perfect frankness an entire independence of these finer intellectual influences. With him, for the first time, the theme of the picture becomes insignificant in comparison with its execution. He can represent in a competent manner whatever is commanded of him, and his control of appropriate dramatic expression suffices for the due rendering either of the most affecting scenes in the Christian story or the most luxurious images of mythological legend. But it would be a mistake to seek in the one or the other for the qualities that imply a deep and intense imaginative grasp of the theme. The painter himself is well aware of this, and is careful to supply by rhetorical gesture what he lacks in force of invention. His art becomes a graceful garment, that can be thrown effectively over any subject, and if it had depended for its enduring success only on the qualities of its invention the result would not have kept so firm a hold upon the world. But there is in Venetian art another element that keeps it eternally sweet and vital, and that is the love and knowledge of nature. The imaginative truth of a scene may be only poorly expressed, but its surroundings have the freshness and force of reality. Rhetorical and even theatric gesture is corrected by the impression of portraiture in the faces, and we may forget that the nude forms were meant for Venuses in the enjoyment of the beauty of their flesh and the charm of the simple scenery that forms a background to the picture.

Some further excuse for the neglect which Titian has experienced may be discovered in the character of the man himself. The more we learn of him the more impossible does it become to feel any sort of fascination for his personal qualities. His long life is not uneventful, but the incidents with which it is crowded are more important than the actor. We feel the presence of a great painter but not of a great man, and the story of his career yields neither the romantic fascination that Raphael inspired, nor the deeper and more tragic influence of Michael Angelo. The correspondence of the artist introduces us to a shrewd and industrious man of business, who seems never to have been much troubled with any problems of the spirit. His intellectual life is everywhere overshadowed by practical endeavour and material success, and even Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle do not make any attempt to claim for their hero the kind of affection that is freely granted to men of less note in the world of art. It is of course impossible within our present limits to attempt to follow the painter's career in detail, or to do justice to the merits of a work in which the particulars of a long life are now for the first time made clearly known; but we may note, as of special interest in regard to Titian's character, the account of his skilful dealings with Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara. The Duke was by no means an easy client. He was apt to be impatient and intolerant of all obstacles to his desires, and the perfect tact with which his violence is met and his wishes satisfied gives an admirable impression of Titian's worldly wisdom. In one letter, that is a masterpiece of polite and courtier-like submission, the painter accepts with enthusiasm some subject of which Alfonso had commanded a picture. 'I received the other day, with due reverence,' he writes, 'your lordship's letter, together with the canvas and framing. Having read and noted the contents, I considered them so pretty and ingenious as to require no improvement of any kind; and the more I thought over it, the more I became convinced that the greatness of art amongst the ancients was due to the assistance they received from great princes, content to leave to the painters the credit and renown derived from their own ingenuity in bespeaking pictures. Can I therefore doubt, that if God enables me to satisfy in any part the wishes of your lordship, I shall have all credit for my labour? Yet I shall, after all, have done no more than give shape to that which received its spirit, the most essential part, from your excellency.'

This in its way is quite perfect, but it is almost equalled by a second letter, written in 1527, to the Marquess Gonzaga. Indeed the relation of Titian with his various patrons forms the subject of much that is interesting in the purely biographical parts of the work before us. The painter's letters are as skilful as his pictures; and although they do not admit the student to any close familiarity with the mind of their author, they supply indirectly many valuable hints for judging of his character. We find, as might be expected from the nature of his talent, that Titian was eminently a man of the world, and the letter of Priscianese, giving an account of an evening spent in the painter's house in Biri Grande, presents an admirable picture of a luxurious and hospitable home. The description of Titian as 'an excellent painter, as every one knows, and a person really fitted to season by his courtesies any distinguished entertainment,' seems to sum up in a single phrase almost all that we are able to learn of his character. It would, perhaps, scarcely be fair in his case to apply too strictly the judgment that a man is to be known by his intimates, for his lasting friendship with Aretino would in that case speak but little in his favour. And yet it is impossible not to feel some regret over the close intimacy of a great painter with the basest wretch of the time. The power which such a villain was able to exercise over men infinitely his superiors in all save cunning and meanness is even now a shameful recollection, and that the scoundrel who levied black mail from Michael Angelo should have been the constant associate of Titian cannot be other than deplorable.

In their appreciation of Titian's art Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are often fortunate, but not always consistent. Sometimes we meet with a passage which would seem to imply that they entirely recognise the limitations of his talent, and understand the sources of his peculiar power, while at other moments they indulge a kind of laudation that would seem to claim for his genius absolute universality of range. In a passage that describes the waning influence of Mantegna at Venice, the particular aims of the school are thus happily set forth:—'The Venetians,' we are told, 'had all but surrendered the hope of acquiring absolute purity of shape and outline, and turned their thoughts to models of a standard less lofty, in order to charm by imitating the substances rather than the shape of flesh, the texture and tone rather than the fold and fall of dress.' And again, in the second volume, after comparing the painter's style with that of Michael Angelo, our authors wisely observe:—'We look in vain throughout the annals of art for a man who combined all the excellences discernible singly in Lionardo and Raphael, or in Michael Angelo, Correggio, and Titian. To paint like Titian required Titian's peculiar talents and means; it required that colour should be made a specialty. To draw and render form chastened and select as that of the Florentines demanded an education of another kind, which should make colour subordinate to design.' But these very just observations, offered generally upon the distinctions between the two schools, are occasionally contradicted by the terms of praise employed towards particular pictures. The writers apparently do not perceive, what by their own admissions is sufficiently clear, that the essence of Titian's art was its strength of portraiture, and not its imaginative intensity. They laud the grandeur of his invention where we should be content to accept with reverence the imitative beauty of his painting; and thus the attention is led away from the prime merits of the painter, and fixed upon qualities which, even at their best, are only of the second order. In the composition of the *Tribute Money* we are asked to admire the contrast between 'the form of a boatman in his working-day shirt, whose arm is hairy in its strength and swarthy from exposure,' and that of the 'Redeemer, whose gesture, shape, and dress, reflect the elevation of His life and thoughts.' But there is no hint given to us as to why the Pharisee should have been represented as a boatman in his working-day shirt. We might multiply examples to the same effect. In their desire to do justice to the genius of the painter, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle seem not always sure of the kind of praise to bestow. The enthusiasm is never in excess, but it is often wrongly directed; and in the attempt to praise Titian for qualities that he did not possess, or possessed only in a limited degree, the real merits of his art are sometimes obscured.

J. Comyns Carr.

THE ALTHORP GALLERY.

III.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Portrait of Lavinia Bingham, afterwards Countess Spencer.

ETCHED BY LÉOPOLD FLAMENG.

IN the original picture the lady wears a buff hat with a broad blue ribbon, and she has a white dress. The colouring of the picture is generally frank and decided; the face is rosy and healthy, and the artist appears to have amused himself with overcoming the difficulty of the cast shadow occasioned by the great brim of the hat. There is not a single example amongst the works of the old masters known to us in which this difficulty has been overcome more felicitously. The shadow is perfectly transparent, and keeps a true colourist's relation to the lights on the lower part of the face. Perhaps the intelligent look of the eyes is rather increased than the contrary by their position behind this delicate veil of shade.

Sir Denis Le Marchant speaks of this lady in his memoir of Viscount Althorp, and confirms the impression of intelligence which the portraits of Reynolds convey. Sir Joshua painted her several times, and there are three pictures of her in the Althorp Gallery, all of which are to be etched for the PORTFOLIO. She was the eldest daughter of Lord Lucan, an Irish peer immortalised by Boswell as the intimate friend of Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Reynolds, and Burke. She married early 'in the bloom of youth,' and her husband had but recently come of age. It was a marriage of inclination, and we are told that it turned out happily for both. They visited Gibbon at Lausanne in 1795, and the impression received by the historian on this occasion was a very favourable one, as we know from a letter of his to Lord Sheffield. 'He (Lord Spencer) is a valuable man, and when he is familiar, a pleasant companion. She is a charming woman, who, with sense and spirit, has the playfulness of a child. You are not ignorant of her talents, of which she has left me an agreeable specimen—a drawing of the historic Muse, sitting in a thoughtful posture to compose.'

The following quotation from Sir Denis Le Marchant's memoir will be interesting as an accompaniment to the portrait:—

'The opinion thus given of Lady Spencer was fully confirmed by the high position she long filled in London society. In force of character and brilliancy of conversation she was surpassed by few women of her time. If she appeared to aim at a somewhat exclusive sway in politics and fashion, it was from no love of power or display. She cared for neither, except as they entered into her views of the duties of her station, since it was chiefly in her zeal for what she thought right that her naturally fervid spirit betrayed itself.

'With men out of the common stamp she was generally a favourite. They admired her sagacity, frankness, and pungency of expression. The great naval commanders who frequented the Admiralty during Lord Spencer's Administration felt the influence of her superior mind, Nelson and Collingwood particularly. She is often touchingly mentioned in their letters, as one who was sure to sympathise with them in their difficulties. She had the penetration to see and

appreciate the genius of Nelson through the cloud of personal vanity and silly conceit which caused him to be so lightly estimated in London society. She used playfully to call him her bull-dog.'

This reminds us of what Gibbon said about Lady Spencer's playfulness at an earlier period of her life, and also of his remark about her sense and spirit. The portrait before us has a penetrating look, as if the lady were already quite capable of forming her own opinions about others; but painting cannot represent all the moods of a lady on one piece of canvas, so we detect no playfulness here, but only a winning simplicity and charm united to evident intellectual superiority.

EDITOR.

ALBRECHT DÜRER: HIS TEACHERS, HIS RIVALS, AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

IV.—DÜRER AND ANDREA MANTEGNA.

'Costui si dilettò ancora, come si è detto, d'intagliare in rame le stampe delle figure; che è comodità veramente singolarissima, mediante la quale ha potuto vedere il mondo non solamente le Bacchaneria, la Battaglia de' mostri marini, il Deposto di Croce, il Seppellimento di Cristo, la Resurrezione con Longino e con Sant' Andrea, opere di esso Mantegna, ma le maniere ancora di tutti gli artefici che sono stati.'—VASARI, ed. Lemonnier, v. 180.

THUS far, we have only studied the art of Dürer in relation to that of other Northern engravers whom we know to have been his predecessors, and can infer to have been in a greater or less degree, his teachers. But at the same time as the art of engraving grew up in the North, between the years 1450 and 1500, it grew up in the South also; and among the masters from whom Dürer learned, and against whom, in his early days, he matched himself, were some not only of his own country but of Italy. We have learnt in part what were the influences in the Upper and Lower Rhineland and in his home which helped to form him. Let us now learn what were the influences which reached him from Florence, Padua, and Venice. We shall see that the history of his relations to Italy is in the main a history of challenge and resistance. For a while, indeed, in his youth, he underwent the fascinations of the southern genius, and not only acknowledged a revelation from Italy in the sciences of proportion, perspective, anatomy, and the antique, but tried also to catch something of the Italian grace. He made studies from the works of several of the masters of that country, and attempted several compositions of his own in their spirit. But soon we find him choosing rather to treat their subjects in his own northern way; and as he reaches maturity, he seems to dismiss the southern ideals altogether. The theoretical and analytical studies, of which the Italians had set him the example, he continues to work out persistently to the last; but for ideals, for inspiration, he trusts more and more to himself; the imaginative strength of his art becomes more and more singly and exclusively the imaginative strength of the north.

In Italy, not less than in Germany, the origin and early history of engraving are matters of much obscurity. The more closely we try to grasp the facts, the more their sequence escapes us; and infinite inquiry and debate have left us in possession of fewer certainties than doubts. Vasari's account is well known. He tells how the art of taking impressions from an engraved plate was the invention of a Florentine goldsmith. When a goldsmith had engraved a design of figures or ornaments on a *pax* or other piece of plate—generally church plate, and generally of silver—he would fill up the engraved lines, in order to bring them out with better effect, with a black mixture of lead, silver, and copper fused by help of sulphur or borax. This was called niello-work, from *nigellum*, the name of the mixture poured into the lines, and was a favourite product of the goldsmith's art in Florence. It was the habit of the *niellatore*, before he proceeded

to run the black mixture into the engraved lines of his plate, to take a mould from the plate in fine sand, and from the sand mould again a cast in sulphur. By filling up the sunk lines of this sulphur cast with lamp black, he would get an exact image of his niello plate as it was intended to look, and would thus be able to judge of the effect of his work before it was finished. Maso Finiguerra, Vasari tells us, was a famous *niellatore* of Florence in the middle of the fifteenth century, who, besides reproducing his engraved work by this customary mode in sulphur, was the first to rub off impressions direct from the plate on paper. In this practice, says Vasari, he was followed by another goldsmith of Florence, Baccio Baldini; who, being himself but a poor designer, engraved chiefly designs furnished him by Sandro Botticelli. From these masters the knowledge of the art passed to Andrea Mantegna, and presently afterwards into 'Flanders'—by Flanders, as we have already learnt, Vasari means Germany in general. So far as Italy is concerned, the facts do to some extent correspond with this account. The Florentine *niellatori* did make sulphur casts from their plates; a beautiful set of such casts may be seen at this hour in the British Museum; and they did begin, about the middle of the fifteenth century, to rub off impressions on paper also: among them, if not first of them all, Maso Finiguerra. There exists by him, in the Bibliothèque at Paris, a famous and unique *Coronation of the Virgin*, belonging to the year 1452. But the connection between this art of printing trial impressions from engravings of which the real use was their use as ornamental plates, and the art of printing impressions for publication from engravings which had no other use except to be thus printed from, is not so clear. As regards Germany, at any rate, Vasari's story has long been acknowledged to have no foundation. Impressions of rude German engravings on copper exist, bearing dates earlier than the earliest known impressions from an Italian niello. It is thus clear that the art had in the North an independent origin. And even in Italy, it is not certain that the practice of printing from plates intended expressly to be printed from did not grow up independently of the practice of printing from plates intended to be filled in with niello. Many of the earliest Italian prints from nielli of which we have impressions are works of accomplished art, immeasurably in advance of the primitive German copper engravings of the same time; but then they stand quite by themselves for excellence among fifteenth century prints, and the earliest Italian copper engravings do not throw a like superiority over the earliest German.

Leaving nielli on one side, the art of engraving between the years 1450 and 1460 in Italy, as compared with the art in Germany, bespeaks indeed the happier and more refined genius of the race, but in some technical points it shows a slower and more backward development. In this interval the Rhineland with the Low Countries had, as we have seen, the masters of Colmar, of Bocholt, and of Zwolle; the master E. S., with the dates 1466 and 1467, is disputed between various districts; while the Bavarian and Franconian towns had Albrecht Glockenton, Veit Stoss, Mair of Landshut, and the master M. Z. To set against these, Italy had two groups of engravers, one belonging to the Florentine school and the other to that school which, for want of a more accurate designation, we call the Paduan. In the Florentine group the question of names—the personal authorship of the various engravings—is very uncertain; but the central influence, which gives its colour to the work of the whole group, is indisputably the influence of Botticelli. The contact of Dürer's art with that of these Florentine engravers we shall illustrate in another chapter. To-day we are going to study its contact with the art of the Paduan group; and here we shall be at once encountered by a central, a commanding, an omnipotent personality—the personality of the great Mantegna.

But first, of those general differences which distinguish any Italian from any German engraving of this early date, say about 1480. In the technical parts of the art, we find a class of differences which strike the eye at once. A beginner might possibly not appreciate at first sight the greater exactness of the Italians in the drawing and proportions of the figure, nor the greater dignity and delicacy of their ideals; but he could not fail to be struck by this, that the Italian engravers attend chiefly to their outlines, cutting these firmly and strongly, and leaving their backgrounds comparatively empty, and their shading comparatively

poor; while the German engravers both fill in their backgrounds and work up their shaded parts with much more pains. From the first the Germans try to enrich their plates with varieties of light and shade, alike in the modelling of figures and folding of draperies, and in the background details of landscape, architecture, or furniture. And for this purpose they begin early to practise both cross-shading, with straight lines laid in two or three different directions over one another, and curved or rounded shading, with lines following freely the direction of the forms to be expressed. And so the primitive masters of the Rhineland produce, when they choose, engravings distinguished by much suppleness and variety of line-work and much richness of light and shade; as for instance, Martin Schongauer, in his famous *Death of the Virgin*, and the Master of Zwolle in his *Betrayal of Christ*. Contemporary engraving south of the Alps has nothing of this kind to show. As the northern genius is naturally prone to laborious veracity in details, so the nascent art of the North was apt to overload itself, and obscure its main point, with minute and realistic accessories; while the Italian genius, with its born instinct for art, knew how to stop when it has asserted the main point, and in clear lineaments disengaged the human and imaginative significance of its subject. But besides this natural difference of genius, the Italian engravers of the fifteenth century were trained in a different technical practice from the Germans. They learned to draw with the burin upon copper exactly as they were accustomed to draw with the brush or silver point upon paper; that is, to get the outline pure, clear, and firm, and then to shade with simple straight lines, slanting downward either from right to left or from left to right. This is a method inapt to express the full relief and roundness of objects in nature, and the Italian engravers generally content themselves with expressing objects in a kind of partial or low relief. But to do even this delicately and with precision by their method exacts a more absolute command of hand—a subtler knowledge when to stop and how hard to bear—than to get much richer effects by the ampler resources of the other method. To this severe and exacting method of straight-line shading some of the most trained modern draughtsmen—for instance, M. Legros—have of preference returned. It cannot be denied, however, that some of the legitimate effects of engraving are thus lost. And that the Italians themselves by-and-by felt the poverty of their system is proved by the fact that at the beginning of the sixteenth century they turned eagerly to the works of Albert Dürer, and imitated from him the richer German system. But of that hereafter; in the Italian engravings of the age of which we are now speaking the old technical characteristics are universal.

As to spiritual differences, we are already prepared to find the German thoughtful, faithful, strenuous, uncouth, grotesque often; inapt (with the single exception of Martin Schongauer in some special types) at beauty, and supplying nothing from within himself of the grace and distinction which are wanting to the life about him; but earnest of purpose, apt at character, shrewd and patient in perception; only that, by the very emphasis of his interpretation, he sometimes twists character into caricature, and sometimes destroys the reality of the whole by insisting too much on reality in the parts; so that the same qualities which in the work of the stronger men yield expressions of profound, of rugged, of pathetic, of devout intensity, yield in the work of the weaker those of quaint puerility, of exaggerated commonness, or even of grim degradation. The Italian engravers, on the other hand, are incapable of commonness. Art in Italy at this time is not raw and rude, as in Germany, but has behind it a noble tradition, and, what is more important still, beneath it an exquisite instinct. The stirring of men's thoughts in this age was less sudden in Italy than in Germany, less profound, and less prophetic of great spiritual changes; the Renaissance in Italy was not big, as in Germany, with a Reformation to come. But it was a stirring, an awakening, just suited to carry the arts in Italy onward to their harmonious perfection. The discovery of the antique, the discovery of perspective, the study of anatomy and of proportion, came just in time, before the genius of the race had lost its bloom. Knowledge and imagination were stimulated together, and the latter half of the fifteenth century in Italy is the happiest epoch, after the

Héliogravure et imp. A. Dur[illegible]

Greek epoch, of the world's art. There is a finer edge on men's perceptions than at any other moment, a clearer and more engaging freshness in their ideals; the inborn instinct of the race for things of choice* is at its height. And this sustained distinction, this absence of all commonness, this clear and vivid realisation of an ideal, is nowhere more manifest than in the Italian engravings of the time. In the Florentine school of engraving, the dominant ideals, as we shall see in a later part of our study, had a cast of tranquillity, of daintiness, of reverie. Pollaiuolo is an exceptional instance of a Florentine painter and engraver who seeks for the expression of physical conflict and energy. But in the Paduan school, under the inspiration of Mantegna, ideals of energy predominate. The glory of Mantegna is to have combined the extremes of energy and vehemence with the extreme of dignified austerity. Of all men who ever practised the arts, he has, in draughtsmanship, a power at once the most tremendous and the most precise. He is at once overwhelmingly bold and inexorably firm. The story of his training and subsequent career is familiar—how he was picked up as a country boy by Squarcione, who kept a painting-school at Padua; how he studied at Padua after the antique and casts from the antique, and after the sculptures of the Florentine Donatello; how presently he passed into the school of the Bellini and married a daughter of that house, and, achieving an early reputation for science and mastery in his art, was called to the court of Mantua, where he lived in immense honour and in the intimacy of the most learned men of his time, and where he died at last in the year 1506. Founding his art, as Mantegna founded it, upon the study of statuary and the antique, and upon the laws of perspective and geometry, he might easily have lost hold of nature and fallen into pedantry. But the art of that age in Italy was as incapable of pedantry as of vulgarity; it can carry any amount of learning without being pedantic; the very fervour of the artist's studies, the intensity of his devotion to science and the antique—*il grande amore*—somehow pass into the marble or canvas and prevent the work from seeming cold or laboured. In those figures which Mantegna draws and drapes with the aspect of bronze or marble, and disposes with the hardihood of anatomical and geometrical certainty, his mathematics themselves are, so to speak, impassioned; his personages seem to exult in their own corporeal symmetry and prowess. And not only so, but there are certain great passions and affections, rage and brooding love and despair, which Mantegna realises profoundly and expresses in a way that cannot be forgotten. His personages, austerely, nay, harshly majestical, are hardly men and women, but superhuman beings abstracted from his studies of ancient art and new science, and animated with one or other of those great primitive and typical passions. His engravings, of which there are not more than twenty-three or twenty-four, are divided, like his paintings, between Christian and Pagan subjects, and treat both in the same spirit. The Scripture scenes consist of a *Flagellation* (B. 1); two different representations of the *Entombment* (B. 2, 3), one with small figures in a great wild landscape of rocks, the other with large figures in front of a rocky cavern; a *Deposition* (B. 4), which is perhaps the noblest and most complete of all Mantegna's engraved works, and from which separate figures and motives have been copied by later artists of many schools; a Descent of *Christ into Limbo* (B. 5), in which the chill terror of the place, a black opening in the wall of riven rocks, seems to make even the Deliverer hesitate and grasp his banner the tighter, while the released patriarchs stand naked on either side, wailing, not yet recovered from their pain; a figure of Christ after the resurrection, standing erect and strong between the figures of Andrew and Longinus (B. 6), a seated *Man of Sorrows* (B. 7), and two grand *Virgins* (B. 8, 9); one of them unfinished, a head and body in the manner of Bellini encompassed with a flight of splendidly designed cherubs within a grotto; the other sitting with full draperies cast abroad, and her body and face bent sideways to stoop, to brood, to crouch over her child —the expression of the mother's love and fear appealing to us all the more intensely for being struck out with these unflinching strokes upon these strong and grave lineaments of womanhood. The classical scenes include three designs of Roman triumphs like those at

* '*Le goût inné des choses d'élite.*' I borrow the phrase from M. Delaborde.

Hampton Court, one of them repeated with additions in a second plate (B. 11, 12, 13, 14); here it is no dramatic action or passion, but the sentiment of ancient pomp and power only, which Mantegna has had to inspire him, over and above the delight, which was his inspiration always, in physical strength and majestic manhood. In some other engravings of the pagan class he has worked on the suggestion of Roman bas-reliefs, and has handled mythological shapes of Faun and Satyr, Triton and Nereid. Even into these fanciful and remote existences, engendered in the imagination of a forgotten antiquity, embodied then in marble ornament, and now after many days translated in new outlines, the fire of Mantegna's spirit is able to breathe human life and desperate passion. The reeling and storming creatures do not move our sympathies the less because their lower extremities are those of calves or fish, or because for hair they have a growth of leaves. Two of them are Bacchanalian scenes (B. 19, 20), and two, the finest (B. 17, 18), scenes of battle among the powers of the deep. These have been suggested by, but not literally copied from, a Roman bas-relief which may still be seen where it has been built into a wall at Ravenne. In one, each leafy-haired and scaly-tailed Triton has a Nymph or Nereid riding on his coils; they have emerged from a bed of sedge, churning the water into foam with their angry fins; one smites at the other, who parries the blow with the skull of a sea-monster. In the other, an incarnate figure of hatred, in the shape of a hag carrying on a tablet her own name, *Invidia*, appears among the bulrushes in the background, and three furious Tritons come charging side by side into the open water in front; there is a shout, a yell, as they clash storming at another, smiting one with a club staff, another with a leash of great scaly fish for a weapon.

ST. JOHN, FROM MANTEGNA'S ENTOMBMENT.

Such being the character of Mantegna's art, it is easy to understand that between Dürer and Mantegna there was more in common than between Dürer and any other artist of Italy. The harsh strenuousness of Mantegna, his inexorable strength, his preference for gestures and expressions of wild or piteous energy, the absence from his work of all the softer graces—all this would help to bring him within the circle of Northern sympathies. Accordingly, of the various Italian influences undergone by Dürer, his was the only one which was permanently operative. Mantegna was forty years older than Dürer, and his name a great name in Italy before Dürer had begun to work as a boy in the painter's and wood-engraver's shop at Nuremberg. The first instance in which we find the young German artist making direct studies after the elder Italian is furnished by two drawings in the Albertina collection at Vienna. These are highly

finished copies with the point from two of Mantegna's great engravings; one that *Battle of the Tritons* in which each of the combatant sea-monsters has a Nereid riding on his back (B. 17), and the other that *Bacchanalian piece* (B. 20) in which three ministers of Silenus sustain their drunken master between them in the middle of the picture, and a man standing in the water on the left lifts upon his back the gross bulk of a huge female Bacchant. Dürer has copied these pieces minutely, but yet in his own way. The composition of the originals, the design of the figures, and so far as he can the expression of the faces, he has identically followed; not so the touch and manner of shading. The Italian way of expressing solidity by a single shading, and that in straight lines, varied at most by a second shading in lines making a very slight angle with the first, seems to Dürer meagre and inefficient. His predecessors in the North have already taught him how to express solidity with various gradations of cross-shading, and to make his lines, even in the stubborn material of copper, follow with suppleness the direction of the roundings to be imitated. Accordingly he works up the modellings of the figures he has copied from Mantegna with crossed and rounded shading which is quite unlike Mantegna's. The date of these two interesting drawings is in Dürer's twenty-third year, the year 1494. It used to be supposed that Dürer's first and only visit to Italy had been the visit he made at thirty-five, in the year 1506; and therefore that the prints of Mantegna, which he was thus seen to have copied twelve years before, had come to his knowledge on his own side of the Alps. And indeed they might quite well have been sent for sale to Nuremberg, as so much merchandise was sent continually from Venice. But now that a closer study of Dürer's scattered sketches, notes, and drawings, has made it certain that the travels of his *Wanderjahre*, from 1790 until Easter 1794, included a journey into Italy, these copies from Mantegna have taken their place among the most important first-fruits of his studies in that country.* And we know that when in his ripe fame and manhood he went a second time to the South, he intended to go, being at Venice, to Mantua to do homage to the old age of the great painter who had long lived there; but that death was beforehand with him, and as in the case of Schongauer, so in the case of Mantegna, it was not given to Dürer to see his teacher face to face.

Schongauer in the North, and Mantegna the South, these were the two influences—setting aside for the present the obscure and debatable influence of Wohlgemuth—which acted with most force upon the youth of Dürer. But from Schongauer, as far as we can prove, Dürer never literally copied or borrowed anything; and when, as in the single instance of the *Flight into Egypt*, he follows Schongauer in the general idea of a composition, he takes his own way very freely in the details. From Mantegna, on the other hand, he not only made in his youth those two faithful drawings of which I have spoken; even in the independent compositions of his manhood we find him more than once remembering hints from that master and introducing them. We will not insist on the analogy, such as it is, between Dürer's grey-beard Triton with the tortoise-shell shield, who swims with a woman on his back in the plate known as the *Rape of Amymone* (B. 71), and the Tritons in like manner ridden by women in Mantegna's aforesaid battle of sea-gods; since the subject of Triton and woman, or Triton and nymph, in the midst of the waves, is a favourite one with several masters of the time. But there is a celebrated figure of Mantegna's in one of his two prints of the *Entombment* (B. 3), which Dürer, to use the phrase of a German critic, 'could not forget,' and which, quite against his usual wont, he incorporated with little change in a print of his own central time. This is the figure of the wailing St. John, of which we gave above a reduction in the margin. Mantegna's conception of misery is not of a misery which bows the head or sinks upon the ground. Thus, in his *Crucifixion*, the Magdalene at the foot of the cross stands perfectly erect with her back to us, her despair shown only by the spreading of her hands, and the streaming of her unimprisoned hair in heavy masses from her upthrown head. So here, in the figure of St. John, Mantegna will not abate one jot of that iron physical manhood which is his ideal; the beloved disciple stands immovable on his feet, while his agony finds vent

* The various evidences of Dürer's early journey and studies in Italy will be found excellently discussed in Dr. Thausing's *Life*, ch. v.

in wrung hands and tightened muscles, and in the bitterness of a mighty wailing which he recks not to hide or stanch. The engraving in which Dürer has adopted this motive of Mantegna's is the admirable one of the year 1508, known as the *Larger Crucifixion* (B. 24). A less

FIEND, FROM DÜRER'S DESCENT OF CHRIST INTO LIMBO.

exact and less obvious parallel between the treatment of Dürer and Mantegna is to be found in the subject of the Harrowing of Hell, or Descent of Christ into Limbo. Mantegna has treated this subject once, in one of the noblest of his Scriptural engravings (B. 5); Dürer has treated it several times, and the version in which he recalls Mantegna is that which occurs in the *Great Passion* on wood (B. 14). In the general conception of the scene Dürer is not more like Mantegna than the conditions of the subject render inevitable, but he has followed him somewhat closely in one particular. The approach of Christ, the shattering of the gates of hell at his approach, is always represented as enraging and scaring from their crannies a brood of fiends who haunt the gates like bats or rats; and in the invention of these fiends Northern art habitually shows a grim fertility and force, while Italian art is weak. But this time the Northern artist is the borrower; he has been struck with Mantegna's fiends, and has imitated, though freely enough, the design of their leathery wings and scaly folded tails, and the twisted horns through which they blow from puffed cheeks their demon notes of dismay. Here is the particular fiend, cut of Dürer's woodcut, in the design of which his rendering of Mantegna is closest; and here is also the Italian original to compare with the German translation.

FIEND, FROM MANTEGNA'S DESCENT OF CHRIST INTO LIMBO.

But it is not in specific imitations or adaptations of Mantegna's design that we can trace the most essential part of his influence upon Dürer. The most essential part of that influence will have lain, I conceive, in the new revelation of the powers of art which Dürer at the outset of his career will have gained from the great Italian. Northern art had long striven after the expression of vehement life and energy; but for want of discipline, for want of science, had failed to achieve it, and had achieved, instead, contortion and caricature. The revelation of Mantegna to Dürer will have been a revelation of what science and discipline could do in enabling the artist to express, with justice and without caricature, the very tempest and whirlwind of human or superhuman action, passion, and movement. Look at Mantegna's engraving of the *Battle of Tritons*, and then at Dürer's woodcut, from the series of the Apocalypse, of the loosing of the four angels of the Euphrates (B. 69). There is in Dürer's design a storm of strenuous movement, a rush of scathing and vindictive energy even more impressive, as the subject is more august, than in the design of Mantegna. The Apocalypse was done by Dürer within four years from the date of his copies after Mantegna; it is the richest and most powerfully imagined of all his works, and in it, though he has by no means imitated any one, but has worked independently on a level with the greatest, yet we feel that it is Mantegna who has shown him the way so to express what he had within him, and that without those angry Tritons of the Italian artist these avenging angels of the German would never have been what they are.

The scale of Mantegna's engravings is so large that we are not able to illustrate our study with a reproduction of any of his more famous and impressive pieces. A *Man of Sorrows* and a *Hercules*, neither of them among his most impressive works, are the only two of them that could have come in.* I have chosen a portrait-print instead, which is very precious, for the only impression of it known is that which is here reproduced, and which was bought for the British Museum fifteen years ago. It represents the patrons at whose court, and the court of their children, Mantegna lived for nearly fifty years. The arms on one of the scutcheons hung from the dividing column in the centre are the arms of Gonzaga, and on the other of those of Brandenburg. The personages are Lodovico Gonzaga, third Marquis of Mantua of the name, and his wife Barbara called the Alchimist, a daughter of Albert of Hohenzollern, Elector of Brandenburg. Among the frescoes of Mantegna in the ancient palace of the Gonzaga at Mantua is one, much decayed, in which the same marquis and marchioness are portrayed among their children; and the collection of the Duke of Hamilton near Glasgow is also said to contain portraits of them by his hand. Whether this engraving is positively of his own hand we cannot tell; it perhaps rather resembles the work of pupils, like Zoan Andrea, who engraved under his immediate influence, but with a stroke more delicate and less impetuous than his own. On the other hand, it is not likely to have been engraved subsequently to Lodovico's death; he died in 1478, and we have no reason to suppose that any of the pupils trained by Mantegna began to engrave so early as that. For the purposes of portrait, the master may well have subdued his own hand to this unusually quiet and subtle working. On the whole, and awaiting further evidence, I incline to see in the engraving the work of Mantegna himself. At any rate, it is one of the most interesting as well as the earliest of all portrait engravings, and one perfectly characteristic of the Paduan school of Italy. The portrait of Dürer we have chosen for comparison and contrast with this is the likeness, engraved by Dürer in 1524, of Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony. No two examples could better bring home that technical difference between the methods of Italian and of Northern engraving on which I have already insisted. In the Italian example the drawing is consummately pure, firm, and masterly, not only in the rendering of the features, but in the imitation of the splendid patterns of embroidery on the dresses of the prince and lady. But notwithstanding the command of line of which the engraver thus gives proof, he chooses to express

* The student will before long, most probably, be able to study the engraved works of Mantegna at home, thanks to M. Amand-Durand, who proposes to publish a complete series of facsimiles from this master, as he has already done from Dürer.

the shadow and relief by means that are severe even to meagreness. He does not swerve from the system of single slant lines, whether in the shading of his background, the rounding of the plain column between his figures, the folds of his head-dresses, or the modelling of his faces; but such is the certainty of his hand that in this austere and sparing manner he can perfectly express all he wants, even to such delicate matters as the transparency of the lady's coif where it half hides her brows. Whereas Dürer, with just as masterly and unerring a power of making his line do what he wants it to do, prefers that it should luxuriate. He delights himself in elaborating every crease, wrinkle, and crow's foot in his sitter's countenance; he religiously works out every sinuosity and rounds up every protuberance belonging to Teutonic astuteness combined with Teutonic fulness of habit. He makes the bushy curling beard of the German prince, in contact with the fur collar of his coat, an opportunity for the richest and most intricate play of his burin upon the copper, the most dexterous imitation and contrast of hairy surfaces. And yet with all this elaboration he is not encumbered, and does not lose the essential aim of portrait; he expresses the character and life of his subject just as forcibly and pregnantly as the Italian. The difference between the two examples is not in the degree of excellence but in its kind. The truthfulness and penetration of the Italian artist is accompanied with a kind of aristocratic spirit, an innate distinction and reserve. The equal truthfulness and penetration of the German is accompanied with a kind of plebeian spirit, an innate ruggedness and emphasis. It is this difference of artistic treatment and genius which makes the contrast between the two pieces so complete, much more than any physical unlikeness between the sitters, or any difference in the times, races, and manners, to which they respectively belonged. Lodovico was an Italian and a Gonzaga, but Barbara his wife was a German and a Hohenzollern, and though discreet and accomplished, as we learn from contemporaray testimony, evidently anything but fair; if her portrait had been engraved by a Northern hand, we can imagine how quaint of aspect she would have appeared, with her grim features and her coif folded in those ungraceful horns; nor was Lodovico himself one of the handsome and impressive Italian princes of the Renaissance; in his clear-cut nose and mouth, and wary eyes a little askance, we see no more than the looks of a cautious, accomplished, and not unkindly human being; the impressiveness, the distinction is contributed by the artist and not by the sitters. There is only one difference belonging to times and manners, which, so far as the mere appearance of these engravings as engravings is concerned, may be allowed to count for much. The Italian print was done in all likelihood before 1478; the German nearly fifty years later; and in the interval beards had come into fashion both North and South of the Alps. The fifteenth was a beardless, the sixteenth a bearded century in Europe, and that is a change of real importance for the art of engraving; a beard like that worn by Frederick the Wise, or by nearly every one in his time, obviously refusing to be adequately engraved on the Italian principle of inflexible and austere line, and requiring the German principle of free, flexible, and luxurious line. It so happens that a circumstance in the life of this very Lodovico Gonzaga illustrates the stringency of fifteenth century fashions in the matter. In his youth Lodovico had differences with his father, escaped to the court of Filippo Maria Sforza at Milan, and in some wars that ensued was in danger of fighting in the opposite camp to his father, who commanded the allied forces of Venice and Florence against Milan. His father in anger disinherited him; but presently, having been taken prisoner in some fighting in Tuscany and released, and his father also having made peace with Milan, a reconciliation was effected, and the son was received back as the heir to his father's dominions. But during his expatriation he had let his beard grow, and in those days only Turks wore beards, so that his mother when he came back called him in sport the Turk; and that surname, *il Turco*, stuck to him ever afterwards, though he presently shaved himself like a respectable prince, as our portrait witnesses. If we were to follow up, as we cannot in this place follow up, the biographical and historical suggestions of these two contrasted portraits, they would bring to our thoughts much that is interesting, both concerning the lives of the artists who painted them and con-

erning the course of European history. The Marquis of Mantua, after the troubles of his youth, succeeded at thirty to his father's principality, and ruled it for the rest of his life in comparative peace. Next to Frederick of Urbino, he was perhaps the best and most respected Italian despot of the fifteenth century; and it was at his court that Pope Pius II. assembled in 1459 a great conference of European princes and ambassadors to prepare that crusade against the Turk which had been in all men's minds since the capture of Constantinople, and which came to such a pitiful issue. He was a great humanist and patron of arts and letters, and gathered to his court teachers and grammarians like Guarino and Filelfo, builders like Alberti, and the mightiest painter of his age, Mantegna. All our most explicit knowledge of Mantegna is concerned with his residence at Lodovico's court. Many letters between the painter and his patron have been preserved, and their tenor is very much to the credit of Lodovico, who behaves with perfect delicacy and perfect kindness where another would have been apt to be impatient; for in his life Mantegna was often exacting, vehement, and unreasonable.

The life of an Italian despot in the fifteenth century was set in the midst of shifting politics, intrigues, revolutions, changes of alliance, and the man who would keep his life and his dominions needed to walk warily. But in the Germany of fifty years later there were gathering darker storms, these were preparing changes more portentous; the mine had been laid to the fabric of the universal Church; the souls of men were shaken, and spiritual divisions were preparing war and the clash of armies. In the beginning of these world-changing troubles there was no man who kept his heart so sound and his head so cool as Frederick of Saxony, surnamed the Wise. In that heavy bearded and puckered countenance, with the wreathed eyebrows, the protuberances, crows'-feet, and wrinkles, we may read the honesty, the sense, the strength, the craft, of him who clove to the Reform, protected the scholars of Wittenberg, saved the life of Luther, resisted Pope and Emperor, and yet, for all his staunchness, knew how to stave off conflict to the latest hour. Amid these perilous concerns, Frederick too was a patron of art and artists. He attached the painter Lukas Cranach to his court, and was the steady friend of Dürer. Dürer's dependence on Frederick was not, indeed, like the dependence of Mantegna on Gonzaga; Dürer was the citizen of a free town, and in his beloved Nuremberg he lived and worked for all patrons who chose to ask him. But among the best of these patrons was Frederick of Saxony. For his cloister of Wittenberg Dürer painted more than one picture, and in letters which pass between him and Frederick's secretary he speaks always with the heartiest affection and respect of this old and true patron. The Emperor Maximilian, having granted Dürer an annual stipend out of the revenue due from the city of Nuremberg to the crown, presently afterwards transferred the whole of that revenue to Frederick; but the Elector would not allow Dürer to be the loser, and caused his stipend to be regularly deducted from the payment. And on one of the Elector's many visits to Nuremberg, probably when the Imperial Diet was held there in 1524, Dürer, with his best care, engraved the likeness —at this time he was engraving several others also—of that good prince and friend. And so our two portrait illustrations speak to us of whatever was most characteristic and most vital, not in the art only, but in the life, the history, and the destinies of Italy and the North respectively.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM WYLD. ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

HAVING obtained Mr. Wyld's permission to publish a selection from his private Italian portfolios, we think it will add to their interest if we give some account of the artist's career, which has been both long and fruitful.

He was born in London, the exact date of his entrance into the world being the 17th of January, 1806; so that he is one of the veterans of the artistic profession, and one of the very few artists past seventy who retain all their old habits of work, with energy unimpaired. It seems almost an indiscretion to mention that remote date of 1806, for Mr. Wyld is generally supposed to be fifteen or twenty years younger; and we remember meeting two distinguished French artists in the last *salon* who, after passing half a day with him, believed him to be 'un homme de cinquante ans.'

Wyld's father and grandfather were eminent London merchants, and as the child showed a precocious talent for drawing, he was *not* allowed to take lessons, lest so frivolous an accomplishment should interfere with more serious pursuits. In other respects his education was well attended to, he being sent to a boarding-school at the age of ten, and kept to the usual routine of education until the age of seventeen. A little before that time he unhappily lost his father, and very soon after, as the family had some interest in high places, he began life as Secretary to the English Consulate at Calais, which was at that time one of the most important consulates on the Continent, owing to the constant transmission of despatches for the whole of Europe, and the frequent passage through Calais of important personages connected with the Government.

Notwithstanding the parental discouragement of artistic pursuits, young Wyld's natural instinct for art led him to seize whatever advantages and opportunities came in his way; and he believes that the instincts themselves, as well as their first satisfaction, came to him from his mother's family. His maternal uncle, Mr. William Hill, a rich private gentleman of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, was unfortunately killed by being thrown from his horse at the early age of twenty-five; but his natural gifts for art were of so decided a character, that if he had lived he might not only have become a most distinguished amateur, but might even have outraged the feelings of good society so far as to become an avowed artist. Mr. Wyld well remembers the intensity of the old prejudice against the professional pursuit of art. 'In those days,' he says, 'the choice of art as a profession might have turned a gentleman out of all (so-called) respectable society.' Mr. William Hill escaped the danger of so deplorable a fate by the minor evil of accidental death. His artistic materials, including water-colour drawings, some small paintings in oil, colour-box, pencils, &c., were all sent to the house where the future artist, then a child six years old, was living with his father, and the colour-box was handed over to the child, who was permitted to amuse himself by trying to copy some of the simpler of his uncle's works. From that time forwards he was never easy without a pencil in his hand, and drew things from nature whenever he had a chance. He also copied any little work of art that came in his way, and so gradually got for himself a beginning of artistic education. Whatever knowledge had been acquired in this desultory manner remained with him in the Consulate at Calais, and the artistic instinct was as fresh as ever; so that every influence that could possibly foster it was sure to have full effect. The young Secretary remained at his post four years, and soon made the acquaintance of Louis Francia, one of the first members of the old Water-colour Society, and a man highly educated in other ways, as well as an artist of great ability. In Mr. Wyld's opinion the world is indebted to Francia for a large portion of the wonderful and precocious power of Bonington, to whom he had opportunities of giving early advice and instruction. The influence of Francia

was exercised upon young Wyld through his works as well as by his conversation; for an English lover of art who was then living at Calais possessed a fine collection of Francia's drawings, and with great kindness allowed young Wyld to copy them. This Englishman was no less a personage than the once celebrated Beau Brummell. Whatever may have been his faults, it is evident that he could not have been without considerable mental distinction of some kind, since he acquired an ascendancy, almost amounting to despotism, over the English fashionable world.

STREET IN MILAN.

Mr. Wyld remembers him, not only as a kind friend to him in his youth, but as a man of exquisite artistic taste. Many of Brummell's drawings by Francia are now in Mr. Wyld's possession, and he values them both for their merit and for the sake of the friend who made them and the other friend who formerly owned and valued them.

Mr. Wyld's family had some interest with the Government so long as Mr. Canning lived, which made it not unreasonable to hope that he would advance in the Consular service; but on the death of Mr. Canning these hopes were at an end, and it became evident that the young Secretary might continue to be a Consular Secretary till he was fifty, without a chance of advancement. It was therefore thought better by the uncle, who now stood in the place of a father to Mr. Wyld, and who was his father's surviving brother, that he should go into some kind of commerce; so he sent for his nephew to live in his own house whilst he watched for some suitable opening. Many art-loving friends interceded, and asked that young Wyld might

be allowed to become a painter: but his uncle dreaded for him the uncertainties of the artistic career; remembered Morland and Wilson, cited them as examples of how artists lived and what they came to; quoted other similar instances, and argued besides, with the great social prejudice in his favour, that painting was hardly, if at all, 'respectable.' To all these reasonings young Wyld temporarily gave way, and accepted commercial employment of rather an agreeable nature. One of the leading houses in the wine trade in London had just determined to have an establishment at Épernay, so, as Wyld had lived four years in France already, he was appointed, notwithstanding his inexperience of the wine trade, to superintend the creation, and to take the general direction, of this Épernay establishment. His business was to purchase wines, have them duly made up and forwarded to the establishment in London. It happened, however, that before going to Épernay he had two or three months of leisure time on his hands, and so resolved to employ them, in company with a friend of his, in travelling through the most picturesque parts of France, and visiting its principal cities.

Events are always happening to further the interests of those who are prepared to profit by them; and so it happened during young Mr. Wyld's journey from Dieppe to Rouen, in the *coupé* of the diligence, that he and his travelling companion found themselves in company with a French gentleman, apparently thirty-five years old, good-looking, and with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole. Mr. Wyld's friend spoke little French, so he and the strange gentleman had the conversation all to themselves. The weather was beautiful, the road interesting, and the travellers found themselves in much unison of taste with regard to the merits of the picturesque spots which occurred at every turn. Wyld had already got rather into the habit of thinking and talking like an artist, and this may have induced his new companion to tell him who he was. Taking an 'alien's certificate' out of his pocket, the French gentleman made himself known as the already celebrated painter Horace Vernet! Wyld was as much delighted as astonished by this incident, which had important consequences later. Vernet left the diligence at Rouen, but not without giving his new friends a cordial invitation to his house in Paris. They called upon him there, and were invited to share his 'almost princely hospitality.' One of the guests at Vernet's table was the Duke de Bassano, who is now, in his old age, at Chislehurst with the Empress Eugénie.

After a pleasant fortnight in Paris, Wyld and his travelling companion went by slow journeys as far as Marseilles, and returned by Bordeaux, he employing every available moment in making sketches of almost everything interesting that he saw. He then returned to London, and shortly afterwards set out for his post at Épernay, where he lived for six years, with the wine business for his main occupation, but with a frequent command of leisure, which he employed regularly and seriously in the earnest study of art. During this period of his life Mr. Wyld went often to Paris, and passed his time in the Louvre or the Luxembourg. He also contrived to make one or two excursions along the French coast, gleaning a little knowledge wherever he went, and after availing himself for three or four years of all opportunities which offered themselves he began to feel his way more surely, and to possess more practical power. He then attempted to dispose of some drawings to dealers, and succeeded in doing so at what were then considered respectable prices. The consequence of these studies, and of this degree of success, was a firm resolution to renounce every other employment and devote himself exclusively to art. This resolve, however, was accompanied by a prudential decision, that it should not be carried into effect until the artist's younger brother became old enough to succeed him in his 'very comfortable position' at Épernay. This took place in 1833, when, having settled all his local affairs, William Wyld started for Algiers in company with a valued friend of his, Baron de Vialar, intending to study at Algiers, and also to make the tour of the Mediterranean. It happened, however, that when the Baron got to Algiers he was so enchanted with the place—(Algiers has that power of producing passionate and life-long admirations)—that he determined to settle there; which he did at once and permanently, buying lands, building houses, becoming member of the *Conseil Général*, and afterwards its President. The Baron de

Vialar died in Algeria a few years ago, honoured and beloved by all who knew him. Wyld only remained with him there for six months, but in that short space of time, having the energy of youth, and a fine climate to work in, he managed, by great industry, to collect a mass of materials which have ever since been of the greatest value to him. Just when he became uncertain as to his future movements, having done nearly all he wished to do in Algiers and its immediate neighbourhood, Mr. Wyld heard that Horace Vernet, who was then Director of the French Academy at Rome, and had a small French man-of-war at his disposal, had arrived at Algiers in his vessel. After a little timid hesitation, the young unknown beginner in art determined to call upon the brilliant and famous master; sadly fearing, however, that his visit could only be looked upon as an intrusion. He had not crossed the threshold, which was guarded by a young lioness as big as a Newfoundland dog, before Vernet recognised him. Wyld thought this impossible, and that there must be some mistake: but Vernet said, 'I never forget a face; and, though yours is changed from the boy to the man, I know it perfectly still. How is your friend? is he with you? And what brings you here?' 'Monsieur Vernet,' said Wyld, 'I have determined to become a painter.' 'Even so! I have long been expecting you. One has not the *feu sacré* which I perceived in you six years ago without some day yielding to its influence. And where are you going, since you say you have been here six months?' 'I am uncertain,' Wyld answered; 'but it is important that I should soon reach Paris and begin in earnest, for I have nearly spent all my money, and am unwilling to ask my family for any assistance, seeing that I am now acting rather against their wishes and advice. I think of crossing to Marseilles, and going up the Rhone by slow stages.'

Then Vernet asked if Wyld had ever been in Italy; and on hearing that he had not declared he *must* go there, as no artist ought to begin his career without a residence in that country. The conversation then went on as follows:—

WYLD.—'I have told you my reasons for wishing to return in a brief space of time to Paris.'

VERNET.—'Well, let me see what you have done. Bring me a dozen of your best studies.'

The studies being brought, Vernet said,—'This will do; you are all right. You must come to Italy with me. Your journey to Rome will cost you nothing, as I am travelling in an official capacity, and when you get to Rome the introductions I will give and procure will enable you to earn money at once: but if by chance I were deceived in my appreciation you must allow me to take the responsibility on myself, and be your banker until your return to Paris.' Wyld accepted this offer gratefully and joyously, and so it was that he first sailed to Italy in a man-of-war, with Horace Vernet for his kind friend and entertainer.

P. G. H.

BRIEF NOTES ON ART.

PICTURE-FRAMES.—We have long since drawn attention in this periodical to the unsatisfactoriness of ordinary picture-frames. They look well at first, but soon deteriorate, and in a few years it either becomes necessary to have them regilt at very considerable expense, or else to endure a degree of shabbiness in them which nobody would tolerate in any other article of furniture. The frames of some of the finest paintings, both in public and private galleries, are dingy, and even dirty, in the extreme. The paste ornaments are often broken, or have come away in consequence of changes of temperature; the gold has lost its lustre, so that it looks scarcely, if at all, better than yellow ochre; and the whole presents an appearance of poverty and neglect entirely out of keeping with the value of the painting which it is supposed to adorn. In the exhibitions, and in very recently-formed galleries, this inconvenience is never felt. If a picture in a shabby old frame, such as many frames in the Louvre, were sent to the Royal Academy it would be rejected.

The question is, whether anything can be done to remedy this state of things—whether any more lasting and substantial system of frame-making can be introduced to which there are no fatal objections on the score either of appearances or expense? We have not been able to discover any system which is *quite* equal to the present system in appearance, and that is the reason why it holds its ground. The contrast between dead gold and burnished gold is agreeable to the eye; yet burnishing is indirectly one of the causes of perishableness, because it can only be done in tempera-gilding, and therefore will not bear washing. If burnishing is given up a frame may be oil-gilt in dead gold, and then it will bear thorough cleaning with soap and water and a brush of the kind used for cleaning carriages. The next great cause of perishableness is the use of plaster and paste for decorations. A permanent frame must either have ornaments carved in wood, or metallic ornaments, or be left plain. A simple oak-moulding, dead gilt on the wood itself, is both handsome and very permanent, as it may be thoroughly washed whenever necessary; but it cannot easily be made very decorative. Carved oak or any carved wood is very expensive in England, and still more costly in America, on account of workmen's wages; but if there were a demand for real carved frames it is likely that they could be produced at moderate prices in Switzerland and Germany. Ornaments of the most permanent kind might be produced in electrotype electro-gilt, and fastened on a substantial wood frame oil-gilt. If ingeniously done this might be employed so as to give some of the variety which burnishing gives to ordinary frames.

It has been suggested to us that bronze in powder might be used on frames for its cheapness, so that there might be less hesitation about restoring them. We have seen this done, but it is not very satisfactory. The bronze looks very well at first, but soon loses its lustre; and if there is damp it blackens. If protected from damp by varnish it at once becomes hideous. Still, a bronzed frame will look better for three years, in a dry place, than many of the frames in the Louvre do at the present moment; and there are plenty of dirty old frames in private houses which would be improved, at least for a year or two, by being bronzed, which could be done at a cost of a shilling or two each. For temporary purposes, such as local exhibitions, where cheap frames may be wanted for a limited time, bronzing may be of practical service. The bronze powder, of course, should be as nearly as possible of the colour of gold.

Dutch metal is often used for temporary purposes, as for frames to paint pictures in. When freshly applied it is good enough, both in colour and lustre; but it cannot be washed, and it forms verdigris easily in damp.

We may suggest hardened india rubber, or *bois durci*, as available materials for permanent ornaments; but we have not tried them. The whole principle of permanent frame-making may be summed up in dead oil-gilding upon strong substances. If any burnishing is used it must be on metal.

Black frames are now used a good deal on the Continent, and are very beautifully made there, at moderate prices; generally of stained pear-tree wood, waxed, but not polished, still less varnished or painted. They look very *comme il faut;* but few pictures can bear them, and they give a melancholy appearance to a room.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXXVIII.—Clarkson Stanfield. (1793-1867.)

Entrance to the Zuyder Zee, Texel Island.

ETCHED BY R. KENT THOMAS.

SOME have asserted that Stanfield has been our greatest marine painter, not even excepting Turner; many of Stanfield's sea-pieces are exceedingly happy, but except in his superb picture of the *Abandoned*, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1856—a deserted wreck tossed on the lone waves—he has seldom been grand; Turner was often so, with mere prettiness he was wholly unacquainted, while the mere prettiness of some of Stanfield's works is their chief charm: as the *Lake of Como* and the *Canal of the Giudecca, Venice*, in the Vernon Collection.

Clarkson Stanfield was born at Sunderland, in the county of Durham, in 1793; he commenced life as a sailor, and was at work before the mast in the same ship in which Douglas Jerrold was a midshipman, and he painted the scenery of a play in which Jerrold was stage manager. It was to his education of a sailor that he owed perhaps his taste, and certainly his great skill as a marine painter. He commenced his professional career as a scene-painter in the old Royalty Theatre of Wellclose Square, which was much frequented by sailors, and his peculiar abilities were accordingly much in demand. From Wellclose Square he in 1826 was transferred to Drury Lane Theatre, where he crowned his reputation by a series of moving panoramas for the pantomimes; but he never exclusively worked for the theatre or mere scenic effects.

In 1824 he had become a member of the Society of British Artists, and in 1827 he exhibited a picture of *Wreckers off Fort Rouge*, at the British Institution, by which he acquired an additional reputation to what he had acquired already as a scene-painter, and from 1829 he appeared as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, with a *View near Chalons-sur-Soane*, which was followed by *Mount St. Michael, Cornwall*, an admirable picture. He was now established in reputation, and in 1832 he was elected an Associate of the Academy, and in 1835 he became a Royal Academician.

In 1836 he exhibited his *Battle of Trafalgar*, painted for the Senior United Service Club, and from that time until his death, for upwards of thirty years, he was, with one exception, 1839, a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, where he exhibited, altogether, one hundred and thirty-two pictures. He died on the 18th of May, 1867.

We have a vast series of fine pictures from the pencil of Stanfield, though, when they were all collected in the Exhibition of the Old Masters at the Royal Academy in 1870, one was somewhat oppressed by the monotony and sameness of style.

Still, as examples of the more remarkable works of Stanfield, both marine and as mere landscapes, may be mentioned the following effective views and compositions, in which he has displayed a wonderful precision in topographical truth in some of the more beautiful works of those exclusively of a landscape character:—*The Castello d'Ischia, from the Mole*, 1841; *Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore*, 1842; *The Day after the Wreck—a Dutch East Indiaman on Shore in the Ooster Schelde, Zierik Zee in the distance*, 1844; *Il Ponte Rotto, Rome*, 1846; *French Troops* (1796) *fording the Margra, Sarzana and the Carrara Mountains in the distance*, 1847; *The Battle of Roveredo* (1796), 1851; *H.M.S. Victory, with the body of Nelson on Board, towed into Gibraltar, 28th October*, 1805, *seven days after the Battle of Trafalgar*, 1853; *St. Sebastian*,

July, 1813—*British Troops taking possession of the Heights and Convent of St. Bartolomeo*, 1855; *Port na Spania, near the Giant's Causeway, Antrim, Coast of Ireland*, 1857; *The Fortress of Savona*, 1858; *A Maltese Xebec on the Rocks of Puñla Mazzodi Procida—a Steam-tug and Neapolitan Boats rendering assistance: the Island and Castle of Ischia in the distance*, 1859; *Outward Bound*, 1860; *Homeward Bound*, 1861; and *The Situation of H.M.S. 'The Defence' and her Prize, 'Il St. Ildefonso,' on the morning following the Battle of Trafalgar*—Cadiz and Rota in the distance, with many of the captured ships ashore on the coast between Cadiz and Cape Trafalgar, 1863. Such are a few of his most remarkable works, and many of which are exceedingly beautiful.

404. *Entrance to the Zuyder Zee, Texel Island.* The island is on the right hand and a small market boat is passing, with a brown sail, immediately in front of a picturesque wooden mill, by which is a small landing stage; a sailor with a bright red waistcoat is very conspicuous. On the island are several figures. Further in is another boat or barge coming out, and behind this is seen a large vessel with closely-reefed sails; the sea indicates a stiff breeze, and the sky is clouded but extremely bright and sunny: a few piles are seen to the left, which seem to mark the entrance here to the Zuyder Zee.

It is painted on canvas, is 3 feet 3½ inches high by 4 feet 1½ inches wide, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1844. It is one of the gifts of Mr. Robert Vernon.

As is also No. 405, a sketch of the *Battle of Trafalgar*, painted in 1833, but it is too small to produce any effect. In the foreground to the left are some objects introduced for scenic purposes, but with no happy result. This is the sketch of the large picture painted for the Senior United Service Club.

R. H. WORNUM.

ALBERT DÜRER: HIS TEACHERS, HIS RIVALS, AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

V.—ALBERT DÜRER AND BACCIO BALDINI.

'Baccio Baldini orefice fiorentino, il quale non avendo molto disegno, tutto quello che fece fù con invenzione e disegno di Sandro Botticello.'—VASARI, ed. Lemonnier, ix. 258.

IN the last chapter we studied the relations of Dürer to Mantegna, and saw that they were definite and ascertainable. We were able to point to obvious instances both of correspondence and of contrast between the engraved work of the Italian and the engraved work and drawings of the German master. The relation into which we shall inquire to-day—that of Dürer to the early Florentine school of Italian engraving—is much less clear and positive. Indeed, the whole subject of Florentine engraving in the fifteenth century is full of obscurity. The only ancient testimony we have concerning it is contained in two well-known passages of Vasari, one in his Life of Sandro Botticelli, the other in his Life of Marc Antonio. In the former passage he tells us how Botticelli, when he had finished some work in the Vatican about 1475, went home immediately to Florence, and there, inasmuch as he was a sophistical person—that is, fond of study and inventions—'commented a part of Dante, and illustrated the Hell, and put it into print, over which he spent a quantity of time, so that, by reason of his not working, it was the cause of infinite disorder in his affairs. He put into print many things besides, from drawings which he had made, but in a bad manner, because the engraving was ill done; wherefore the best that is to be seen by his hand is the *Triumph of Faith of Brother Jerome Savonarola of Ferrara*.' And then Vasari goes on to talk of Botticelli's attachment to the sect of Savonarola, and of the harm it did him. In the other passage, at the beginning of his Life of Marc Antonio, Vasari says that the first in date of the Florentine engravers was Maso Finiguerra, and the second Baccio Baldini, a goldsmith, 'who having not much design, all that he did was from the invention and design of Sandro Botticelli.'

It is the nature of Vasari to confuse every fact which he touches, and the attempt to interpret our existing materials by the help of these two texts is almost hopeless. For instance, among the early Florentine engravings there exist several distinct plates representing Hell according to the scheme of Dante. There exist, also, nineteen little illustrations to a precious edition of Dante published at Florence in 1481. When Vasari says that Botticelli illustrated the Hell (*figurò l'Inferno*), does he allude to some one of the large separate prints of that subject, or to the series of little prints inserted in the 1481 edition of Dante? Tradition assumes that it is the last to which he alludes. Again, as to the *Triumph of Faith of Brother Jerome Savonarola of Ferrara*, no such subject is forthcoming among the early Italian engravings which have come down to us. But there is a large print of the *Preaching of Brother Mark of Monte Santa Maria in Gallo*, in which that Minorite friar is represented in an open-air pulpit, with a population of listeners in the foreground, a street of seven houses farther off, in which the Seven Works of Mercy are being performed, in the middle of the street beggars receiving alms from a great pile of gold labelled '*Mons Pietatis*,' and over head, a vision of the heavenly hierarchies. Would it not be just like Vasari's carelessness to assume, first, that this print represented Savonarola, and, consequently, that it was the work of Savonarola's disciple, Botticelli? and is not the one statement likely to be as much without warrant as the other? Commentators, while they have assumed Vasari's error as to the subject of the print, have generally taken his word as to its authorship. Once more, when Vasari says that Botticelli 'put into print' such and such designs ('*mise in stampa*'—the phrase is used twice over), does he mean that Botticelli engraved them himself, or that he drew them for others to engrave? Some students, remembering that Vasari speaks of work 'by his hand' ('*di sua mano*'), suppose that he was, occasionally at least, the engraver of his own designs, while others think he only gave designs for Baldini to engrave.

The painter Botticelli and the goldsmith Baccio Baldini—theirs are thus the two names which tradition, following Vasari, has agreed to associate with the whole group of those engravings, other than nielli, which have been left by the early Florentine school. But the attempts hitherto made to classify the contents of the group, and to assign to each master his share in the whole, have been not only quite at variance with each other, but generally quite futile and uncritical. One writer after another has said, This print is both designed and engraved by Botticelli, this other is both designed and engraved by Baldini, this last is designed by Botticelli and engraved by Baldini, according to some arbitrary standard of his own, with mere confusion for the result. Such being the case, it is better to begin afresh, and see what we can make of the work itself from internal evidence, apart from tradition and preconception. Of all engravings, those of this early Florentine school are the most fascinating. At the same time they are so rare that many of the most important things, both sets and single pieces, are either unique or else exist, so far as is known, in only two or three impressions. This makes the comparative study of them all the harder; but it is fortunate for the English student that the richest collection of the class in the world is that of the British Museum.*

* The Abate Zani was a connoisseur who paid much attention to the engravings of the early Italian school, and his enthusiasm for all things Italian made him perhaps too partial an inquirer; but his work in this department is still of value, from the number of rare pieces which he saw and described. Bartsch, on the other hand, a fanatic for things German, was both careless and ignorant as to all Italians before Marc Antonio; many of the early engravings he did not know, and those which he did know he has classified without judgment, ascribing, for instance, to North Italian hands many things obviously Florentine. Ottley is much more careful, but being led away by too literal an interpretation of Vasari, and insufficiently acquainted with the types and character of Botticelli, he has insisted without reason on seeing the hand of that master where it certainly is not really to be seen. Passavant, for his part, only makes confusion worse confounded; professing to correct his predecessors, he is in this part of his work perhaps more inaccurate, more misleading, and more dogmatic than them all. The foundations of a sound classification have been laid for the first time by M. Kolloff, in the article 'Baccio Baldini' in the new edition of the 'Allgemeines Künstler-Lexikon;' but M. Kolloff's work, thoroughly sensible and accurate as far as it goes, suffers from the writer's want of familiarity with the British Museum collection. The task, in short, in any final sense, has yet to be done. Among writings not systematic, the essays of MM. Galichon and De Laborde in the 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts' contain valuable matter; and Prof. Ruskin, in his lectures called 'Ariadne Florentina,' is like himself, *i.e.* at all times more suggestive, and sometimes more luminous, than anybody else.

In a general survey of the engravings of this school, the thing that strikes one first, in comparison with the northern schools, is a difference of the same kind as that which exists between the earliest books printed in Germany and Italy respectively. In Germany the books issued and re-issued from the press, each with its series of rude woodcuts, are the 'Poor Man's Bible,' the 'Art of Dying,' the 'Mirror of Human Salvation,' the 'Apocalypse of St. John;' while from the presses of Italy there appears scarcely anything of a corresponding kind. Just so with the independent art of engraving; in the north it is chiefly employed to satisfy the spiritual cravings of the multitude, and to scatter broadcast among the people the familiar images of Christ, Mary, and the Apostles, or pictured stories of revelation and the doom of man. In the south it is employed as a new exercise of handicraft, a new means of artistic pleasure; and the images which it diffuses are images not of things common but of things choice, the thrice-refined conceptions of a society of which the ruling passion was the passion of culture and curiosity. This spirit of curiosity, this love of the grace which depends partly on fanciful research and retrospect, attends the Florentine engraver even when he deals with the themes of the Christian creed. Thus, among the Florentine prints of the fifteenth century, there is but one regular series of the life of the Virgin and Christ, such as are repeated over and over again in the work of the northern schools, and but a few devotional groups and single figures of saints; the characteristic series among Florentine religious engravings are those of the Prophets and Sibyls, single figures which lead the thoughts back to the precursors of Christianity in ancient heathendom or Jewry, and give the artist room for free invention and speculation in the type, the character, the costume. But, beside such far-sought and meditative subjects of religion, subjects which are not those of religion at all fill an equal or more than an equal place. In the Prophets and Sibyls we have the rarest and most exquisite essence of the Florentine genius as expressed in engraving; and next to these come a group of purely ornamental pieces, designed, it seems, for goldsmiths' patterns, in which the figure of Judith with the head of Holofernes comes along with scenes of hunting, mythologies of Medea and Jason, chastisements of Cupid, allegories of Chastity with her unicorn, heraldic devices, and Loves in the midst of scroll-work. Another series illustrates the triumphs of Petrarch; and another, and one of the most important, is an astrological series of the planets, with the divinity of each planet chariot-borne above, and below, the various pursuits and occupations of mortals under the influence of this planet or that.

Not one of these or the remaining single prints done at Florence in the fifteenth century bears any certain date or signature, so that criticism has to go by internal evidence almost alone. There is one broad technical division, indeed, which can be positively established, the division between pieces engraved with fine straight lines and pieces engraved with coarse straight lines of shading. In the fine manner the lines of shading, very delicate and close together, are crossed commonly twice, and occasionally as many as three times; this manner has technically most affinity with goldsmiths' work and the practice of the niello-engravers. In the coarse or broad manner the lines of shading are invariably single, slanting downwards from right to left or from left to right; this manner has technically most affinity with painters' work in drawing on paper with the point. The Prophets and Sibyls, the Dante illustrations, the allegorical and ornamental pieces of which I have spoken, are done in the fine manner; the triumphs of Petrarch, the life of Christ and the Virgin, many large single plates, and several copies after the Prophets and Sibyls, are done in the broad manner. The natural inference is that the two manners bespeak the handiwork of two different engravers or schools of engraving in Florence. But further than this it seems impossible to go. Certainly, when the commentators have said Botticelli engraved such a plate and Baldini such another, and even Lippo Lippi such another yet, they have done nothing but darken counsel. Perhaps it is best to accept the name of Baldini as a traditional or semi-mythical name, to be adopted, so far as the engraving part of the work is concerned, for reference sake in speaking of the whole group. So far as the designing part is concerned,

we can say some things positively from internal evidence; as for instance, that many of the Dante illustrations and many of the Prophets were designed by the same hand. And there are a few pieces, some engraved in the fine and some in the broad manner—though not nearly so many, I think, as has been usually affirmed—in which we can positively recognise the design of the painter, Sandro Botticelli, whom tradition associates with the engraver Baldini. The types of that painter are perhaps the most individual, and his ideals are the most marked and constant, that occur in the whole history of art. His heads, of whatever age, sex, or character, tend always towards a particular configuration and a particular expression—the forehead rather full and high, with the hair inclined to drift loose in heavy rings or bands, the space between eye and eyebrow large, the cheeks long and thin, the end of the nose round and the bridge depressed, the mouth a little wistfully open, with the upper lip full and strongly cloven, the chin long and rounded. It is not only in his Madonnas, but in his boy-angels, his warrior Michaels, his fasting Baptists—in all his creations alike—that Botticelli clings to this type. Then he has a poise of the head which is peculiar to him, and which he redresses often by a counteracting slant of the lower limbs, so that his figures stand with an uncertain balance; and a way of his own of articulating wrists and ankles, which he makes very long, flexible, and bony; and a special character in the design of draperies in motion, which he masses broadly and freely about the limbs of his figures, to break them into intricate folds and ripples in the loose parts where they leave the figure. If there were no tradition at all about the matter, yet any eye sufficiently familiar with these and other less definable characteristics of Botticelli's art would be aware at once that he was the designer of some of the early Florentine prints in both manners, as, for instance, among the ornamental pieces in the fine manner, the two subjects of *Judith with the Head of Holofernes*, and the subject of *Medea and Jason holding aloft a Cup*, and among subjects engraved in the broad manner, a certain enthroned *Madonna* between female saints, and a certain naked figure of *Fortune* in the sea.

The question for us, however, is not whether we can determine the share of this or that particular hand in the engraved work of the early Florentine school, but whether that work in general had any influence upon Dürer and any part in forming his style. Certainly, among Dürer's engravings, we find nothing which corresponds, but rather everything which contrasts, with the manner of the early Florentine masters; in his mature years it is certain that he took nothing from them. But there is evidence that they too were among the teachers from whom he learnt in his youth. There is, for instance, at Hamburg a Florentine print of the scene of the murder of Orpheus by the Bacchants—

> 'When by the rout that made the hideous roar
> His gory visage down the stream was sent;'

and there is a drawing after this print by Albert Dürer,* bearing the same date, 1494, as the drawings which he made after Mantegna's *Bacchanal* and *Battle of Tritons*. So that it is clear he studied the Florentine as well as the North Italian engravers at this time of his youth. Other instances which I am going to bring forward are not attested, like these, by date and signature, and must be judged upon internal evidence alone. In the British Museum there is a large book or bound album of drawings, originally, it is believed, in the collection of the famous Lord Arundel. In this priceless volume are pasted a number of portraits, landscapes, and studies of all kinds, principally by Dürer himself, but a few by Hans Baldung Grün and other lesser artists of Dürer's time or the time immediately following. Among them is a group of half a score

* Herr Chr. Meyer, the keeper of the Harzen Collection at Hamburg (as quoted by Kolloff, *loc. cit.*), writes of Dürer's drawing as though it were the original, of which the Florentine engraving were the copy; but this is certainly a mistake. The style of the engraving belongs to an earlier date than 1494, the date of Dürer's copy; and besides, it is quite unlikely that a Florentine engraver would work from the design of an unknown German lad, as Dürer at that time was; while, on the other hand, we know that Dürer was copying the prints of Mantegna in this same year. Dr. Thausing rightly describes the drawing as a copy from the print.

sketches, slightly, even hurriedly, drawn in outline, and being free German copies from a famous set of Italian fifteenth-century engravings. Of these particular engravings I have not spoken above, because, although the manner of their execution is the same, exactly or almost exactly, as the fine, or delicate, manner of the Prophets and Sibyls and the Dante illustrations, yet it is not quite certain that they really belong to the school of Florence, and they used to be assigned to the North Italian school and to be called the *Playing Cards of Mantegna, i Tarocchi di Mantegna.* Perhaps no other series of prints in existence has been the subject of so much discussion, partly because of their great artistic charm, partly from the singularity of their subjects, partly from the uncertainty of their origin and attribution. The series consists of fifty pieces, divided into sets of ten each. Of these five sets, each is marked with an initial letter, A, B, C, D, E, and every print of the series carries besides an Arabic numeral, 1, 2, 3, up to 50. Only the numerical order, which shows how the series is meant to be arranged and studied, reverses the alphabetical order, which corresponds with the respective dignity of the subjects; thus Nos. 1–10 are lettered as class E; Nos. 11–20 as class D; and so on. This number, fifty, and this plan of subdivision by tens, are quite inconsistent with the supposed destination of the series as playing-cards; and so, also, are the subjects of the series. They represent a kind of encyclopædia of knowledge, proceeding upwards from earthly to transcendental things—first, the various orders and conditions of men; second, the nine Muses and Apollo; third, the seven liberal arts, with Poetry, Theology, and Philosophy added to complete the group of ten; fourth, the four cardinal and three theological virtues, with three singular personifications, or geniuses, again added to complete the ten—a genius of Time, a genius of the Sun, and a genius of Cosmos, the world; fifth, the planets, in their mythological, astrological, and astronomical signification, with the three outer spheres added to make up the ten —viz. the eighth, or sphere of the fixed stars, the Primum Mobile or enclosing sphere, which by its rotation imparts rotation to the rest within, and the Prima Causa or empyrean sphere, the unrevolving abiding-place of Deity. The series is, therefore, as the most recent critics have rightly called it, a moral and educational series, or instructive picture-book. Many of the representations are of singular beauty, and illustrate the Italian genius in its most intimate and characteristic gifts. The first subject, E 1, sets forth the lowest estate of man under the similitude of *Il Misero,* an old man, dolorous and in rags, leaning with his chin upon his hands, and with these crossed on the top of his long staff, in a garden of which the wall is in ruins and within which are two leafless trees; a cur bites him, unchastised, by the leg, and another, a starveling puppy with its spine coming through its skin for leanness, stands scratching itself hard by. We know how abject and repulsive—how gross, most likely—would have been the treatment of these materials by northern art. But here there is nothing gross nor abject; there is an instinct, a reserve, which maintains delicacy without sacrificing intensity, and this type of wretchedness moves us all the more tragically in that it does not disgust or shock. The same high quality of imagination shows itself variously in others of the series. Nothing can be better conceived, more expressive at once of sovereign dignity and overmastering care, than the gesture of the bearded Emperor, *Imperadore,* sitting with his feet absently crossed over one another, and gazing with fixed eyes and anxious brow upon the orb of empire which he holds with his hand upon his knee. More often the point lies rather in daintiness of costume, or in some happy choice of profile, some clear and expressive grace of carriage or gesture. A page in a short cape, *Fameio,* passes, carrying a covered dish, and with a fringed napkin over his shoulder. A merchant, *Merchadante,* stands reading a letter, the folds of his long cloak reaching to his ankles. A man of birth, *Zintiluomo,* walks out with hawk on fist, his page following behind with two hounds held in leash. Passing to the series of the Muses, we find on the whole a less happy invention, as though they were designed by a different artist, or as though the designer were less at home among these mythologic shapes than among actual men; the heads are sometimes clumsy and the faces too large, the gestures sometimes awkward. But even among these there occur figures of an infinite charm. Each Muse was imagined, in the

astrologer's idea of the universe, to reside in one or another of the heavenly spheres, as Urania in the sphere of the fixed stars, Calliope in that of Mercury, Clio in that of the Moon—except Thalia, because, as the story ran, the swan upon which Thalia rode was too weak to reach the spheres, and flew back with her to earth, where they both remained. Accordingly each Muse has somewhere near her on the ground, or else holds in her hand, a symbolic disk standing for the sphere which is appropriated to her; Thalia only having no such disk, but being seated in a terrestrial place, with a terrestrial growth of ivy trailing at her feet. Apollo, throned between two swans and crowned with a rich crown upon his long locks, sits facing us and closes the series of his choir. Then come the arts and sciences, and among these are some figures of admirable beauty and dignity. Rhetoric, by a symbolism of which I do not know the meaning, is a virgin helmed and corsleted, with a crown above her helmet, a rich cloak falling from her shoulders, and a naked sword held upright in her right hand, while a winged genius blows a long trumpet at either side. It is difficult to suppose that this stately figure with the pure oval countenance and frank eyes was designed by the same hand as some of the ungainly Muses. Astronomy or Astrology, *Astrologia*, is another lovely creation, a winged woman with flowing hair and a crown of stars, standing in profile and gazing slightly upward into a star-set orb. In the next division, the three stripling angels or winged geniuses of Time, the Sun, and the World (*Chronico*, *Cosmico*, and *Iliaco*) are better designed than any of the female personifications of the Virtues, except perhaps the holy figure of Hope, who stands with joined hands looking up towards a ray which comes from heaven. The set of the planets and angels of the several spheres contains the most striking subjects of all. Some of these designs differ from the general rule of the series, in that they represent small figures with a wide accessory space; whereas the majority represent single figures, each as large as the space will accommodate. Thus *Luna*, a lady with flying hair holding a crescent in one hand and her reins in the other, is represented with her chariot and team on a small scale at the top of the picture, and underneath is a sea-coast landscape, suggesting almost in outline, but with an exquisite poetical effect, the moonlight look of

> —'the firths that branch, and spread
> Their sleeping silver thro' the hills.'

And *Sol* with his chariot is treated in the same way, while below him we see a tufted Lombard landscape, divided by a river, a city beside the river, and in the space between sky and earth a boy-Phaeton in mid fall. So, too, Venus is drawn on a small scale amid her Nymphs and Graces in a landscape. The rest are as usual—Mars a throned warrior, with his left elbow thrust forward, and the back of his mailed left hand laid to his thigh with the same bold gesture that Michelangelo afterwards used in his Medici monument; Jupiter a royal king, his throne set aloft in heaven, and curiously composed of a *mandorla*, or almond-shaped glory, with two rainbows for cross-bars; the upper rainbow forms the seat of Jove, the lower one his footstool; at the top of the *mandorla* above his head is perched his eagle, and in its nether angle beneath his feet nestles a sweet child with upturned face, meant for Ganymede; with his spear the king of gods and men threatens the earth below, upon which lie the prostrate figures of rebel giants. After the planets comes the angel of the eighth sphere; and then the angel of the Primum Mobile as the reader may see her in our plate, with the symbol of her own sphere in her uplifted hands, her wings spread in flight, her drapery flying, and one foot lifted with a lightsome action while with the tread of the other she sets in motion the fabric of the remaining spheres.

I have said that this beautiful and interesting series used to be attributed to Mantegna, unquestionably in error. When the name of Mantegna was given up, some authorities still held to the Venetian or Paduan school as that to which the series belonged; basing their opinion partly on the evidence of style, partly on the introduction of the Doge of Venice among the types of earthly dignity, and partly on the spelling of the titles, *Doxe*, *Artixan*, *Zintiluomo*, for

Doge, Artigiano, Gentiluomo, and the like, which was thought to be a mark of the Venetian dialect. Other critics, and among them some of the best, as Ottley, Galichon, Delaborde, and Kolloff, have declared positively for the Florentine school, seeing in the execution of the series

PRIMUM MOBILE. FROM A DRAWING BY ALBERT DÜRER.

the technical manner which by consent is called that of Baccio Baldini, and in the design the co-operation of various hands, among them Botticelli. With regard to the first part I am agreed; the manner of engraving is certainly uniform, and the same as that of the Prophets and Sibyls, only if anything a little neater, more precise and dry. The designs, again, certainly have been furnished by different hands, showing different degrees of skill; but were those hands

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so surely Florentine? The figures of the Page, the Gentleman, the angels of the Sun and of Time, are very like Florentine work in a general way. But yet, thinking over the Florentine artists in particular, one cannot think of any individual name one could fairly fix to them. Certainly no Botticelli composes his borders, nor figures of the *Primum Mobile*, with any of the lovely flying figures from Botticelli's angel-choirs, either in his great *Coronation of the Virgin* at the Florence Academy or in the precious little *Nativity* belonging to Mr. Fuller Maitland. Both are equally admirable; but the whole character of the drawing and whole feeling of the drapery are to my mind different. Indeed, the nearest analogy to the general style and sentiment of these designs, landscape and background as well as figures, seems to me to be discoverable in the drawings of Vettor Pisano preserved at Paris and of those of Jacopo Bellini in the British Museum; artists who were neither of them true Florentines, but who in the early part of the fifteenth century underwent the training of Florence and mirror the influence of that training into the schools of Northern Italy. They both used the pencil to have had an actual hand in the designs under discussion; but I cannot help thinking that it is among followers of theirs at Verona or Padua that the source of these fascinating designs is after all to be looked for, even if their inspiration is due to Florence.

FROM A DRAWING BY ALBERT DÜRER.

Now for the German pen-and-ink copies of some of these prints which are to be found in the British Museum. They include the subjects of the Knight, the Doge, the Emperor, the Pope, the Muse Thalia, Rhetoric, Jupiter, the genius of Time, and the angel of the Primum Mobile. The last we have given above, for comparison, side by side with the original: and here we give the two several heads of the Pope. The German draughtsman has frankly altered the designs after his own fashion—so frankly, that he must have either been working from memory of the originals only, or else must have consciously refused to adapt himself to the spirit of the Italian. Preserving in each case the general idea of the composition, and working in evident haste, he has nevertheless altered and Germanized every detail. In the Primum Mobile, for instance, the cast of drapery is quite his own, and very good: the profile and extremities are accentuated and coarsened in the manner which the reader can see for himself. The same tendency is illustrated, nay, almost caricatured, in the gnarled Teutonic features which in the copy have replaced the high-bred countenance of the original Italian Pope, with its smooth oval contour, and its character marked only by the grave lines about his mouth and the brows knitted in thought; and there is an alteration of the mitre and the keys to match. It is very curious to go through the whole of these copies and watch, in all, the same changes from the original, the same obliteration of the original distinction, harmony, reserve, the same accentuation of character, and modification, in the direction of [illegible] and the grotesque. [illegible] [illegible]

for criticism to say with complete certainty whether they are actually by Dürer, or by some other skilful hand of his time. They have not the perfect touch of Dürer in his best manner, being executed with a broader point than he generally uses, and a hastier, and, in some instances at least, less masterly and precise manner. But there is certainly no one else whose workmanship they more resemble than they do his; and I think we may safely accept the usual judgment which pronounces them his own. If so, though they are slight works and works of his youth, they are of great importance as illustrating, together with the drawings after Mantegna, the Orpheus drawing aforesaid, and a few others, his attraction at the outset of his career towards Italian art. And if not, still they put before us a typical instance of that general relation of the German to the Italian genius in art which is one of the chief objects of our study.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

BRIEF NOTES ON ART.

FINISH AND DISTANCE.—There is a simple principle which ought to govern the placing of works of art, and which is very often entirely neglected—the relation of finish to distance from the eye. Not only is high finish lost at a little distance, but it is positively and seriously injurious. For example, delicately finished engravings are constantly hung where the perfection of the work cannot be appreciated, and where a simple, more strongly accentuated kind of work, would tell its story much better. So little is this understood that it is extremely difficult to find things at the printsellers' which are perfectly well adapted to be hung high in a large room. Some artists—Mr. Rossetti, for instance—have made drawings in chalk or charcoal of a simple kind, which would do well for this purpose if reproduced on their own scale; but the misfortune is, that when such things are copied by photography they are always reduced. In oil-pictures the choice is not so difficult, because many contemporary painters have a broad and simple manner, well adapted for distance; and others finish highly, so that their works may be seen near. In black-and-white art the most suitable works for distance are usually charcoal drawings, because the nature of the material, not being so favourable to detail, almost forces the artist to study breadth and simplicity of effect.

PICTURES AND THE APPARENT SIZE OF ROOMS.—Most people know that light colours make rooms look larger than dark ones, though it is probable that few can entirely realise the wonderful difference between them until they have seen light walls painted dark, or the reverse. A light picture by the same law makes a room look larger, and a picture darker than the wall it is hung upon will reduce the size of the room, unless the lightness of the frame is sufficient to compensate for the difference. Perhaps the present very decided taste for light pictures may be partly due to this. A rule in the arrangement of interiors may be deduced from these observations, which is, that when a room is smaller than we should like it to be, we ought to hang very light pictures in it; and when it is uncomfortably large, we should reduce it with dark ones. But there are other things to be considered. Pictures which represent narrow interiors do not enlarge rooms much, because they convey a feeling of confinement; but landscapes with vast distances enlarge rooms immensely. In engravings and water-colours the margin has an important effect. The whiteness of it may be an ample compensation for the darkness of the print itself.

JULES DALOU.

PORTRAIT BY ALPHONSE LEGROS.

M. DALOU is a French sculptor who for some years has been living in England, where he has acquired a high reputation.

He was born in Paris on the last day of the year 1838. His parents belonged to the working class, his father being a glove-maker, so they could not give him an expensive

education, but sent him to the 'École mutuelle,' where he staid two years. At the age of eleven he entered the drawing-school in the Rue de l'École de Médecine, having already such a decided passion for art that every other kind of study had become intolerable to him. Carpeaux, afterwards so famous for the extraordinary animation of his works in sculpture, was at that time the master there, and Dalou's first attempts in modelling after the antique were begun under his direction. Carpeaux very soon discovered the natural gifts of his young pupil, and took him under his more immediate superintendence by admitting him into his own studio. The results of this closer observation being satisfactory, Carpeaux persuaded young Dalou's parents to let him devote himself to sculpture as a profession. When fourteen years old he was admitted to the 'École des Beaux Arts,' where, to his great tribulation, he underwent the orthodox and authoritative discipline, entirely contrary to his natural disposition, the results being rather bitterness and discouragement than anything else. Another very serious misfortune for the student was the departure of his master, Carpeaux, for Rome, by which Dalou was left in real though not apparent solitude at the beginning of his eighteenth year. 'Je perdis alors,' he says, 'toute direction, sérieuse et sympathique.' He went next to an *atelier* kept by Duret, who was thoroughly orthodox in his teaching, enforcing exactly the same doctrines as those which prevailed at the 'École des Beaux Arts,' so that Dalou felt it like a return to slavery, and worked without heart, doing himself no good. He left this school several times, but was persuaded to return to it by the advice of his friends—mistaken advice, as it seems to him now. At the same time, the necessities and pleasures of life made perpetual calls for money, which the young artist earned by working for the artistic industries: such as Parisian bronzes, goldsmiths' work, &c. Dalou worked hard at these occupations in all their varieties, though most of his productions brought no reputation, bearing the signature of the manufacturer instead of that of the artist who had designed them. At last, however, he did some decorative work which was not anonymous, especially at the wonderful house built by the Countess of Paiva in the Champs Elysées. Dalou also worked at external decoration in the streets of Paris, carving ornaments above doorways, caryatides, &c.

In 1866 the young artist left off studying in schools and began to think of exhibiting, which he did several times at the *Salon*. In 1870 he sent a statue in plaster, called *La Brodeuse*, which won a medal, and which he was about to execute in marble when the great Franco-German war broke out. M. Dalou remained at Paris in the ranks of the National Guard. After the war came the Commune, and as M. Dalou had the reputation of being in some way connected with it, he was exiled after its suppression. He himself says that this unlucky connexion was purely artistic, by which we suppose him to mean that he accepted work from the self-constituted authorities who at that time reigned supreme in Paris; or perhaps he may have been appointed by them to some post in connexion with the Fine Arts. However this may have been, we are fully persuaded that M. Dalou had no desire to burn the Louvre, a feat which the real Communards were so near achieving. Perhaps his exile may not have been a misfortune, for since his arrival in England the supposed Communard has been much appreciated by our aristocracy, who have given him the kindest encouragement. The Royal Academy, too, has shown itself generous and hospitable in his case, and always given him excellent places. A Frenchman in exile always yearns for his native land, nor does M. Dalou affect to be an exception to the rule, but he says that his exile is 'un exil bien doux,' and he seems decidedly to prefer London to New Caledonia, in spite of our unfortunate fogs. 'Je suis profondément reconnaissant,' he says, 'de l'accueil qui m'a été fait en Angleterre, et par les artistes et par le public. L'Académie a eu pour moi toutes les indulgences.'

M. Dalou's style of art is as natural and life-like as that of Carpeaux, without that excessive vivacity of his master which sometimes became a defect of taste and a scarcely pardonable license. It is a kind of sculpture which, without by any means disdaining art, is in open rebellion against the pedantry of the schools, and refreshes itself by contact with the actual human world, portraying life as it really exists in very different classes of society,

provided only that the model is a suitable one for sculpture. The charm of M. Dalou's work is due to his sympathy with humanity and a great natural taste and refinement, which enable him to represent a peasant-woman of Boulogne and the daughter of an English duke, so that each has her own kind of dignity. M. Dalou has been compared to Millet, but this comparison is scarcely just to the sculptor, who is not so limited in range as Millet was. This will be seen from the following short list of works, all executed within the last few years.

Le Jour des Rameaux, statuette in terra cotta, belonging to Mr. George Howard, exhibited at the Academy in 1872; *Paysanne Française*, statue, terra cotta, the property of Sir Coutts Lindsay, exhibited in 1873; *La Berceuse*, marble group, in the Duke of Westminster's collection; *Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor*, now Marchioness of Ormond, statuette; *The Countess Grosvenor*, statuette; *Lady Clementine Mitford*, statuette; *The Hon. Mrs. Howard*, statuette; *Miss Margaret de Rothschild*, statuette. This year M. Dalou has sent to the Royal Academy a large group in terra cotta, entitled *Boulonnaise allaitant son Enfant*, and a portrait bust of Mr. George Howard.

Besides being a good maker of portraits, M. Dalou is himself an excellent subject for portraiture, as this etching by M. Legros very sufficiently proves. It was not etched specially for the PORTFOLIO, but its merits as a work of art induced us to secure the plate whilst still unpublished. We have seldom met with so fine an example of portrait design in serious modern art.

VENICE.

A POPULAR pictorial history of Venice such as this* is sure to possess abundant sources of interest for all classes of readers. Even those who are well acquainted with this floating city of enchantment will like to have their memories of each picturesque corner and crumbling stone revived; while those who only know it in the realistic paintings of Canaletto, the glorious visions of Turner, and the works of the countless other artists and poets who have made its loveliness their theme, will be apt to turn over its pages with a renewed feeling of unsatisfied longing.

Not that the illustrations in this work can be said to have any particular merit in themselves. It is only in their multiplicity and in the numerous details they afford us of architectural grandeur, sculptured relief, carved imagery, and mediæval ornament of all kinds, that they become valuable.

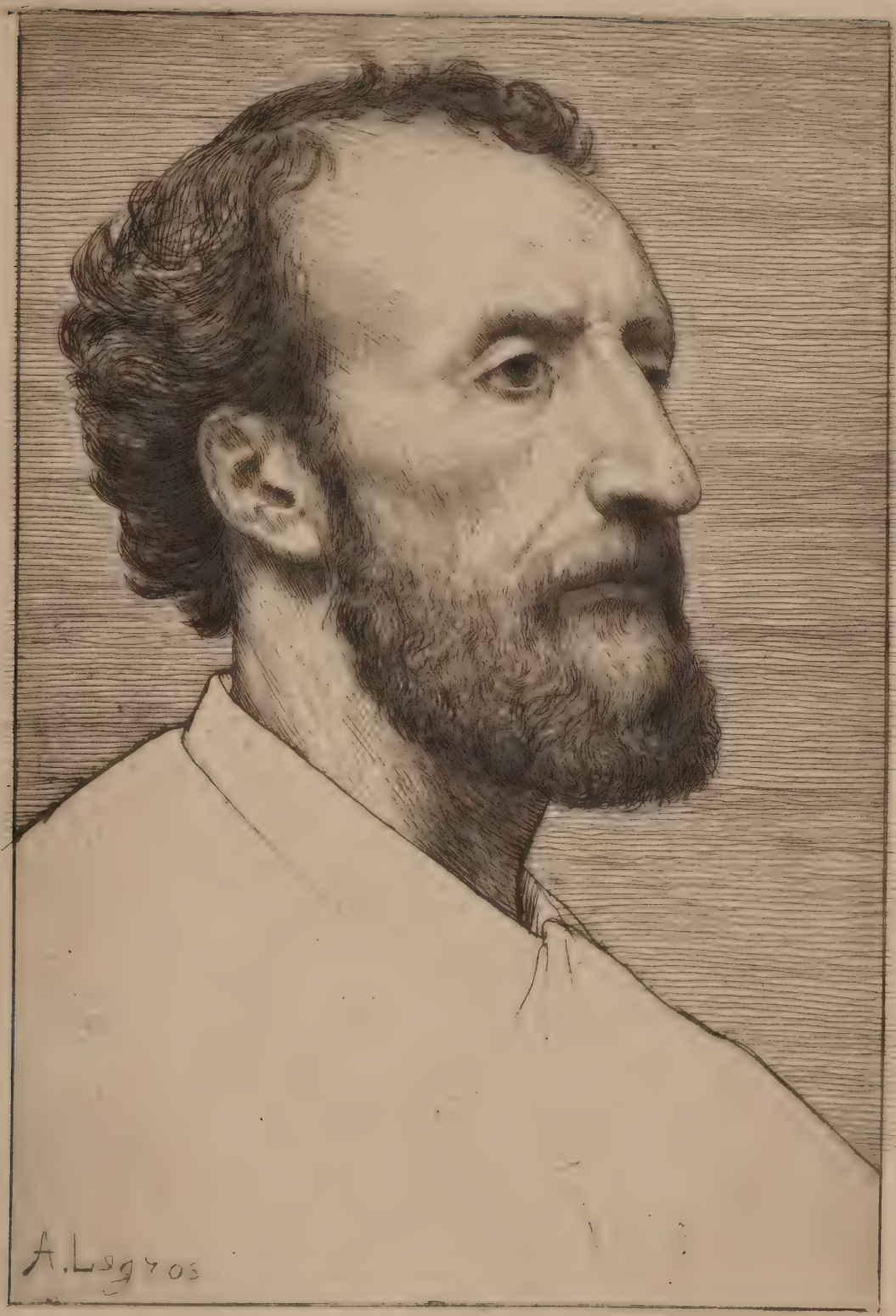
M. Yriarte aptly compares the Venice of the present day to a vast theatre, in which the decorations still remain, though the life which once animated its splendid arena has departed. More, indeed, than almost any other city in Europe has Venice become

'Portion and parcel of the dreadful past;'

so much so, indeed, that the interests and pursuits of our modern life sound discordant amidst its desolate beauty. But such is the charm this deserted theatre—in which have been enacted some of the most remarkable dramas of the world—still exercises over the imagination, that in spite of all that has been written, painted, and sung about it, we are ever willing to listen to anyone who can describe its loveliness, guide us through its mazes, tell us of the splendour of its art, or give us a deeper insight into the mysteries of its life.

M. Yriarte's programme promised all this. That his performance has fallen somewhat short of such a vast promise cannot much be wondered at, when we consider that to deal exhaustively with such themes as the 'History,' 'Arts,' 'Industry,' 'City,' and 'Life' of Venice, would probably need for the simple storing of the volumes a library as large as that of the Frari,

* 'Venise: Histoire, Arts, Industrie, la Ville, la Vie.' Par Charles Yriarte. 550 gravures. (Paris: J. Rothschild. London: Dulau and Co. 1877.)


A. Legros

wherein all the archives and registers of the city of Venice are now kept. These have accumulated to such an extent that the geographer Andrea Balbi once calculated that if they were spread out they would measure one milliard, four hundred and forty-four millions, eight hundred feet in length, and would thus form a band capable of going eleven times round the earth. M. Yriarte certainly deems these figures somewhat 'hazardous,' and contents himself with stating that 'pour la partie antérieure à 1797, il y a cent vingt-et-une archives, comprenant cent mille sept cent cinquante-deux cartons et registres ; et pour la moderne, cent dix autres archives, comprenant cent deux mille quatre cent soixante-deux cartons et registres ; qu'enfin

ENTRANCE TO THE ARCHIVES.

pour les documents sur parchemin en feuilles détachées on en constate un nombre de cinquante-deux mille huit cent soixante dix-huit.' But even so, it is no wonder that the visitor remains 'stupefied' before such a mass of written matter. To the lively French historian, however, these original sources presented nothing appalling. He makes no pretence of having used them; but it must be owned that without their aid he has composed a brilliant and varied picture that will be likely to prove far more attractive to the generality of readers than any dry details of historical fact. These, indeed, he has for the most part carefully avoided. Even in the division of the work which is more especially designated as History, he dwells chiefly on certain sensational episodes, without seeking to trace the more uniform course of events or to explain the conditions under which such episodes became possible.

Thus he devotes nearly a whole chapter to the well-known story of Marino Faliero, which is given as illustrating the severity with which the Venetians punished the crime of treason against the State, but says nothing of the treason of the State itself against its children, which, working in secret and by means of the most complicated machinery, carried out its fearful plots with certainty of success. Its jealous inquisitorial supervision could, in fact, only be met by conspiracy and revenge, and accordingly we find that these crimes flourished not only in the public but also in the private life of Venice. But in M. Yriarte's picture all these dark shadows which lie behind the vision of beauty and splendour that Venice presents to our eyes are left out. We are shown the city in its glory, but not in its shame; we hear its music, but not its groans; we see it in its triumph, but not in its degradation.

COURT OF THE DUCAL PALACE.

Yet the height of the greatness to which Venice at one time attained is perhaps best measured by the depth of the fall which awaited her. At the time when her greatest painters were illumining the dark walls of her churches and palaces with a glorious revelation of colour such as had never before been vouchsafed to the eyes of man, the decline of her power had already begun. Following immediately after her disastrous wars with the Turks, the formidable league of Cambray overwhelmed the whole of the Venetian States with calamity, and although the exaltation of character which such struggles for life and liberty often produce in a patriotic nation served to maintain her for a time at a strained pitch of heroism and fortitude, yet it was too late for individual acts of self-sacrifice and courage to arrest the fatal disintegration of her strength, the systematic perfidy of her politics, and the hideous moral corruption which tainted the very sources of her national life.

THE LIONS OF THE ARSENAL.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, when art was achieving its greatest triumphs, this moral corruption was everywhere apparent; but the unbridled vice of Venetian society at this period was curiously marked by an æsthetic character, and as once before in the history of Greece, so in Venice in the sixteenth century, this cultivation of the æsthetic rather than the ethic view of life proved extremely favourable to the development of art. Venice in the early period of her history, and even when her power was at its height, seems to have cared little for the

cultivation of art, her interests being too much absorbed in the progress of her commerce and her navigation. 'Clearly,' say MM. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 'the Venetians were for a time mere importers of art.' And even as importers they did not make the best use of their opportunities, for although at the sack of Constantinople they carried off from the Hippodrome the four bronze horses which have ever since decorated the front of the western porch of St. Mark's, they yet in their zeal for the acquirement of riches and relics suffered the most precious works of art in the shape of the statues, obelisks, pictures, bronzes, and other antique treasures that adorned the capital of the Eastern Empire, to escape appropriation.

But at this time the Venetians, who were always distinguished for their devout belief in the miraculous, esteemed a piece of the true cross, an arm of St. Gregory, a part of the head of St. John the Baptist, a prickle from the crown of thorns, and other such objects of veneration allotted to them as their share of the spoil of the ancient Byzantium, of far more value than any relics of the art of an ancient and pagan world.

Even under the Renaissance the Venetians do not appear to have been as deeply smitten with a love for the antique as the inhabitants of Rome, Florence, and the other cities of Italy. Of course the discovery of the buried remains of ancient art did not affect them so nearly, but this was not all. Their art always retained something of the early tinge it took from their Oriental associations, and blossomed in their city with greater richness of effect as well as a more individual character than anywhere else in Italy.

We have no interesting dawning-time of art to watch in Venice as in Florence and Siena. Long after Giotto had thrown off the fetters of Byzantium, and had inaugurated a new epoch in the history of art, Venetian painters still remained faithful to the old worn-out types. These painters were mostly workers in mosaic, an art learnt from the East; and it is a significant fact that as late as 1400 the Venetian government could find no local artists to whom to entrust the repainting of the Hall of Great Council and Ducal Chapel, but were obliged to employ Gentile da Fabriano and Vittore Pisano for this purpose—artists who may be regarded as the first to introduce a more modern style of painting into Venice.

BYZANTINE CARVING. CANAREGGIO.

But it is not to these masters—although they doubtless exercised a softening influence over Venetian art—that we can ascribe the introduction of that taste for glowing colour which afterwards became the distinguishing mark of the Venetian school. This taste was inborn in the Venetian, and was fostered by all the influences of climate, scenery, and Oriental association; but it was in the works of Giovanni Bellini that it first assumed distinctive importance in art. What we know as Venetian painting might indeed almost seem to have had something spontaneous in its quick growth and sudden burst of flower; but the '*milieu*,' as M. Taine would call it, had, as we have seen, been admirably prepared; and accordingly there arose in the sixteenth century a school which, for subtle sensuality of colour and perfect rendering of the enjoyment of human life, has never been rivalled, except, perhaps, by Correggio and Rubens. It is not only that Titian, the supreme master of this school, is generally acknowledged as the greatest painter—'master of the art of laying colour'—that the world has ever seen, but that all the men who surrounded him possess to a greater or less degree the same qualities.

It was especially in the Venice of the sixteenth century—'the home at once of passion and of art'—that the nude, which the early Italian painters had religiously eschewed, rose once more into favour. Michelangelo, it is true, had also seized upon the nude as the best

means of displaying the powers of his art; but he merely gave it a classic and scientific expression. It was reserved for Titian to complete the revolution of sentiment that was at that time taking place with regard to art by giving to the human body, in its most developed beauty, the utmost perfection of sensuous life. 'There is no religion,' says Ruskin, 'in any work of Titian's.' Nor was there much left in the life of any educated Venetians in his time, in spite of the mighty show of it in the observances and gorgeous ceremonials they loved so well, and of which we have several illustrations in the present work.

Nowhere, in fact, does art reflect more truly the culture, the tone of thought, and mode of life of the time, than in Venice at this period. The revival of learning, which had had such a powerful influence in freeing men's minds from the fetters in which they had been held by the Church of Rome, had likewise awakened a longing desire for a greater enjoyment of life, and a higher appreciation of the beauty of the universe. One of its first effects, as remarked by Lecky, was 'to produce a general efflorescence of the beautiful,' and in no city in Italy is this efflorescence more remarkable than in Venice. Especially in Venetian painting, in which the spiritual ideal after which the early religious masters strove is for the first time wholly cast aside, and a sensuous ideal, such as we find in the latest development of Greek art, set up in its place, is this new-born desire for 'simple beauty and nought else' apparent. Æsthetic perfection, apart from all moral purpose or religious teaching, became, indeed, under the influence of the Renaissance, the sole quality sought after by artists, and no artists, perhaps, ever approached it so nearly as the great colourists of Venice.

M. Yriarte's history, which is being published in parts, and is to be completed in the course of the present year, has not yet reached the division entitled 'La Peinture.' He has

BYZANTINE CAPITAL.

PEACOCK MEDALLION, BYZANTINE.

at present only treated of architecture and sculpture—the latter an art which never had any national development in Venice, so opposed was it in its classic severity to the romantic and sensuous influences that dominated in that pleasure-loving city. Architecture, on the other hand, had an entirely individual development, and in its rich beauty and abundant variety of style, both in the Gothic and Renaissance periods, it coincides perfectly with the national character. But it is to the glowing art of her painters that we naturally turn if we would behold Venice in all her splendour of crimson and pride of purple, at a time when she was still set as 'a golden clasp in the girdle of the earth;' and it is in their works, as most truly reflecting the life and culture which produced them, that we can best study the nobleness and the baseness, the careless enjoyment of life, the high intellect, the tragic passion, and the ceaseless energy of her sons.

MARY M. HEATON.

earth, but upon the segment of a sphere marked with astronomical lines and divisions. With the revolution of this sphere Apollo has newly risen, and Diana is going down; the outlines of her body, where the sphere cuts them off, are dimly visible through its translucent substance. The engraver of this other Apollo and Diana uses no signature, but marks his works only with the figure of a caduceus or wand of Mercury.

This 'Master of the Caduceus,' whose work both in the Apollo and in some other subjects exhibits so strange a likeness in unlikeness to the work of Dürer, was for a long while a puzzle and a stumbling-block to students. His name and nation were matters of doubt and discussion. But by degrees we have come to something like positive knowledge as to these at least, and as to some of the facts of his life. First of all, it was proved that the 'Master of the Caduceus' was the same as an artist known in the records and traditions of Nuremberg as Jacob Walch. Next it was proved that he was also the same as an artist mentioned by other old writers under the name Jacopo di Barberino or de' Barbari or de Barbaris; and hence that the German name Walch and the Italian name de' Barbari were names of one and the same person. There was at Venice a rich patrician house of Barbari, and we may assume that Jacopo owed his Italian name to the fact of his being among the clients or followers of this house. It is the name with which he himself signs (sometimes accompanying his signature with a caduceus) in one or two extant documents; for instance, in the corner of a painting on panel dated 1504, now in the gallery of Augsburg, and at the foot of an acknowledgment of payments received from the treasurer of the Archduchess Margaret in 1510. This latter document is not only signed by Jacopo, but has some writing of his in Italian, a proof that he was accustomed to express himself in that language. Until this receipt had been found, authorities were much divided whether to reckon him among the Italian or the German school. We now know that, besides being born in Venice and the client of a Venetian house, he was an Italian by speech and habit. But it is still an open question whether he was or was not of German descent. The name by which he was known in Nuremberg, Walch, may mean simply *Welsh*, that is, foreigner—Italian; or else it may be that he was of German descent, and that Walch was his original family name. It so happens that the name Walch does exist among the German printers established at this time in Venice.

Venice was the great seat of commerce and point of contact between Germany and Italy; and this Venetian Jacopo, whatever his descent, holds a singular position between the schools of the two countries. He is an Italian among Germans and a German among Italians. Of his personal history, beyond what I have said, we have only the following scanty facts:—At some time of his life or another—in all probability between the years 1490 and 1497—he lived long enough in Nuremberg to be reckoned as one of the painters of that city; at least, he is so reckoned by Neudörfer in his 'Nachrichten von Künstler und Werkleuten,' published in 1547. Between 1497 and 1500 Jacopo was at Venice, engaged upon the preparation of an immense pictorial plan or bird's-eye view of the city, which was engraved on wood in the German manner, and published at the costs of Anton Kolb, the head of the company of German merchants resident in Venice and having their head-quarters at the Fondaco dei Tedeschi. This woodcut, one of the great triumphs of the art, has aloft, in the middle, a figure of Mercury in a halo, with the following original specimen of Latinity for an inscription:—'MERCVRIVS PRE CETERIS HUIC FAVSTE EMPORIIS ILLVSTRO VENETIE. M.D.' Here we get the clue to Jacopo's use of the Caduceus for his signature. Mercury is the god of commerce; Venice is above all other cities the city of commerce; Jacopo, as a good Venetian, will have Mercury for his patron and the wand of Mercury for his emblem. The next knowledge that we have of Jacopo's doings comes to us from Dürer himself. When Dürer went to Venice in 1506, Jacopo, we learn from him, was not there. One of Dürer's letters to his friend Pirckheimer at Nuremberg contains a passage which, so far as its careless style and chaotic spelling are capable of being reduced into intelligible form, translates thus: 'That which pleased me eleven years ago does not please me any longer at all; I wouldn't believe the difference if I didn't see it. There are painters here much better than Master.

Jacob away yonder; though Anton Kolb takes his oath there is no better painter in the world than Jacob. Here they laugh at him, and say that if he had been such a good painter he would not have left.' The 'away yonder' (*da drawssen*) proves that Jacob had already left Venice. An old author tells us of his having gone to spend the rest of his days in Germany and Burgundy; and in point of fact we can trace him into the service of the Duke Philip of Burgundy. By that prince Jacopo was employed together with Mabuse—the 'Zeuxis and Apelles of their time,' says the Duke's biographer—to decorate his Castle of Zuytborch. By 1510 he had passed into the service of the great Archduchess and Regent of the Netherlands, Margaret of Austria, with the title of *Varlet de chambre et painctre attaché à la Princesse.* In the next year we find his mistress granting her well-beloved painter Jacopo de' Barbari a yearly pension of a hundred livres, in consideration of his long and faithful service, his age, and his infirmity—'*et afin mesmement qu'il ait desormais mieux de quoy vivre et soy entretenir en notre service le demeurant de ses anciens jours.*' And in 1516 there is mention of his being already dead. Dürer, travelling in the Netherlands in 1521, was shown, in the residence of the Archduchess at Mecheln, a number of paintings by Jan Van Eyk, Jacopo de' Barbari, and others; and also a sketch-book by the latter master which he admired so much that he made bold to ask for it, but found that Margaret had already promised it to her Court painter, Bernhard van Orley.

Very few known paintings can certainly be ascribed to the hand of Jacopo de' Barbari. Those few show him as a minute and finished workman, employing both on religious subjects, heads of Christ and the like, and on subjects of still life, an almost miniature delicacy of execution in oil—a manner due partly no doubt to the precedents introduced at Venice by Antonello of Messina, but more, it would seem, to his subsequent intercourse with the painters of the Netherlands in their own home. It is not, however, the paintings of Jacopo, but his engravings, which concern us here. Of these thirty are positively known, and there are a few more which may be conjectured to belong to the master. What is perplexing is that the engravings that have come down do not seem to tally with an inventory of engraved plates by his hand which occurs among the papers of the Archducal establishment. Neither have we any clue to the dates of execution of the various pieces, beyond this—that there exists at Dresden an impression from a second state of one of the most important, *The Sacrifice to Priapus,* in which the date 1501 has been added to the plate; and that a MS. at Augsburg, bound in 1504, has bound up with it a set including the greater part of the prints of Jacopo, proving that they must have been done before that date. The mixture of the German and the Italian character in these engravings, together with a very personal cast of fancy and poetry in the invention and design, makes them quite unlike the work of any other hand. Jacopo grew up under the influence of the Renaissance culture of Italy, and a large part of his subjects are taken from old mythology. There are the *Apollo and Diana* and the *Sacrifice to Priapus* aforesaid; there is a large print of *Venus* with Cupid on her arm and Mars at her side; there is a *Victory* reclining in the midst of trophies; a figure of *Rome* seated amidst emblems of Roman imperial power; a *Dying Cleopatra;* a galloping *Pegasus;* a love-meeting of two fantastic *Tritons* in the loneliness of mid ocean; and a still more fantastic woman *Centaur* chased by dragons. There are also a certain number of the usual religious subjects—from the Old Testament a *Judith,* from the New an *Adoration of the Magi* and two *Holy Families,* one of which we give for our illustration; from the legends of the Saints a *Catherine,* a *Jerome,* and an exquisite *Sebastian bound,* which looks like a direct interpretation from some painting of Basaiti or Cima da Conegliano at their best. There are, besides, subjects of purely personal fancy, such as a naked woman, standing probably for *Vanity,* looking at herself in the glass; a group of three naked prisoners bound to a tree; and most interesting of all, a subject of a *Guardian Angel* conceived just as it might have been by Blake—a colossal bearded figure, the representative, it seems, of human kind, sits slumbering while the angel advances from the left with a protecting gesture and the legend, 'Watch over us while we slumber' (*Custodi nos dormientes*). Whether Jacopo is

inventing for himself, or whether he is treating subjects already current, his sentiment and choice of types and mode of work are equally individual. One can see that he has felt the influence of the great classical movement initiated in the North of Italy by Mantegna. In some of his prints, and particularly in the scene of the Sacrifice, the reminiscences of Mantegna are still strong; the classic figures are grouped upright, and the architecture and flat surfaces are shaded according to the severe method of single slanting lines. But even here the intrusion of quite other predilections and other influences is very visible. The upright figures have a languid pose, the countenances a character at once somewhat languid and somewhat common; a near and a distant tree, one at each side of the composition, are elements distinctively German; and everywhere, except in those plain architectural surfaces, the manner of the engraving is borrowed from the Germans; the lines flow and wind and follow with suppleness the forms to be expressed. In a greater or less degree these same characteristics prevail throughout the engraved work of the master. His predilection is for personages of a languid pose and gesture, and for countenances rather common and empty, but having the lips parted with an expression, one must fairly call it, die-away and sentimental; he drapes figures so conceived in winding and clinging drapery of which the lines accentuate the pose and gesture, and he expresses both the flesh parts and drapery with peculiarly long strokes of a vague and sinuous flow upon the copper. Within the manner which I have thus tried to define, there are variations for better and worse, tendencies now in this direction and now in that; but I do not think that these variations enable us to group the work of the master into distinct periods, or to trace for him a definite history of varying relations with German and with Italian art at different times of his career. As there are none of his prints that do not show some practice in the flowing and curving German line, so I should say that they were all done during or after the time when he lived at Nuremberg. Examples which I should be inclined to put after the Nuremberg time, and probably between the completion of the plan of Venice and Jacopo's departure for Burgundy, are the *St. Sebastian*, and the *Holy Family* of our own illustration, prints which exhibit, the former of them particularly, the perfect spirit of Venetian art in that freedom and dignity which it only attained at the close of the fifteenth century. It is curious that though Jacopo in his painting is as fond of detail as a Dutchman, and though in his engraving he adopted to a great extent the northern technic, yet his engraved compositions are never crowded with detail in the northern manner; he will round up the gnarled modellings of a tree-trunk in his foreground as richly and elaborately as Dürer, but he always leaves his background spaces empty and slightly indicated. If we were to judge him by the *Sebastian*, we should say that he was one of the subtlest for drawing, and the most frank and tender for expression, of all the engravers; if by the *Guardian Angel* or the *Apollo and Diana*, one of the most poetical and imaginative; if by the *Judith* or the *St. Catherine*, one of the most limp and sentimental. To test his general powers in comparison with Dürer, nothing is better than to place our *Holy Family with St. Paul* beside Dürer's great etching of the *Holy Family* (B. 43), a plate in which Dürer draws nearest to Italian types, and in one figure at least, the bearded Joseph with his upturned face, is almost with strictness Venetian.

This group of Dürer's is not engraved in his ordinary manner on copper, but etched with acid upon iron, and though it bears no date or signature, we may safely assume that it belongs to the period, about 1513, when he made several other experiments in the same manner. The effect of the print can only be judged from good and rich impressions, which are very rare indeed. In these, the force and quality of the work are almost as fine as in an etching of Rembrandt, and the piece is one of the most striking in all Dürer's work. Besides the grand and quite Venetian character of the Joseph, the Italian feeling prevails also in the broad cast of the draperies and in the simplicity of the background; the group of figures is seated against a plain wall, and beyond the wall we see a town and tower upon a hill merely outlined with the point. There is a great charm and softness in the countenance of the Virgin; but the true northern type asserts itself again in the face and costume of the Saint Anne (if this adoring woman

is Saint Anne, for whom she looks too young); and the infant Christ in the Virgin's lap is peculiarly German and uncouth. Dürer, in a word, when he is most Italian, is still far less so than Jacopo de' Barbari when he is most German. In our illustration, Jacopo has copied the detailed northern manner in the foreground and accessories; his faces are his own; but the general idea and character of the composition are altogether those common in the Venetian paintings of his time. It is a *Santa Conversazione* in the manner of Basaiti or Catena or the elder Palma, with an angel introduced to make music among the group, and Saint Paul (whom the books of reference foolishly call 'St. Joseph with a Sword') standing apart and looking on in the right-hand foreground.

But between Dürer and Jacopo de' Barbari there were relations closer and more definite than those which we can observe by the mere contrast and comparison of their works. We have Dürer's own written account both of his friendship with the Venetian, and of the debt he considered that he owed to him in one department of his art at least. Dürer was not only a creative spirit, but also an analysing and reflecting spirit, much given from the first, and more as time went on, to the theoretical and scientific study of his art and its conditions. He has left, as everybody knows, elaborate treatises on Perspective, on Fortification, and on Human Proportion. In a preface written for this last treatise, but not used—the draft is preserved in the British Museum—Dürer tells how he had been able to hear of nobody that had written of Human Proportion, "except a man named Jacobus, by birth of Venice, a good kindly painter! —*he* showed me the figures of man and woman, which he had drawn according to measure, in such fashion that now I had rather than a new kingdom have seen what his ideas were. And if I only had, I would put them in print for his honour and the common good. But at that time I was still young, and had never heard of such things. Nevertheless I dearly loved my art, and got it into my mind to think how one could set about doing such things. For the said Jacobus would not show me his principles clearly, *that* I could see well enough"—and then Dürer goes on to say how he had taken to reading Vitruvius, and what with Jacopo's hints and Vitruvius together had worked out a theory for himself. And again, to confirm this written testimony, we have other testimony among the extant drawings of Dürer. There is in the British Museum a drawing of human figures proportioned according to geometrical measurements, with the date 1500; and there are other drawings by which we can see that, in preparing the most elaborate and one of the most beautiful of all his engravings, the *Adam and Eve* of 1504 (B. 1), Dürer followed out further the same method, of which, according to his own statement, he had the first hints from Jacopo de' Barbari. There are several very careful preliminary designs for this subject, notably one in private possession in Prague, in which the figures are regularly drawn to geometrical scale. Nevertheless these figures of Adam and Eve, when Dürer's design is matured and finished, show a wide departure from the types and characters of Jacopo, and therefore also, we may presume, from his principles. The proportions are shorter and squarer, and the figures stauncher and more firmly knit than those of the Venetian. The very signature of the Adam and Eve print, ALBERTUS NORICUS FACIEBAT, seems, as has been justly said, to assert the master's independence and his pride. The history of Dürer's relations with Jacopo de' Barbari, as with other Italian artists, is therefore one of attraction felt and stimulus received in the first instance, and by-and-by of divergence, of challenge, of conscious competition along different lines. There is a drawing at the British Museum which has not been sufficiently noticed, but which, I think, illustrates in the most pointed and complete way the history of this divergence. It is an elaborate and beautiful pen drawing of Apollo and Diana, the legend APOLOS marking, if any such mark was needed, the identity of the god. It is not like Dürer's own print of Apollo and Diana aforesaid; on the contrary, it is a free and characteristic repetition, on a larger scale, of the design of Jacopo de' Barbari in *his* print. The Diana is seated, as in the work of Jacopo, with her back to us; but what is very singular and interesting is that the *Apollo*, in this drawing of Dürer's, has become almost the same figure as that which appears as *Adam* in his engraving of Adam and Eve. The figure has the right

foot raised and the left leg advanced as in Jacopo's print; but instead of shooting with a bow, he grasps a wand in one hand and in the other holds out a flaming orb; in his attitude and proportions he is half way or two thirds of the way, so to speak, between the Apollo of Jacopo de' Barbari and Dürer's own subsequent Adam. It seems as though, after having made this drawing, Dürer had abandoned the design so far as the subject of Apollo and Diana was concerned—had worked out that subject in a new way of his own, in the little print described at the opening of this chapter—and had kept the Apollo of the drawing for another use, designing an Eve to correspond and using the Apollo for an Adam. Other instances of correspondence and apparent challenge between Dürer and Jacopo are to be found in the subjects of the *Satyr and his Family* as treated by the two respectively; in Dürer's *St. Sebastian bound to a Tree*, which he seems to have taken from a figure in Jacopo's group of the *Prisoners*, and in one or two more. The instances all belong to the early period of Dürer's activity, before, that is, the year 1504, when the great achievement of the *Adam and Eve* proclaimed the maturity of his powers. His first intercourse with Jacopo must have dated from as early as 1494 or '95. Such, at least, is the natural inference from the passage we have already quoted in his letter to Pirckheimer from Venice. Writing in 1506, he says, almost in one breath, that what pleased him so much eleven years ago doesn't please him now, and that Master Jacob, "away yonder," is not nearly so good a painter as others now in Venice; whence we of course surmise, that what pleased him so much eleven years before had been the work of the same Jacob. Thus we realise that the influences of Jacopo de' Barbari, of Mantegna, and of the Florentine engravers, were so many different influences of the Italian Renaissance which Dürer underwent at one and the same time of his youth, in or about 1494, when he was twenty-three years old and at the end of his *Wanderjahre*. We are never likely to know for certain at what place and under what circumstances this contact of the young Dürer with the art of Italy took place. Those who hold it proven that Dürer's *Wanderjahre* ended with a visit to Venice, will suppose the contact took place there. Others, who doubt the fact of that visit, will suppose that the Italian examples which he turned to account were brought to Nuremberg as merchandise or by travelling artists—of such travelling artists Jacopo de' Barbari being one. Some time, at any rate, before 1497, we know that Jacopo de' Barbari lived at Nuremberg; and it was because he lived there, and because he made himself in many things a German, that his influence upon Dürer went deeper and lasted longer than that of any other Italian.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

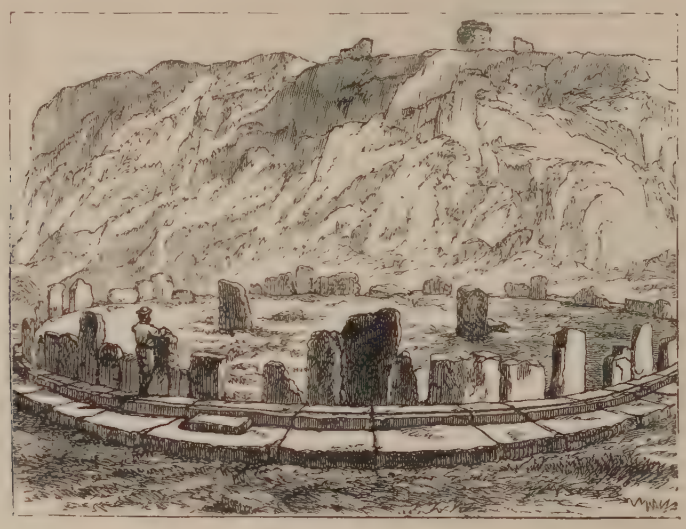
SQUIER'S PERU.*

MR. SQUIER went to Peru as United States Commissioner. His duties there occupied him six months, and at the end of that time he had eighteen months free for exploration. He left Peru with an immense collection of plans, photographs, and sketches, of which he has only been able even now to publish a part. A great part of this volume is occupied with an account of the incidental fatigues and discomforts of exploration in a very poor country, in parts of which it was once found possible, by a severe and energetic rule, to maintain a dense population; and a good deal of space is devoted to descriptions of the physical characteristics of the land of the Incas, which no reader would wish away. But the real interest of his work lies in the illustrations of the different and independent civilisations which were flourishing side by side in Peru at the period when the country, naturally and historically unfortunate, fell under the dominion of conquerors, whose larger wants could not be supplied without impoverishing the majority of the inhabitants. The Peruvians flourished under the Incas and dwindled under the Spaniards; not because the Incas were gentle and the Spaniards harsh, or because the Incas were wise and the Spaniards foolish, but because the Incas wanted little, and that of what the

* Peru: Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. George Squier. Macmillan and Co.

land supplied, and the Spaniards wanted much, and that from over sea. The Jesuits, who wanted even less for themselves than the Incas, were able to build as grandly as the Incas in the region of Lake Titicaca, even with the fatal mines of Potosi close at hand.

One of the things which comes out most clearly as the result of Mr. Squier's investigations is, that the Incas have been overrated. They carried husbandry and masonry to a rare pitch of perfection; but such other arts as Peru had it did not owe to them, but to the Chincas of the coast, a race of animal-worshippers, who built in adobe, as the constant liability to earthquakes made stone impracticable. Besides the Chincas and the Quichuas, another race, the Aymaras, contributed to the civilisation which the Spaniards overthrew. The only monuments which we can attribute to them with confidence are the strange burial-towers, of all shapes and sizes, which abound in the region of Lake Titicaca. The masonry of these is so admirable that we can understand the conjecture which Mr. Squier rightly refuses to countenance—that it was the Aymaras, rather than the Quichuas, who were the true people of the Incas. Up to this point



SUN CIRCLE AT SILLUSTANI.

matters may be said, in a sense, to be clear. We do not know who the Chincas, or the Quichuas, or the Aymaras were, or whence they came, but we know that the power of the Chincas had its centre at Chimu near Truxillo and the power of the Quichuas had its centre at Cuzco, and the power of the Aymaras, which was never great, had its seat on the bleak shores of Titicaca. But what is surprising—and with our present knowledge, unintelligible—is, that at Tiahuanuco, one of the most desolate spots of one of the most desolate countries in the world, we find elaborate remains which come nearer to resembling the remains of Chimu than to resembling anything else in Peru. Now Tiahuanuco is not only very desolate, but very far from the centre of Chinca power, being one of the most southern points of Peru, while Chimu is one of the most northern, and there is no trace of their influence, or any influence connected with theirs, south of the neighbourhood of Lima. Another subordinate difficulty is, that we do not know with which of the three quasi-historical races of Peru we are to connect the rude stone monuments, which are to be found chiefly in Upper Peru, which Mr. Squier reasonably considers must be regarded as the remains of a much larger number, which had to make way for the advance of agriculture when every inch of available soil had to be utilised. Perhaps they may be ascribed most plausibly to the Quichuas. The Intihuana of Pisac might very conceivably have grown out of the sun circle at Sillustani by a gradual process of simplification and refinement, which substituted a polished little truncated cone, as the centre of a platform surrounded by a semicircular wall, for a circle of rude monoliths, with a centre equally

rude, which cannot have marked the solstice so effectually. Pursuing this suggestion, one might be tempted to conjecture that Tiahuanuco may have been the meeting-point of the races of the coast and the upper valleys at a time when, it may be, the climate of both was less intolerably severe: it is possible, also, that Tiahuanuco may have had the same attraction for some early coast dynasty that Titicaca had for the later Incas. One of the most interesting points in Mr. Squier's book is the evidence it contains of the sentiment of nature among the Incas, which generally seems to have more power over industrial races like the English, and Dutch, and Quichuas, than over artistic races like the Chincas or the French. Perhaps the most artistic works of the Incas were their baths, romantically placed, and more effective now that the masonry is overgrown with such shrubs as Peru bears; but the terraces of Luçay and Titicaca are clearly arranged for the view. Terraces are one of the most universal features of Peruvian architecture: rounded hills were terraced for fortification; artificial terraced pyramids were constructed for worship everywhere; the valleys were terraced to supply level spaces for irrigation; terraced fortifications were constructed at every point of vantage on the shoulders of the hills, which at Ollantaytambo, or at Pisac, closed in the entrance to the civilised upland valleys against the tribes who came up from the unconquerable, irreclaimable forest which lay below the Andes. It was natural that the most purely ornamental works of the Incas should take this form; but it is not so easy to understand the elaborate system of niches which constitutes the chief decorative feature of Quichua architecture, and are multiplied at Ollantaytambo and elsewhere with absolutely unmeaning profusion; but where, as at Coati, they are employed on a moderate and rational plan, the effect is certainly quaint, and an appropriate relief to the masonry, which was always growing more massive as the means of moving huge blocks of stone multiplied, while the means of cutting stone continued stationary. While there was no better means of hewing and dressing stone than to split it in the quarry with wooden wedges and then dress it with bronze chisels, it was obviously an economy of labour to alter the natural shape and size of the stones as little as possible in order to get them

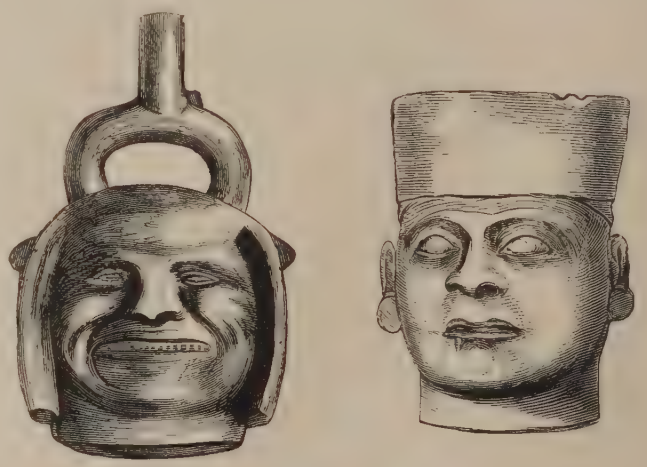
PALACE OF THE VIRGINS OF THE SUN, COATI.

HALL OF ARABESQUES, CHIMU.

together, especially as additional size meant additional strength. One might conjecture that the want of steel had a very thorough-going influence on all the forms of Peruvian art. Everywhere one finds ornamental patterns based upon the square and the diamond. A curved line, which is so much harder to cut than a straight, is hardly ever attempted, except in pottery. In the hall of the arabesques at Chimu, on the sculptured stones at Hatuncolla, on the blankets and cotton cloth of Pachacamac, there is the same ingenious variation of the simplest elements worked out with plenty of patience and a certain degree of taste. Even the lizards, and monkeys, and frogs which are occasionally introduced, have their limbs and tails treated as angularly as possible. The serpents, which are the only animals introduced in the Inca sculptures, are only just waved enough to distinguish them from sticks; and the serpents which are carved to serve as channels for libations on the sacred rocks are generally angular. The condors on the wonderful monolithic gateway at Tiahuanuco are half lost in a Greek fret. The great head in the centre of all, which is receiving the homage of condors, and pumas, and serpents, is literally blocked out. There is some sense of power and dignity, but there is a mighty incapacity to deal with a rounded surface; and in the curious heads of the broken figures by the doorway the hollows are scooped out with sharp edges, as if it was quite too difficult to round them off.

PATTERN OF COTTON SHROUD.

The condors and pumas are suggestive: they fixed the attention of the people of the upland, as the fish, and lizards, and monkeys fixed the attention of the people of the coast. One is almost inclined to think that the state of mind in which idolatry begins is very much like the state of mind of the connoisseur: only when the latter is taken up with a thing he does not necessarily fall down and worship it, because, whatever he might do if left to himself, the various interests of an instructed community keep him straight. It is curious to notice that the religion of the coast was more idealist, if not purer, than the religion of the upland. Pachacamac, the spirit of all, is the air-god of the coast. It would be interesting to know whether he is to be identified with the celestial monkey, with a lance in his hand, and the sun with a sheet of thunderbolts behind it for his shield, whose effigy adorns the covers of Mr. Squier's volume; and whether Viracoccha, the Lord of the Sea, who inspired the only Inca who had a formidable rebellion to suppress, whose image the carvers of Inca land had never seen, was like the man of the sea who is being so rudely handled by the



PERUVIAN VASES.

man of the shore on one of the Chinca vases, which, as Mr. Squier points out, have so much resemblance to the style of art which we find all over Central America, as far as Mexico; though, compared with the luxuriant profusion of repulsive symbolism of lands where vegetation is abundant and poisonous, Chinca art may be thought to deserve the praise of sober elegance. It is to be wished that Mr. Squier, who is one of the few men who knows both Central and Southern America, should be encouraged to present us with a comparative view of their art and civilisation. It would be interesting to know, among other things, whether Central America has produced anything so rude and so clever as the Chinca silver fish, which remind us very strongly of fish and as strongly of chipped flints. Another relic of barbarism is to be found in the interesting and clever sketch on a vase of a chief who is receiving a procession of some kind: he sits in a shed with one wall of adobe and a roof of timber, supported in the middle by a row of timber posts, with a timber verandah in front of it. Perhaps in the early days of Peru, as in the early days of Iceland, timber was less unattainable than afterwards; but though the chief himself, in his dark robe and elaborate helmet, is an imposing personage, yet his habitation is still a hut, though it is noticeable that the roof-tree seems to be pierced for ventilation, to leave a current of air to the round hole, which there, doubtless, was under the gable, as in the house all of adobe except the roof, which Mr. Squier selects is a specimen of the habitations of the lower classes of Chimu. But for his authority one might be tempted to suspect that a detached house of any kind was a great distinction in the vast labyrinths of adobe, which consisted of very little more, it seems, than cooking and sleeping-

CARVING ON MONOLITH AT TIAHUANUCO.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE MAN OF THE EARTH AND THE MAN OF THE SEA.

places for a population then denser and more stationary than now. But the whole subject is involved in the greatest obscurity, and can only be cleared up, if at all, by a comparison of Peruvian excavation with the villages which still exist in the rainless tracts of New Mexico. Even this comparison would leave many things uncertain; such, for instance, as the destination of the sunken chambers, like magnified earthenware jars, large enough for a man to enter, in the floors of the deserted coast towns, or the one enigmatical perfect arch of blocks of adobe, which supports a pile of *débris*, unless, indeed, we dismiss that problem by conjecturing that the arch was the work of some of the numerous treasure-seekers who, since the mines were exhausted, have been the only enterprising and industrious class in Peru. In the course of his excavations Mr. Squier constantly found the treasure-seeker had been on his track, removing his marks and deepening his excavations, to discover what might be buried underneath the foundations of the buildings he had laid bare. The natives have a tradition that they once knew the secret of treasures hidden at the time of the conquest, and this serves to keep alive the expectations of the conquerors, though all the salvage hither recovered leads to the conclusion that the value of what was lost has been exaggerated. It is probable that the natives, who have been completely emancipated by the demand for guano, which made it unnecessary to tax them, will soon be the dominant element in the country; and then it will be seen if they are able to develope the artistic gifts which they certainly possessed when they constructed the strange mortuary vases of the Chinca potters, which are often very vivid in a realistic way.

FISH ORNAMNETS.

G. A. Simcox.

THE PRINCESS MARY.

ETCHED BY A. MONGIN, FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR PETER LELY AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

LELY has been in some respects unfortunate in his fame. He is too well known for an artist of his quality. A little more obscurity would have been favourable to critical estimation of him, as a *demi-jour* is to the beauty of certain ladies. When an artist is as well known by name as very much greater men he is likely to receive less than justice; and Lely, in our time, suffers in this way by comparison with illustrious portrait-painters who lived before and after him. The portrait before us is, however, enough of itself to sustain a moderate reputation against all that the fastidious criticism of future ages may have to say. It is charmingly graceful, feminine, and full of life. The colour in the original, without the rich mystery of the true colourists, is still agreeable with the freshness of natural daylight. These advantages, and the interest of the subject, give the picture a lasting value and most of the chances of immortality which might be desired for canvas and paint.

The name of Lely was assumed by the painter's father, whose original surname was Van der Faes. Peter was born at Soest, in Westphalia, in the year 1618, and as he soon gave evidence of a talent for drawing he was sent to the school of P. G. Grebber at Haarlem, where he had not long remained before he excelled his master. His first works were small landscapes and historical pieces. He came to England in 1641 in the train of Prince William II. of Orange. Here he saw the works of Vandyke, which led him to paint portraits, at first in imitation of Vandyke's manner, but afterwards in an inferior manner of his own, well known to the public

through the recognition of his merits. It is said that he would have left England after the death of Charles I. if Cromwell had not employed him. The Lord Protector considered that Lely flattered the ladies [illegible] and seemingly succeeds only with flattery of his own plain but masculine countenance.

At the Restoration Charles II. patronized Lely and knighted him, besides allowing him a pension of 4000 florins. The painter-knight lived in style, with a London and country house, and, notwithstanding the expenditure caused by this, made a collection of works of art which was sold at his death in 1680 for 24,000*l.* He was always industrious and punctual, expecting his sitters to be punctual too, however exalted in rank.

The Princess Mary, afterwards Queen Mary II., was of English blood on both sides, being the second daughter of James, Duke of York, and Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. She was born, in 1662, at St. James's Palace, where she was baptized, having Prince Rupert for her godfather. She was removed to a nursery in the house of her grandfather Clarendon at Twickenham, which had formerly been the palace of Katherine of Arragon.

Mary was a beautiful and engaging child, much beloved by her father, who played with her, as Pepys says, 'like an ordinary private father of a child.' Pepys admired her dancing when she grew older, and he saw her at Whitehall taking a dancing lesson. 'Stepping to the Duchess of York's side to speak to my lady Peterborough I did see the young Duchess (*sic*), a little child in hanging sleeves, dance most finely, so as almost to ravish me, her ear is so good, taught by a Frenchman that did heretofore teach the king and all the royal family, and the queen-mother herself, who do still dance well.'

On the second of December, 1674, the Princess being then probably of about the age at which she appears in Lely's portrait, she performed at Court, with her sister Anne, in a ballet written for them by Crowne and called 'Calista, or the Chaste Nymph.' Mrs. Betterton, the leading actress in the King's Theatre, gave them lessons in carriage and utterance.

Three years later the Princess married William, Prince of Orange. Our readers will be familiar with Macaulay's account of their married life, and of William's misery at her death from small-pox in her thirty-third year. After his own death her wedding-ring and a lock of her hair were found fastened round his neck, close to his skin, by a black riband.

As evidence of the degree to which female education was carried in the seventeenth century, an entry made by Queen Mary on the title-page of the Bible presented to her and her husband at their coronation is quoted by Macaulay in his history. The entry is as follows:—'This book was given to the king and I at our crownation. Marie R.'

The lovers of porcelain may look to Queen Mary as the foundress of their order in England. She imported the taste from the Hague, and filled her rooms at Hampton Court Palace with blue porcelain, which may still be seen there.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

A NEW Gallery for the display of modern pictures, added to the already over-numerous exhibition-rooms of London, seems to require justification by especial merits. The Grosvenor Gallery is neither a dealer's speculation, the enterprise of a 'limited' company, nor the foundation of a society of artists: in many and important points it differs from each and all of these. The intended developments of the Gallery remain as yet secret from the outside public; its present constitution may be gathered from the title-page of the Catalogue: 'The Grosvenor Gallery; Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., Proprietor and Director; C. E. Hallé, Secretary; William Sams, Architect and Agent.' The prefatory notice further informs artists that pictures are admitted to the Gallery solely on Sir Coutts Lindsay's invitation, while the public is permitted to view them at the time-honoured rate of a shilling. An issue of members' tickets, limited to five hundred, entitling to 'admission at all times that the Exhibition is open to the public, with the

privilege of entry on Sundays for the member and one friend,' such members to 'be balloted for by a committee of original members,' seems an arrangement suggestive of future social expansion.

The exterior of the building in Bond Street, when unencumbered by scaffolding, will show a sufficiently imposing and ornate façade after the Late Renaissance, with which the pretty Palladian portal imported by Sir Coutts Lindsay from Venice is incorporated, not to the satisfaction of severe critics. A hall and staircase flanked by Genoa marble pillars and niches waiting for sculpture lead to the vestibule, where the seated statue of Cleopatra by Massini, and Mr. Whistler's grimly phantasmic portrait of Mr. Carlyle, preside in strangely incongruous companionship over the turnstiles. To the right a few steps rise to the level of the East Gallery, where the sumptuous tone of decoration is struck at once by figured crimson-silk hangings, frieze painted in delicate arabesque, pilasters picked out in cream and gold, relics of the *foyer* of the old Paris Opera House, coved ceiling, coloured soft blue with gold enrichments, and doorways draped with stuff flowered upon a dark-blue ground. The chief galleries, which measure respectively 104 by 35 feet and 60 by 28 feet, are lit entirely and well from the roof of diapered glass; both are furnished with marble tables and Persian rugs within the cordon of some two feet from the wall, while even the couches and chairs for the use of visitors are made in good keeping with the decoration. From the south side of the vestibule a charming little corridor, with columns of yellow marble and walls lined with olive-green stuff, ranks as the Sculpture Gallery, and takes the least interesting portion of the statuary; Boehm's terra-cotta busts and a striking figure of *Jeanne d'Arc à Domrémy*, by Henri Chapu, being here the most notable objects. In the East Gallery the figure of *Military Courage*, from Dubois' monument to General Lamoricière at Nantes, seeks favour for its well-considered plagiarism on Michael Angelo's *Lorenzo di Medici;* and in the West Gallery we welcome again Mr. Maclean's graceful *Ione*. A small room, some forty feet long, set apart for water-colours, completes the plan of the first floor; the ground is occupied by offices, store-rooms, waiting-rooms, the buffet, and spacious dining-hall. Pottery and china, and groups of plants disposed about the rooms, serve to heighten the impression that this is no public picture exhibition, but rather a patrician's private gallery shown by courtesy of its owner; indeed, so studiously are the business arrangements kept out of sight, that but for the inevitable turnstiles and catalogue-keepers the illusion would be complete.

It is not, however, by 'pomp and circumstance' that Sir Coutts Lindsay's Gallery claims distinction from Academic or other exhibitions. The principal pictures at the Grosvenor are lent by their owners; scarcely more than half are for sale in the painters' hands; while the rules under which artists have been invited to contribute are obviously removed from trade motives. Moreover, a further point of divergence is the placing of pictures and statues which have already been publicly shown in London and on the Continent. Furthermore, the arrangement on the walls is strictly studied for the advantage of the artist and the right appreciation of his work. Thus is followed the system of hanging in blocks of one master, a disposition most happy for the effect of the pictures. When an artist has sent but one contribution it is tenderly treated, and placed in harmonious companionship. Moreover, the 'sky line' is very low, and the number of works placed is in such proportion to the space as might satisfy the most fastidious caviller for individual claims. On the whole, then, the Grosvenor Gallery must be hailed as a public-spirited undertaking in the true interests of art, to encourage the production of the highest kind of work within the limits of domestic use, by exhibition of the best examples under the most favourable conditions as regards admission and exposition, by maintenance of a high standard, and by liberal selection.

Little wonder is it that to the Director's invitation have responded artists whom the probabilities of disastrous juxtaposition, the chances of rejection, or other discouraging items of mismanagement or cliqueism, have driven from the Academy and other exhibitions: while a few Academicians have found irresistible the extra occasion for displaying their powers. Alone of the great outsiders Mr. Dante Rossetti stands aloof, out of no discourtesy or contempt he has by a published letter declared, but from motives of modesty, as feeling the failure of his labour to accomplish the ideal aspiration he has set before him. Such conviction of inadequacy is common to all great artists, and assuredly, if a legitimate reason for absence from exhibitions, this consideration would empty our public galleries of their chief treasures. Whether the rumour of Sir Coutts Lindsay's rose crimson hangings and gold pilasters may not have

swayed Mr. Rossetti, is fair matter for conjecture; meanwhile the continued absence of this painter from exhibition rooms is loss to the public of noble artistic influence. Fortunately a more liberal spirit has actuated Mr. Burne Jones, whose poetic energies, now in full maturity of power, are attested by the pictures which occupy the whole south wall of the West Gallery: *The Beguiling of Merlin; Venus' Mirror; The Days of Creation;* and five single panel figures. To those that hold in memory still recent days, when the drawings of Mr. Burne Jones at the rooms of the Old Water-colour Society provoked the laughter of critics, who took for perversity and incompetence the tentative efforts of an artistic mind feeling after its right path, this group of pictures appeals triumphantly. The accomplished *technique*, dealing with fresh subtleties of pigment and cunning mediums, with the use of metal grounds and rare hues, will draw attentive eyes; while the grace of gesture now studied with assured knowledge of form, and the witchery of a certain passionately sad type of beauty, will fascinate even those to whom the artist's pictured thoughts are imagery and nothing more.

In congenial companionship with the works of Mr. Burne Jones are hung the pictures of Mr. Spencer Stanhope, whose worst enemy must give him credit for imagination; a true coin not commonly current, and too often defaced by ill-usage. Here also is a daintily-conceived little oblong frameful of subjects, entitled *Love's Music*, and painted after the fashion of Tuscan *cassone* panels by Mr. Stradwick, whose name will surely soon cease to be novel. Above hangs the fine water-colour portrait of Mrs. George Smith, by Mr. Burton, holding its own proudly amid the oil pictures. Portraits by Mr. Watts, R.A., head both this and the East Galleries, notably in central position *Lady Lindsay*, one of the artist's freshest and strongest portraits for character and execution both; also is shown for the first time on an extended scale the solemn and pathetic allegory, *Love and Death*, once exhibited in smaller replica in the Dudley Gallery. M. Legros' large realism, always impressive, whether dealing with a tinker mending a copper pot in *Le Chaudronnier*, or with *Mr. Carlyle*, is perhaps for the first time now seen *en masse*. Four studies of two hours' work each, executed before his pupils of the Slade School, are capital examples of M. Legros' power of throwing a head decisively and rapidly upon canvas. The late Slade Professor, Mr. Poynter, R.A., now Director at South Kensington, has sent ten pictures in opaque and oil, small in scale, long in labour; the *Andromeda* among them still holds its own as one of the very few works by Mr. Poynter expressly studious of beauty. Mr. Walter Crane, beloved of our nursery folk, will win repute by his fanciful composition, the *Renaissance of Venus* from the sea, despite the impossible ripples which curl about the goddess' rounded limbs and the impossible perspective of the Ionic temple in the distance, type presumably of the feminine ideal after which Mr. Crane aspires in this study of a semi-classic nude.

Genius under disguise of eccentricity appears conspicuously on the walls in Mr. Whistler's productions: 'arrangements' of the human figure, as more or less shapely blotches on space; also studies of nature in monotone, which threaten, notwithstanding their fine subtleties of gradation, to become monotonous. Mr. Whistler's grey and milky-white palette tells remarkably well on the bright crimson wall, which disastrously, on the opposite side of the gallery, puts out the light in Mr. Holman Hunt's *After Glow*, renders strangely more crude the hot tones and sharp contrasts in Mr. W. B. Richmond's symmetric and monumental composition of *Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon*, and turns the silver sheen of white dresses in Mr. Millais' three portraits of the Ladies Grosvenor into chalk. Nothing disturbs, however, the effect of M. Tadema's solid painting, here present in eight consummate pieces of craftsmanship; and Mr. Leighton's single heads tell with gem-like lustre.

The conduct of the Grosvenor Gallery promises to be international in sympathy: M. Heilbuth has twelve oil-pictures in his happiest *genre*, M. Tissot ten, M. Moreau one, M. Otto Weber two, M. David Bles one, and so on.

With the exception of a few instances of favour accorded on friendly considerations, an occurrence almost inevitable to a private enterprise, however independent of plan, this first season's exhibition must be fairly adjudged a strong one. In this short sketch many pictures have been necessarily unnoticed, many names omitted, such as Mr. Boughton, Mr. P. R. Morris, Miss Evelyn Pickering, Mr. Albert Moore, and others, whose works aid in giving to the Grosvenor Gallery its distinctive attraction among the exhibitions of the year.

AGNES D. ATKINSON.

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MISS E. THOMPSON'S PICTURE OF INKERMAN.

SINCE the May morning in 1874 when Miss Thompson suddenly achieved fame by her memorable picture of the *Roll Call*, she has, so far from relaxing in her efforts, as is often the case after a great success, gone on steadily, striving to her utmost to maintain the position she then won, and to justify the opinions that were formed of her remarkable powers.

Her present picture, the *Return from the Battle of Inkerman*, is the third battle-piece she has painted since that time, and if it does not mark any great advance it shows at least no falling off, either in skill or interest, from her earlier works. Only in one of these—*Quatre Bras*—has Miss Thompson attempted to depict the actual moment of fighting; the 'rage of battle,' as it has been called. In all her other works we are shown the terrible reaction after the fight, the price that has been paid for the 'glorious victory.' In this of Inkerman, for instance, we see a straggling column of weary, wounded, and dying men, painfully marching along a rough hill-side, some of them still possessing sufficient strength to support a failing comrade, while others, no longer able to keep up the struggle, lie down to find the rest of death on the road. To the right, and slightly in advance of this sad file, rides a young staff-officer, while a poor wounded bugler catches hold of his stirrup to help him on his way. This officer forms, as it were, a gathering point for the scattered forces of his regiment; but he seems almost unaware of what is going on around him, and rides slowly on with something of that dazed look which Miss Thompson has depicted in several of her heroes, and especially with most remarkable effect on the face of the foremost trooper in the *Balaclava*. Behind comes another officer, carried in his great-coat—for he is severely wounded—by four of his men; and in the centre march three Russian prisoners, guarded by a reckless, dare-devil young soldier of the 20th Regiment, who is smoking a short clay pipe. The whole is a sad, disenchanting scene; no proud pæan of victory, no scarlet glory of war, but simply the actual fact painted without exaggeration or sentimental lamentation, yet with the sympathy of a woman and the perception of an artist. These qualities it is which lift the subject at once from the ground of commonplace into the higher regions of art, and even of poetry, for those who have eyes to see it. For Miss Thompson has found what so many artists of the present day seem to ignore—that we have still something left of heroism, self-sacrifice, and noble passion, in the life of this nineteenth century, and, undismayed by the garments in which this life is clothed, bear-skin caps and such-like, she has dared to represent it with uncompromising truth.

With regard to the technical qualities of the work, little more need be said than that it is fully equal in skill to her other performances; the same spirited drawing, the same clever grouping, and the same careful rendering of detail. The colouring, though not so warm in tone as in the *Balaclava*, which may perhaps be considered as the most truly artistic of her four great pictures, is yet an improvement on her earlier works, in which crude tones often jarred. Above all, we have in this vivid conception of the return from Inkerman the same keen appreciation of the individuality of the soldier's character and insight into his emotions. The soldier is not 'generalised,' as he often is even in the works of some of our best modern painters, into a gorgeous or broken-down war machine, but is seen as a real living or dying man, in whom we are made to feel a strong human interest.

MARY M. HEATON.

NOTE.

THE LIFE OF TURNER, BY THE EDITOR.—As there is an impression that the further publication of this work in the PORTFOLIO has been abandoned, we desire to say that it has only been postponed in successive numbers (to make room for matter of more various interest), and will be resumed on the first opportunity.

Jean Richter

THE ALTHORP GALLERY.

IV.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Portrait of Viscount Althorp, when a Boy.

ETCHED BY LÉON RICHETON.

THIS little boy is John Charles, afterwards Earl Spencer, who was born at Spencer House on the 30th of May, 1782.

Up to the time when Reynolds painted him, and probably for some years afterwards, he was much neglected by his parents; not from any want of affection, but simply because their attention was too much absorbed in the political affairs of the time. A Swiss footman seems to have been the most influential counsellor and guide of his early years, and his first really intimate friend. This servant had an imperfect knowledge of our language; but notwithstanding this deficiency he taught young Lord Althorp to read, and was, indeed, his only tutor till the young nobleman went to school. He began to be fond of field-sports whilst still quite a child, and about two years after being painted by Reynolds might have supplied a subject for an equestrian sporting picture, as the following interesting letter gives evidence :—

'Dear Papa,

'I went to Brington Hill this morning and catched four rabbits, and there was a good many people, and I did not know who they were all.

'We threw off at 10 o'clock. Tartar and Bowler and Punch and Turpin did very well; but Jenny's puppy did not do well, for she cried at the bushes. Fanny did very well, too. I rode upon Castlebar, and Ned Corns was behind; John Townshend and James walked by me, and I went a gallop and had good sport. When you come back there is to be a race, in which you are to run, and so shall John Townshend and Jack Corns and Peter. I am to ride upon Ginger, and you shall ride upon Cowslip. I got these horses at the races at Northampton, and yours is a very good one. You have been a long time away. So no more.

'Jack Spencer, Viscount Althorp.'

The date of this letter is in the month of October, 1789. Lord Althorp was placed at Harrow about a year afterwards, where he did not particularly distinguish himself, except by simple industry and good conduct. He had an excellent temper, and was very truthful. Possibly his early years under the footman may not have been a bad preparation for his future career, as he was always fearless and sturdy in purpose, though bashful and retiring. Once he returned from London under the charge of his tutor's wife, and their chaise was stopped by a highwayman, who presented his pistol in the good old-fashioned style, and demanded their money and watches. Instead of being frightened, Lord Althorp burst into violent laughter, and said afterwards in explanation that the highwayman's voice and manner were too ludicrous. The only bad effect of companionship with servants was a certain deficiency in ease and refinement, often noticed in him in after-life, and very unlike the manners of his father and mother; however, this defect did not prevent him from becoming leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Readers familiar with the works of Reynolds will divine the qualities of the picture from M. Richeton's etching. The figure is dressed in white with a black hat, and the sash is of pale blue. The sky is of a bluish grey and the tree is autumnal, like the foreground, but the whole of the landscape is sketchy in the extreme. The picture is fairly well preserved, for a Reynolds,

though the hat is very much cracked beneath the brim, and there are slighter cracks on the cheek, especially where it passes into shade. Reynolds has seldom illustrated boyhood more happily. There is an easy confidence in the young gentleman's bearing which quite prepares us for the exploit on Castlebar after the rabbits.

ALBERT DÜRER:
HIS TEACHERS, HIS RIVALS, AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

VII.—ALBERT DÜRER AND MARCANTONIO RAIMONDI.

'. . . . . di tutto il giovamento che hanno avuto gli oltramontani dal vedere, mediante le stampe, le maniere d'Italia, e gli Italiani dall' aver veduto quelle degli stranieri e oltramontani, si deve avere, per la maggior parte, obligo a Marcantonio Bolognese; perchè oltre all' aver egli aiutato ai principii di questa professione quanto si è detto, non è anco stato per ancora chi l'abbia gran fatto superato, si bene pochi in alcune cose gli hanno fatto paragone.'—VASARI, ed. Lemonnier, vol. ix. p. 298.

TO Marcantonio of Bologna, says Vasari, gratitude is chiefly due for the benefit of making the North familiar with Italian, and Italy with Northern, fashions in art. And the words of Vasari are in this sense perfectly accurate—that Marcantonio was the first Italian who fully acquired the technical practices and resources of the Northern engravers—that he modified these practices and resources in accordance with the Italian genius, and applied them to the engraving of Italian designs—and that his work by-and-by re-acted with transforming power upon his teachers. Thus, the twofold achievement of Marcantonio in the history of art is first to have borrowed Northern modes of execution, and afterwards to have converted the Northern schools to Italian principles of design. He was the agent in a great act of exchange, by which engraving was perfected in the South, but by which also, as we shall see at a later point of our study, the Northern engravers gave up the best of what was their own, and became in the end the awkward scholars of an alien discipline.

Until Marcantonio arose, the influence of the one great school upon the other had been but partial and incidental; the trial between the Northern and Southern masters had not gone beyond preliminary challenges and skirmishings. The instances of such encounter which we have hitherto noticed have been for the most part instances of the attempt by Northern art to adopt the ideas or rival the graces of the Italian fifteenth-century manner, the manner of the early Renaissance. But, while the young Dürer and those about him were thus undergoing the fascinations of the Southern spirit, and trying, with more or less independence and more or less persistency, to revive the shapes of antique mythology or to probe the secret of ideal proportions, there were on the other hand Italians who found something worth imitating in the engraved sheets that came to them from Germany and Flanders. Among almost the earliest Italian engravings, we find here and there imitations, free or halting, of the early German. Thus two of the famous Florentine set of *Prophets* seem to be taken from the German master E. S. Thus in another famous Florentine set, the *Planets*, we seem to trace a different form of Northern influence, and to recognise types and costumes corresponding to those of the Burgundian miniature-painters. But it was Martin Schongauer of Colmar who first had a recognised influence and a real fame south of the Alps. He 'sent into Italy,' in Vasari's words, a great number of engravings; and it would seem that his wares found almost as ready a market in the fairs and festivals of Lombardy and Tuscany as in those of Franconia or the Rhineland. His name quickly acquired a kind of legendary popularity in Italy, in the form 'Bel Martino.' His work was prized and copied by Italian artists. Instances which Vasari quotes in proof of this are, a copy made by Gherardo, the Florentine miniature-painter, of Schongauer's large print of the *Crucifixion* with the beautiful St. John standing beneath the Cross (B. 25), and a coloured study made by Michelangelo when he was a boy

from the fantastic *St. Anthony tempted by Devils* (B. 47). There are plenty of other instances which the student can easily find out for himself. Not to quote such as are obscure or anonymous—one of the most fanciful and charming of the early Italian engravers is a master of Modena, called Nicholas Rosex, or Nicoleto; and among the works of Nicoleto of Modena are copies, as faithful as with his cramped technical means he can make them, of three several prints of Martin Schongauer. And when, following Schongauer, Dürer in his turn became known in Italy, both his engravings and imitations of his engravings soon passed into great request. Lastly, about the same time as Dürer—that is, about the year 1505—the Dutch engraver Lukas van Leyden, then very young, also became known in Italy, and his works also were bought and imitated.

There seems something strange in the more gifted race borrowing thus from the less gifted—in the Italians, with their two centuries of great artistic tradition, their high-pitched genius, their refined ideals, their experience both of select nature and of the antique, going to school under the Germans with their coarser faculties, their cruder discipline, their ignorance of beauty, their spirit of commonness so opposed to the Italian spirit of exquisiteness. And yet this is the second instance, within half a century, of a similar debt owed by Italy to the North. The first instance was the debt owed by the Italian painters, and particularly by the Venetian painters through Antonello of Messina, soon after the middle of the fifteenth century, to the Flemish painters of the school of the Van Eycks and Van der Weyden. And now, at the close of the same century, the engravers of Italy have recourse in like manner to the engravers of the North. In each instance, what the Northern school had above all to teach the Southern was a lesson in technical, in mechanical proficiency. What the painters of Venice had chiefly to learn from the painters of Bruges and Brussels was the secret of their new and richer vehicle, the secret of painting in oil; what the engravers of Florence and Lombardy had chiefly to learn from the engravers of Colmar and Nuremberg was the secret of cutting a flexible, assured, and brilliant line upon the copper. Vasari, in one passage, will have it that this manual skill was the whole of what the engravers of his country had to learn from the 'Flemings,' as he calls all Germans. 'Although,' says he, 'those masters in their day were much praised in their own country, in ours they are only esteemed for the diligence of their workmanship.' But in truth this was not all. Besides thus studying, in the work of the Northern engravers, the art of combining the utmost brilliancy and flexibility with the most assured control and steadiness of line, the Italians learned from them how to engrave landscape. In the early prints of the native Italian style, the figures are either thrown up against a dark, shaded background in the manner of niello-work, or else a landscape is sketched in, but merely sketched, in a manner quite conventional, primitive, and slight. In this matter the German example effected a revolution. We find the elaborated landscape of Northern predilection—the lake or river with castled and wooded promontories, the sloops afloat in the distance, the faithfully wrought foliage and tree-stems in the foreground—we find this constantly borrowed by engravers both of the Florentine and Lombard schools, and made the theatre for groups and personages of pure Italian fancy. Thus the imitation of Northern work by Southern artists takes other forms than that of mere transcript. The cases in which a whole subject is literally copied by an Italian engraver from Schongauer or Dürer or Lukas van Leyden are much fewer than the cases in which single portions, and especially portions of landscape, are freely turned to account and adapted.

Again, over and above the technical conduct of the burin, and over and above this new invention of landscape, there was the Northern humanity, rude but real; the tenderness not fastidious but profound; the rugged abundance and sincerity of life; the profuseness of dramatic invention; the energy in grasping and patience in realising fact; all of which were calculated to impress the mind of Italy with the sense of powers differing from their own. Even Vasari has words which recognise the supremacy of the North in one department, at least, of invention, the popular religious department of thaumaturgic vision, in which the sublime can

only be realised by those who do not shrink from the grotesque, and in which Dürer's designs for the *Apocalypse* mark the high tide of human achievement. 'With that extravagant imagination of his,' says Vasari of Dürer, 'which was much to the purpose for such a subject, he figured all those shapes, both of heaven and earth, in such wise that it was a miracle, and with such a variety in the making of those animals and monsters, that it was a great light to many of our own artists, who have made use of the multitude and abundance of those beautiful fancies and inventions of his.' And in truth, not only these visions of the Revelation, but other series, the *Life of the Virgin* and the various *Passions of Christ*, in which Dürer added a new and profounder humanity to the familiar themes, furnished motives, in less earnest Italy, both to engravers and even to some of the foremost painters, to Andrea del Sarto, to Pontormo, nay, to Raphael himself.

Such being the general relation of the Northern and Italian schools, all challenge that had passed between the two had nevertheless been but preliminary, all interchange but partial, compared with what was effected by the engraver Marcantonio. His career began like that of any other Italian engraver. We do not know precisely when he was born, nor of what parents. All we know is that his surname was Raimondi, that he was of Bologna, and that about the year 1500 he was a lad in the service of Francesco Raibolini, known in the history of art as Il Francia, of that city. Francia was a goldsmith before he was a painter, and continued to be a goldsmith as well as a painter to the end. The young Marcantonio, we are told, showed himself so skilful an apprentice that he presently became his master's favourite, and was called *de' Franci* as though he had been one of the family. It was in the hereditary arts of the goldsmith, chasing and niello-work, that he first showed proof of skill. 'Having more aptitude in design than his master, and managing the graver with facility and grace, he made waist-buckles (*cinture*) and many other things in niello, such being then greatly in fashion, and made them most beautifully, as being in truth most excellent in that craft.' Whether the new art of engraving on plates intended for printing formed any part of Francia's own practice we do not positively know; but we know that it was part of the practice of several of his household, and foremost among them of the young Marcantonio. From about the year 1505 Marcantonio seems to have devoted himself to this kind of engraving exclusively. In that year we find his first original print which bears a date, the design of *Thisbe discovering the dead Pyramus* (B. 322); and in the next year, 1506, his first imitation from Dürer which in like manner bears a date, the copy on copper of Dürer's woodcut of *John the Baptist and Saint Onuphrius* (B. 643). In the five years following this, Marcantonio lived chiefly at Bologna, but also spent some time, we cannot tell precisely when, at Venice; his activity as an engraver being all the while very great. His production at this time falls into two classes, the class of original prints (by original, I mean from his own designs or designs of his master or companions in Italy), and the class of literal copies from prints by Dürer.

As an original engraver in this early time, Marcantonio does not differ, by any marked difference, from others of his countrymen. His work has that sentiment of the early Renaissance —a sentiment capricious, eclectic, nourished with fanciful learning, and blending with a peculiar fastidiousness of imagination the charm of a peculiar simplicity—which belongs to this phase of art and to no other. The individual fashion of his design, the character of his countenances and cast of his draperies, are most like those of his master Francia. Hence it has been supposed that at first he merely put upon the copper the designs of Francia, as later we know that he put the designs of Raphael; but this supposition lacks evidence, except in a very few instances. One such instance is the subject of the two saints, *Lucy* and *Catherine*, standing with their attributes side by side in a landscape (B. 121). This dignified and pathetic design is certainly by Francia, for the picture he painted from it exists in the gallery at Munich; but then it is not certain that the engraving is by Marcantonio. If so, it is in his very earliest manner. He very soon got beyond this mode of harshly ploughing out his contours, and filling up his shadings timidly with the finest possible lines. His lines of shading continue very fine and delicate, but soon become

very firm and flexible as well. He shows the effect of a study of the Germans, both in the rounding of flesh surfaces and the finishing of foliage and accessories. Among the fourscore or more engravings, whether of his own or his master's or of Venetian design, which he did during this first period, some are among the most exquisite in the whole range of the art. They seem to have been engraved, in many cases, according to the practice of the *niellatori*, upon silver or other soft metal; a practice which makes the number of good impressions necessarily small, but to those that are good gives an especial richness. Mythology, romance, and vision, hold more than an equal place beside subjects of religion. In the religious cycle there is the famous *Adoration* (B. 16), with a spacious Dürer landscape in the background, less elaborately finished than it would have been by Dürer himself, a stable and a classic ruin in the middle distance, and in the foreground a Virgin kneeling a little apart (as Francia particularly loves to make his Virgins kneel) from the child whom she has laid on a sheet and cushion upon the ground; with the slumbering Joseph sitting by, and an Arcadian group of shepherds, one half naked with a pipe, adoring on the other side. Or there is the *Harrowing of Hell* (B. 41), a softened and modified reduction, exquisitely engraved, of the great Mantegna print of the same subject, with the penitent thief holding up the cross, and the rescued Eve still wailing and screening her eyes from the light. In the mythological cycle, there is a seated warrior with a huntress standing at his shoulder, the so-called *Venus and Æneas* (B. 288); there are several versions of the Orpheus story, a favourite one with the artist all his life; there is an admirable *Mars and Venus* (B. 345); there is the beautiful and at present quite unexplained design (B. 360) of a youth upon an altar holding out a horn filled with fire, attended by three naked men, one holding a horse, another bearing a great jar upon his shoulder, a third reclining in front, while on the other side a naked woman stands with a mirror, a warrior holds aloft his spear, and a lovely draped figure of a woman moves away from us carrying a child on each arm. In all these the design of the figure and extremities shows a perfect sentiment, but not yet a perfect discipline or correctness. There are other prints of about the same time which exhibit ideals unrefined and unchastened by comparison with these, and seem to show the influence, some of them of the Venetian spirit, and some of the German spirit, which Marcantonio may also have encountered at Venice. In other instances, again, we seem to find a manifest copy from some unknown German original, as in the grotesque group of *Three Men singing* (B. 468), and, in a nobler form, in the magnificent and little known engraving of a *Crucifixion* (B. 645); this last is a rendering, perfect both in mastery and diligence, of some German picture, with Mary and St. John standing on either side of the cross against a dark background; the original, say the handbooks, is supposed to be by Dürer, but is not, I believe, known really to exist.

But there are also by Marcantonio a quantity of assured and literal copies after Dürer. Their number is usually reckoned at sixty-nine, including seventeen of the *Life of the Virgin*, thirty-seven of the *Little Passion on Wood*, and the rest single pieces. Marcantonio's copies are done on copper, and the originals from which he has worked are on wood, with the exception of five or six. The effect of the bold and thick lines proper to wood-engraving, when they are imitated on copper, which is a material suited to fine and delicate lines, is never good, and Marcantonio's imitations of Dürer's woodcuts look tame enough, and are deficient enough, if you make the comparison with any closeness, in the energy and expressiveness of the originals. We have chosen, for an example of this kind of work, a print of extreme rarity if not unique—a copy by Marcantonio of Dürer's woodcut of *Saints Gregory, Stephen, and Lawrence* (B. 108). In the chapter before last, we saw how Dürer, or some German draughtsman of his time, freely copying the Italian *Pope* of the so-called Tarocchi cards, had converted him into a personage with features puckered like those of the middle saint in this group; here we see, on the other hand, how a Teutonic original has been translated, and with more fidelity, by an Italian engraver. The work of Marcantonio in thus copying prints by Dürer did not continue, so far as we know, beyond the year 1511. That is the date of the publication of Dürer's *Little Passion on Wood*, which Marcantonio seems to have reproduced immediately after its appearance. The various

engravings on copper reproduced by him, or of which reproductions are attributed to him, are all of Dürer's earliest time. Concerning the circumstances under which he was first led to imitate Dürer in this way, Vasari has left us a narrative, which, though purely legendary in detail, contains nevertheless some reminiscence of fact, and is so vivacious as to be worth repeating at any rate:—

'Anon desiring, as happens to many, to see the world and observe the ways of work of other artificers, he betook himself, with full leave of Francia, to Venice, where he had good entertainment from the artificers of that city. Now it chanced that, certain men from Flanders sojourning at that time in Venice, and having with them many sheets engraved and printed by Albert Dürer both on wood and copper, these came to sight of Marcantonio in St. Mark's place; wherefore he, amazed at Albert's manner of work, spent upon the said prints as good as all the money he had brought with him from Bologna, and among other things bought the *Passion of Christ* engraved in thirty-six pieces on quarto sheets, which had been printed a little while before by the said Albert * * *. And Marcantonio considering what honour and profit that man might win for himself, who should give himself up to that art in Italy, conceived the purpose of attending to it with all accuracy and diligence; and so began to imitate those engravings of Albert, studying the fashion of the lines and all the character of the prints which he had bought; which for their novelty and beauty were in so great reputation, that every one sought to possess them. Having, then, counterfeited in copper with thick lines of engraving, like those which Albert had engraved on the wood, the whole of the said *Passion of Christ* on thirty-six sheets; and having made on his copies the same marks which Albert made upon his own works, that is to say, the letters A. D., they came out so like that, no one knowing they were done by Marcantonio, they were believed to be Albert's own, and were bought and sold as his work; which thing being written to Albert in Flanders, and one of those counterfeit sets of the *Passion* by Marcantonio being sent him, he fell into such anger that he took his departure from Flanders, and came to Venice, and appealed to the Signoria, and lodged a complaint against Marcantonio; nevertheless he gained by his suit no more than this, that Marcantonio should no longer put Albert's name nor his mark aforesaid on his works.'

The impossibilities in this story are numerous. Dürer's *Little Passion on Wood* was designed during the years 1509 and 1510, and published in 1511; and the date of Dürer's journey to Venice was five years earlier than this, in 1506. And over and above this discrepancy of date, Marcantonio in copying this series has *not*, as a matter of fact, copied Dürer's monogram, but has substituted for it his own usual mark, an empty tablet. There is, however, another woodcut series of Dürer's, the *Life of Christ*, in twenty sheets, which did not come out as a whole until 1511, but of which seventeen were indeed designed and printed by 1504, two years earlier than Dürer's journey to Venice. And in Marcantonio's copies of these seventeen we do find the monogram of Dürer counterfeited. Hence it seems probable that Vasari has only embellished and perverted some transaction which really happened between Marcantonio and Dürer in connexion with this earlier set of copies. The only difficulties in the way of our assuming this are, that Dürer in his familiar letters to Pirckheimer from Venice makes no mention of anything of the kind, and that no record of any suit such as the story implies has been found in the Venetian archives. Whether the story of the suit is or is not true in any form—whether, again, Marcantonio personally saw and knew Dürer in 1506, either at Venice or when he came on afterwards to Bologna—we have at any rate seen and measured how great a debt the young Italian engraver owed to the older German.

Before Marcantonio had done his last set of copies from Dürer, he passed under another and very different influence, which wholly dominated him thenceforward. All that which, in the present study, has especially claimed our attention, was but the prelude to his career as that career is generally known and thought of. Generally, the name of Marcantonio is held inseparable from the name of Raphael. He is known as the interpreter, through engraving, of the genius of the prince of painters. It appears to have been in the year 1510 that the fame of Raphael, and of the homage with which Raphael was surrounded, drew Marcantonio to Rome. The passage is supposed to be marked by an engraving known as *Les Grimpeurs—The Climbers*—(B. 487), which represents certain figures out of Michaelangelo's competition cartoon at Florence of the *Soldiers surprised Bathing*. Marcantonio has added behind the figures a landscape

ST. STEPHEN, ST. GREGORY, AND ST. LAWRENCE, BY MARCANTONIO, AFTER A. DÜRER.

taken from Lukas van Leyden. The engraving is dated 1510, and whether it was done from studies made after the cartoon by Raphael, or from studies of Marcantonio's own, is uncertain. The piece in which, according to a tradition there is no reason to suspect, Marcantonio first tried

his hand at the direct interpretation of Raphael under that master's own eye at Rome, is the famous *Lucretia* (B. 192). This was at once declared a marvel, and with justice; for in it, and in some dozen others of Marcantonio's engravings done at the beginning of his Roman time, we get the perfect spirit of Raphael, and at the same time the perfect climax of the engraver's art. As far as that tender, felicitous, and expressive touch of Raphael's pencil can possibly be imitated upon copper, Marcantonio does imitate it. In adapting the sketches of his master, he loses nothing of the chastened science and subtle grace of the contours, and next to nothing of the inspired and winning sentiment of the faces. In the parts where he is left to himself—the rounding and shading, the background and landscape—he uses the mastery which he has gained in the study of the Northern work with a spirit of exquisite appropriateness and reserve. He enters into the genius of Raphael, the genius of choice, of balance, of rhythmical restraint, and works with all the manual perfection of the North while he puts away the Northern emphasis and superfluity of natural imitation. Raphael, the story goes, was delighted with that first essay of Marcantonio's in copying his work, and personally trained and helped him afterwards, giving, as some think, a touch of his own here and there upon the copper. A printing establishment was set up under the charge of Raphael's colour-grinder, Il Baviera, and the profits, in the early stage of the business, were shared between the engraver and the printer. The sale presently became very great; pupils gathered about Marcantonio, and he and they, in the last ten years of Raphael's life, gave forth a vast profusion of engravings after the master's work; not copying, in most instances, his finished paintings, but working up his first sketches and trials, which often give the composition in a different form from the finished work, and are all the more interesting on that account.

But Marcantonio at Rome was the fresh and perfect Marcantonio for a very little while, and in a few pieces only. These are such as, in the Pagan cycle, the *Lucretia;* the *Dido* (B. 187); the *Judgment of Paris*, that rich and classic composition the engraving of which is so powerful and subtle that, says Vasari, *ne stupì tutta Rome;* the *Venus washing her Foot* (B. 245); the *Bacchus presiding over the Vintaging* (B. 306); the noble *Leaning Apollo in a Niche*, designed for the decorative part of the *School of Athens* (B. 332), and the companion group of *Venus with Cupid in a Niche* (B. 311)—in the Christian cycle, the famous *Temptation of Adam and Eve* (B. 1); the so-called *God ordering Noah to build the Ark* (B. 3), in which Raphael is nearest to the greatness of Michelangelo—the *Madonna with the Bare Arm* (B. 34), as the print is called in the first state, a composition as stately as it is refined; the *Madonna in Glory*, among clouds and cherubs (B. 47), that most inspired of all creations of serene and downcast suavity—or in the allegorical cycle, to take two familiar and unsurpassable instances, the *Poetry* (B. 381) and *Philosophy* (B. 382) of the Vatican ceiling. In workmanship, these, and the rest that are fit to rank with them, are some bolder and some more delicate than others, but there is in them no coldness, no haste, no ostentation, there is a perfect and exquisite balance between feeling and execution. That balance was too soon disturbed. Art in Rome stood but for a year or two at perfection. When the fall came, it was fearfully rapid and complete. Raphael's pupils fell before their master; he himself was falling before he died. In his best days, his inspiration, however perilously facile, however suavely and serenely abundant, was inspiration still; before he died, his facility had come to be mechanical, his science, from being exquisitely chastened, had become ostentatious, his hand had begun to operate less by genius than by routine. If this is true of Raphael himself, it is true in a ten times greater degree of those about him. From the hour of art's perfection at Rome the time was incredibly short to the hour of its degradation, to the reign of mere unfeeling mastery and pompous mechanical emptiness. Marcantonio went down the hill as fast as anybody. Not merely do his last engravings, after Polidoro or Giulio Romano or Baccio Bandinelli, reflect the soullessness of the men who designed them; his engravings after Raphael himself reflect, and exaggerate, the beginning of soullessness in Raphael. In his work after designs of Raphael's last manner — for instance, the *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife* (B. 9);

PETRVS ARRETINVS ACERRIMVS VIRTVTVM AC VITIORVM
DEMOSTRATOR

the *Battle, with David and Goliath in the foreground* (B. 10), the *Paul at Athens* (B. 44), and other engravings from the tapestry cartoons; the *Magdalene washing the feet of Christ* (B. 23); the *Mary and Martha ascending the steps of the Temple* (B. 45)—in these and many more there is plenty of learned boldness and freedom of hand; but there is no tenderness or subtlety, none of the old guarded and loving precision, none of the old charm, none of the old expressiveness. Nay, so rapid is Marcantonio's tendency downwards, partly owing, no doubt, to the greed of profit, partly to the general and precipitate decadence of the time, that whenever he repeats one of his own good engravings he invariably repeats it for the worse, with some loss of character, of tenderness, or of care. The student will realise what this means if he will carefully compare the faces in Marcantonio's first plate of the *Massacre of the Innocents* (B. 18) and the same faces in the second plate (B. 19); or by a similar comparison of the earlier and later versions of two of the master's noblest religious pieces, the *Madonna* called *with the Bare Arm* (B. 34 and 35), and another *Madonna and Child* in the clouds, resembling the *Madonna of Foligno* (B. 52 and 53).

It is no part of our task to follow the falling or fallen master through the disgraceful and obscure concluding years of his life. He was imprisoned under Pope Clement VII. for his share as engraver in a publication, infamous even beyond the licensed infamies of that age, of designs by Giulio Romano to sonnets of Pietro Aretino. Afterwards he fled ruined from the sack of Rome in 1527, and died we know not when at Bologna. But to those unseemly latter days, though we may not choose to follow him, the example of his handiwork which we give with these pages cannot but carry our thoughts. This is the likeness, done in his best time, of the handsome and shameless countenance of the friend who later got him into trouble—of Peter the bastard of Arezzo, the master of human impudence, the king of ribalds, libellers, and gluttons. It seems like a satire on the age that these should be the lineaments perpetuated in its most consummate piece of portrait work. For indeed the handbooks are right in quoting this as the unsurpassable achievement of Marcantonio's burin, and perhaps the master-piece of known portrait engraving. In it we see to what account the Italian has turned the Northern secret of the varied and sinuous line, the Northern art of rich and brilliant effects. He has done better than Dürer on his own ground; leaving out Dürer's redundancies and importunities of detail—the window casements reflected in the eyes, the minute wrinkles and protuberances—but expressing with a splendid force and sufficiency the essential presence and living aspect of the man. Vasari, in saying of this what is undeniable, that it is the best of Marcantonio's engraved portraits, seems also to imply that it was done after a drawing of his own from the life (*ritrasse anche in Roma* di naturale *messer Pietro Aretino poeta famosissimo, il quale ritratto fù il più bello che mai Marcantonio facesse*). Bartsch, on the other hand, says it was done after a painting of Titian, but no such painting appears to be known. The impressions ordinarily described are impressions of the second state, in which the print is much weaker than we see it here, and has the additions of certain stripes upon the cap, the monogram of Marcantonio placed upon the background above the shoulder, near the edge of the plate to the right, and the following quatrain below:—

NON MANVS ARTIFICIS MAGE DIGNVM OS PINGERE, NON OS
HOC PINGI POTERAT NOBILIORI MANV.
PELLAEVS IVVENIS SI VIVERET HAC VOLO DESTRA
PINGIER, HOC TANTVM DICERET ORE CANI.

The first state is of extreme rarity, and exists, I believe, in only two known examples; that at the British Museum, from which our facsimile has been made with very great skill by M. Amand-Durand, and another, not quite so brilliant or perfect, in the possession of that excellent amateur, Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

TURNER.

(*Continued from Page* 48, *Vol. VIII.*)

ONE of Turner's important changes of residence took place probably in 1813, when he bought a house at Twickenham, called Sandycombe Lodge, which he kept till 1826. In speaking of this acquisition as involving a change of residence, we mean simply that the artist changed his country-house, for he had no intention of abandoning his house in town. Turner was too keen a man of business not to know that a town-house was a convenience which in his case paid for itself, and he does not seem at any time to have had that intense passion for the country which makes some lovers of nature feel miserable in a street. He could, in fact, live anywhere; yet he had his preferences, and Twickenham appears to have been one of them. When Turner purchased the little place there was a small house upon it, but he was not satisfied with this, and erected another in its place, which he designed himself. He was also the architect of his own doorway in Queen Anne Street. The house at Twickenham was called Solus Lodge at first, but perhaps the proprietor thought this only too characteristic, so he changed it to Sandycombe. Mr. Trimmer knew Turner at this place, and believed that his residence there had an influence upon some of his important compositions which bear no reference, in their titles, to any English scene. Twickenham is so near to Richmond that Turner received the influence of Richmond scenery to the full, and Mr. Trimmer seems to be right in the supposition that the character of the artist's classical compositions was affected by this neighbourhood. In 1813 he painted the Thames at Kingston Bank, and he made a picture of Richmond Hill, which was exhibited in 1819. He had a boat at Richmond, and Mr. Trimmer said that he painted from nature on large canvases in this boat, a practice exceedingly rare with him. His other means of locomotion for sketching excursions in the country consisted of a horse and gig—an old bay-horse, neither tall nor swift, which served him as a model for *both* the horses in the well-known picture, *The Frosty Morning*. Turner seems to have driven about a good deal in a leisurely fashion, stopping to sketch when he found anything of interest. He seems to have liked the pony whilst it lived, and to have appreciated its good qualities, for he used to say that it could climb the hills like a cat and never get tired, and after the animal's death he gave it honourable burial within the precincts of his garden. It had rather a sad end, by strangulation in the night, having entangled itself in its fastenings, which were chains, used in consequence of its untowardness. Man and horse do not seem to have got on well together, notwithstanding much affection on the human side; which, as usual in such cases, met with no return. Turner does not seem to have suffered from unrequited affection, but he grieved when the object of it was gone.

A FROSTY MORNING.

All the pleasant scenery about Twickenham and Kingston was far less built upon in Turner's time than it is now, and the railways had not yet deprived it of the character of rustic peacefulness; but whatever may have been its charms in those days, they were quite insufficient to bind down Turner for long. He was at the same time one of the most constant of artists, and one of the most various in his affections. A place that he had loved once he loved always, but he never seems to have had any disposition to anchor himself and his art together in some

one pleasant haven never to leave it more. The Thames was very well to boat upon, and to be sketched occasionally, and the gig with the old pony might be useful rather frequently in the fine weather; but Turner could no more be kept within the limits of such citizenish excursions than Byron could be bound down to the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead Abbey. A list of his works during the time he had Sandycombe Lodge shows how little the Twickenham influences had done to settle him. Even when his purchase was quite recent he seems to have been generally thinking of something else. In 1814 he exhibited Dido and Æneas leaving Carthage on the morning of the Chase, and Apuleia in search of Apuleius. His only traces of Thames influence in these pictures are, that in the first there are stone pines, which Turner may have been led to like by the Scotch firs at Richmond, and in the second there is a river with a bridge of seven arches. Besides this classical and poetical direction of his energies, Turner was led about this time to work heartily and hopefully at a kind of scenery which he always very much liked—the English coast scenery. A very able engraver, Mr. W. B. Cooke, undertook a laborious and costly publication of plates from the southern coast, and Turner did forty of the drawings, beginning with St. Michael's Mount, Poole, Land's End, Weymouth, Lulworth Cove, and Corfe Castle. By the time the forty drawings were finished in 1826 the artist had explored the coast, at least at intervals, from Ramsgate to Land's End. He did these drawings at first for most moderate prices, not more than £7 10*s.* each; they attracted his attention closely to coast scenery, and one consequence of this direction of his studies was a picture of *Bligh Sand, near Sheerness, with Fishing-boats trawling—cloudy sky.* This picture was established in 1815, a very prolific exhibition year for Turner, including two of his best known and most important pictures,—*Crossing the Brook,* and *Dido building Carthage,* both of which were bequeathed by him to the nation. The first is a piece of Devonshire scenery, with a vast expanse of distance and one or two tall pine-trees in the foreground. It is interesting as evidence how very little material from nature Turner needed for a work of art, that the most important tree in this picture was painted from a slight pencil sketch, not of large dimensions, which was reproduced in the PORTFOLIO for last November, page 175. The manner in which Turner dealt with this sketch is a good instance of his great power, for the tree is very strongly painted; not that it looks at all like a study from nature, but rather like a bold attempt to appropriate the merits of Claude. The execution is indeed founded quite frankly upon Claude, especially in the artifice by which the farther masses of foliage are separated from the trunk and branches, and made to appear more distant than they would have appeared in a literal interpretation. Although it is perfectly true that the effect of binocular vision can never be given on a flat surface, except by the help of the stereoscope; it is also true that there are artifices in painting which do to some extent compensate for this deficiency, and the chief of these artifices is the exaggeration of distance between near objects, such as the farther and nearer branches of a foreground tree, none of which can really be very remote from the spectator. The artist, however, may wish to make the spectator feel as if the air circulated amongst the leaves, and as if he could put his arms

CROSSING THE BROOK.

round the trunk if he went up to it; and to do this he may have recourse to certain tricks of the craft, which are allowable when the reason for them is understood.

Crossing the Brook is one of the most important pictures in the career of Turner, and it may be well to remember the date of it. This picture marks the transition from his earlier style to that of his maturity. If the reader will take the trouble the next time he visits the National Gallery to compare it with Turner's work in 1803 or in 1806, dates at which he was already quite a powerful and successful painter, he will see great changes both in purpose and in style. *Calais Pier* was painted in 1803. It is magnificently composed, and full of all kinds of energy, manifesting the giant strength of Turner's mind and hand, but it is heavily painted and opaque. So great, indeed, are the impediments to a full enjoyment of the work created by these defects, that the merits of it may be more distinctly perceived in Mr. Seymour Haden's etching than in the presence of the picture itself, and most distinctly of all in the earlier states of the etching, when it is least encumbered by labour. This is so for a very simple reason. Mr. Haden has a well-grounded preference for open work in etching, and likes to suggest light and shade rather than to realise it. This etcher's taste of his led him to eliminate three quarters of the blackness there is in the picture, and all its opacity, preserving only its glorious composition and energetic movement. This unfaithfulness to the letter that killeth secured the far higher fidelity to the spirit which giveth life, but by disengaging the spirit it has proved how much the genius of Turner, in 1803, was encumbered by traditions inherited from his predecessors. Even in 1806 there is no visible progress towards any self-disengagement or emancipation. *The Goddess of Discord in the Gardens of the Hesperides* is almost as heavily painted as the *Calais Pier*, and as much wanting in the charms of light and colour. In all such work as this nothing is really luminous, and colour appears only in certain portions of the work instead of pervading it; as, for example, in the fish of the *Calais Pier*, or a piece of drapery in the later picture. There are hundreds of old pictures, often by famous men, which are popularly supposed to be works in colour, but which in reality are nothing but simple monochromes in grey or brown, with a little colour here and there to prevent them from being *avowed* monochromes. By means of this artifice a painter who does not feel that he has very much colouring power may gradually work his way from monochrome to real colour, and conceal the steps of the transition from the observation of all who are not acquainted with the technical craft of painting. Now, the picture of *Crossing the Brook* is scarcely, even yet, a work in full colour; for it does not go beyond the colour-range of the Dutch landscape-painters, with their greys and quiet greens for the earth, and pale blues for the sky: but there is an essential difference between this picture and the two before criticised, which is, that such colour as there is in it pervades the whole work. The light, too, is equally pervading. The canvas is lighted from side to side and from top to bottom. There are critics who consider this picture to be one of Turner's greatest works, but here they are in error. The full splendour and power of his art were yet to come, and this sober, but admirable picture only cleared his way, as a successful experiment, to an art which had no precedent. One very essential thing in this experiment remains to be mentioned. This picture proved to Turner that he could paint a distance better than any master who had preceded him, and this, in the literal as well as the figurative sense, 'opened for him new horizons.' It would be premature, in this place, to occupy the reader's time with a dissertation on the distances which Turner painted afterwards, but there cannot be a doubt that the success of the experiment in *Crossing the Brook*, of which he must have been fully conscious, was the victory which nerved him for contests with difficulty in this department of landscape-painting such as no artist had ever attempted before him. The landscape-painters of other times had indeed frequently tried to get truth of tone in distances, and had succeeded: but their distances are always comparatively simple in treatment, even when the material in them is most diversified; and they appear generally to have laboured between these two alternatives, either that they had to simplify nature, thus losing its infinity, or else sacrifice truth of aspect to truth of fact, informing you truly enough what villages, houses, and fields existed ten miles from the spectator, but failing

altogether to convey the appearances with which the effects of atmosphere and light must have clothed those various objects. As an example of simplification I may mention one of the best-known Claudes in the Louvre, with the title, *Ulysses restores Chryseis to her Father;* and as an example of minuteness without truth of effect, the very remarkable landscape seen through the arcade in the Van Eyck of the Louvre, *La Vierge au Donateur*. There is great truth of tone in the Claude, and I do not dispute the possibility of the effect, but everything shows that Claude considered simplification an essential quality in the painting of distances. Not only are the hills flat patches of almost equally tinted paint, but even their outlines have a corresponding want of variety. Follow the line of the highest mountain, and you will scarcely find more thought or design in it than would be necessary to make the outline of a thimble or a sugar-loaf; whereas in nature, however much the mass of a mountain may be obscured by mist, and its modelling flattened, the outline, if traceable at all, is sure to retain its character. The distinction in tone between a hill on a misty morning and the sky behind it may be so faint that nothing but the most delicate art can render it; yet at the same time the line, if line it can be called, will be full of subtle incidents and changes, difficult indeed to follow, but not to be omitted without falsity any more than you could copy poetry whilst omitting to write out the words. When we turn to the Van Eyck, and look through the three arches of his arcade, we see a complete epitome of all that he considered noble or interesting in landscape; a broad river with islands and a fortified bridge, a city with churches on one of its banks and the faubourgs of the city on the other; in the distance there is a chain of mountains, the whole being very probably a reminiscence of the scenery about Lyons, or, at least, an invention suggested by that scenery. Now in this early landscape we have plenty of detail, for nothing is slurred over, either from negligence or in obedience to any theory of simplification; the artist has done his utmost in every way, and carried as well as he could, even to the snowy mountains, the shining crown of his earthly landscape, the same exquisite and loving finish that he bestowed on the pearls of the heavenly diadem which the angels bear to the Virgin. But the details of the landscape, though numerous, are too clearly defined. The artist does not lose and find them as the eye loses and finds details in nature; he sees a certain quantity of them, which he sets before us in order like pretty objects in a shop-window: in fact, his arcade does strikingly resemble such a window, with models set behind it and carefully coloured. These, then, are the two main divisions of old landscape distances, the simplified and the minutely detailed: but besides these there was some clever distance-painting occasionally, in Dutch art, which deserves separate mention. Of Ruysdael's mountain distances little is to be said that is favourable. They are not so well coloured as those of Claude (being really nothing but disguised monochrome), and they are not superior to his work in knowledge; but there are flat distances in Dutch art, including some by Ruysdael, which show almost a modern sense of extent of country and play of wandering light.* Such, then, had been the artistic experiments made by others in this direction before Turner came, and his own early efforts showed little improvement upon his predecessors. It has been remarked before, that whereas with most men the maturing of the faculties leads from imagination to reason, from poetry to prose, this was not the case with Turner, who became more and more poetical as he advanced in life; and this might in some measure account for his ever-increasing tendency to desert the foreground, where objects are too near to have much enchantment about them, in order to dream, and make others dream, of distances which seem hardly of this world.

P. G. HAMERTON.

* There is a fine example of this in the National Gallery now (Wynn-Ellis collection), the large Ruysdael, with a church and an expanse of open country beyond.

ETCHINGS OF REMBRANDT.

EXHIBITED AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.*

THE purpose of this representative rather than exhaustive collection is set forth by Mr. Seymour Haden in his 'Introductory Remarks' to the Catalogue. The former exhibition of the etchings of Rembrandt, held in the Club ten years ago, was arranged 'according to *subject*,'—a system which, though 'universally adopted, proved, it is said, fatal to comprehensive study.' The suggestion was then made that the classification 'according to *subject* might with advantage be discarded for the more rational order of *date of production*.' It is argued that 'the art-work of a lifetime should not be looked at as a series of haphazard, disjointed efforts, but as the continuous expression of a prolonged chain of logical sequences, depending for their coherence on the due maintenance of the order of their production, and only to be properly understood when studied in that order.'

A fundamental objection to the hanging of a Rembrandt gallery according to dates would seem to be that the dates are doubtful. It is true that Rembrandt, the master of Amsterdam, shared with Dürer, the capo scuola of Nuremberg, the general practice of signing and dating engraved plates; and yet in this Catalogue, prepared by the Rev. C. H. Middleton, the words, 'date assumed' are affixed to no less than seventy-nine etchings. Of this conjectural chronology take the following not unimportant samples, the *Resurrection of Lazarus* (18), 'date assumed 1632–34,' and *Christ Healing the Sick*, first and second states, equally 'assumed to be 1650.' The *Spanish Gipsy* (114) may be quoted as an example of the not unfrequent discrepancies among experts. The date assigned in this Catalogue is 1648, but M. Vosmaer places the plate no less than eight years earlier. This *terra incognita* of chronology ends with the portrait of *Coppenol*, date 1661.

M. Charles Blanc, in 'L'Œuvre complet de Rembrandt,' argues that the chronological arrangement must, in the works of Rembrandt, prove less satisfactory than in the case of almost any other master, 'inasmuch as his genius presents no inequality, no intermittence, so that from the beginning to the end of his career it is impossible to cite among the multitude of his works either the inexperience of youth or the feebleness of advanced age.' Furthermore, the work of Rembrandt is so varied 'that a classification of the etchings according to their dates would present a confusion disagreeable, *et souvent choquante*.'

This statement is too strong. There is no 'confusion,' nor anything '*choquante*,' in the choice assemblage as displayed in the Gallery of the Club. The common-sense view would seem to be, that each mode of classification and hanging—that by subject and that by date—has its distinct advantages. And the deliberate attempt here made to establish and display a consecutive chronology deserves all the more attention, because the members of the Club are so far experts that their judgments as to dates are pretty close approximates to historic facts. An earnest life-labour thus for the first time docketed substantiates certain conclusions. For example: this series, beginning with 1628 and ending with 1661, justifies the remark, that the etchings of Rembrandt indicate neither the immaturity of youth nor the decrepitude of age; and yet can be traced upon the walls certain delicate but not undecided transitions and developments. The master as he advances in years grows in knowledge, gains power, and accordingly launches on works bold and defiant.

The collection in the Club comprises about 200 impressions, representing 170 subjects, from 19 contributors. Among important etchings some few have been omitted, partly because of the limited wall space, and also because of the difficulty of obtaining the finest impressions.

* Catalogue of the Etched Work of Rembrandt, selected for exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club with Introductory Remarks by a Member of the Club. 1877. Privately printed for the Club.

The Committee absolutely refused most of the Fancy Heads and Academic Pieces, also nearly all 'the Beggars,' of which species there are about 25 varieties.

The facts of Rembrandt's life are soon told. He was born at Leyden in 1606 or 1607, and he died at Amsterdam in 1669. Some instructive 'Notes on Rembrandt' have been published in 'The Academy' by the Rev. C. H. Middleton, who is known to be engaged on the life of the artist. Mr. Middleton is of the opinion 'that the earlier prints, however beautiful [they are of extreme beauty and delicacy and evince no immaturity], are apparently utterly unlike the prints of later days.' Taking a walk round the Gallery, may be traced gradations from the delicacy of the early period to the boldness of the late. Of personal interest are six heads of Rembrandt's mother, then follow no less than thirteen heads of Rembrandt himself, extending over all periods. The artist's wife bears the title of the *Great Jewish Bride* (26); the date is 1634, the year of the etcher's marriage. And then, after eight short years of happiness, comes a most pathetic head of the dying wife (90). Dark shadows gathered around the artist, and he would seem in his sorrows to have passed through the valley of death when he etched that most solemn of compositions, the *Funeral of Jesus* (104). Mr. Haden maintains that about this time Rembrandt took refuge in the house of his friend Six, situated some twelve miles out of Amsterdam. At all events it would appear that there intervened what may be called a 'Six Period,' as exemplified by *Six's Bridge* (102), the *Portrait of Six* (109, 110), &c. And the theory set up is that the etcher being thus rusticated found repose in landscape art. Then and always a characteristic of Rembrandt's style is the purity of the 'etched line'—a line which has utmost value and significance because it moves in obedience to the slightest volition. The collection affords valuable evidence of the use of the 'dry point.' It would appear that in the earliest works the bur raised by the graver was scratched off, while in the later its presence becomes conspicuous in the broad, bold, and velvety quality of the darks, analogous but superior to that of mezzotint.

Perhaps the most perplexing issue raised by this exhibition and catalogue is whether some important prints usually attributed to Rembrandt really come from him or from his scholars. It must be acknowledged that the general argument is on the side of scepticism. The critical investigation now directed to Rembrandt has already been destructively applied to Raphael, Dürer, Rubens, and others, with this result, that works formerly ascribed to the master are now delegated to his pupils or imitators. And the obvious fact that the number of works assigned to a given artist exceed the capabilities of the individual life, applies forcibly in the case of Rembrandt. The earliest etching in this collection is dated 1628, the latest 1661; this gives an available period of thirty-three years. But the number of etchings are estimated at nearly 400, and the pictures at upwards of 600, making a total of 1000 works. Moreover, Mr. Haden fortifies his position by a special appeal to 1633. He argues that 'in this year there were done in Rembrandt's studio more etchings alone than would have occupied a professed engraver one whole year. If Rembrandt did them, how, we would ask, did he manage in the same year to do thirty-three known pictures and a number of signed drawings besides? The two large plates of the *Descent from the Cross* would alone have occupied six months of the time.' Mr. Haden adroitly enables the master to escape from this dilemma by handing over the *Descent from the Cross* (16) to Jan Lievens. But the Rev. C. H. Middleton substitutes another nomenclature. In this way all the natal and other sins of the master are thrown vicariously on the shoulders of scholars, of whom there were 'thirty in fact in the house at a time, and many of them etchers.' Thus on the walls of the Gallery are ascribed to 'one and the same year, the work of Rembrandt, the work of Lievens, and the work of Bol, and the work of all three of them together.' Among great etchings thus shunted from the master's main line to the sidings worked by the scholars are the *Raising of Lazarus* (18), and the *Ecce Homo* (41, 42); and Mr. Haden frankly admits, that if his arguments can be sustained 'the arrangement of every cabinet in Europe must be altered—every *Catalogue Raisonné* extant become obsolete!'

A word may be given as to market prices. The most striking example of the compa-

ratively recent rise in value is in the plate of *Christ Healing the Sick* (126), called 'the Hundred-guilder Piece,' because Rembrandt sold a copy for that sum. An impression in the first state fetched in Amsterdam, in 1755, only eighty-four guilders, or about 7*l.* The same plate (125), now lent to the Club by Mr. Holford, was purchased by him at the advanced price of 231*l.* But a still more remarkable story attaches to the companion impression (126) lent by M. Dutuit. This plate was in 1847 sold at Amsterdam for 147*l.*; in London, in 1867, the price rose to 1180*l.*; in the following year a slight turn in the tide brought the sale-room price to 1000*l.* Plates in 'the second state' (127, 128), which Mr. Haden prefers to the first, have been known to fetch 160*l.* Mr. Hamerton gives 'as a typical example of that purchasing for curiosity, which is so distinct from the love of art,' Rembrandt's *Sleeping Dog*, of which the third state is now in the Club (63). The only impression of the first state was purchased by the British Museum for 120*l.* The distinction between the several states is, that Rembrandt, by way of improvement, curtailed the blank margin of the copper which in the first state he deemed superabundant. 'The difference,' writes Mr. Hamerton, 'between the copy in the British Museum and an ordinary one is exactly six square inches of white paper, so that the Museum actually gave a little under twenty pounds per square inch for some blank paper which Rembrandt considered *injurious* to his etching.' This is one of the cases where the second state of a plate is superior to the first. Mr. Hamerton estimates that 'a single copy of Rembrandt's whole work could not be brought together for less than 12,000*l.* to 14,000*l.* This would not seem an over-statement, especially when taking into account that the collection in the Club is calculated at the market value of 30,000*l.* This high figure is doubtless, in some measure, due to the fineness of the impressions.

This is not the occasion for the discussion of the merits of Rembrandt in the abstract, and yet Mr. Ruskin by his depreciatory criticism challenges reply. This Slade Professor having done his utmost to annihilate Raphael and Michelangelo, has now, in 'Lectures on Wood and Metal Engraving,' endeavoured to undermine the reputation of Rembrandt. He seems to be rather disgusted that the artist's wife should sit on her husband's 'knee while he drinks.' Proceeding from personalities to criticism, the lecturer argues that 'fine metal-engraving, like fine wood-cutting, ignores light and shade; and, in a word, all good engraving whatsoever does so;' and further, that 'Rembrandt's etchings and Le Keux's finished line-work are misapplied labour in so far as they regard chiaroscuro, and that consummate engraving never uses it as a primal element of pleasure.' This fastidious Professor, who apparently finds little that is good enough for him, also pronounces the judgment that 'etching is an indolent and blundering method at best.' As for 'chiaroscuro' and 'light and shade,' of which Correggio in Italy and Rembrandt in northern Europe are representative masters, little need be urged: these primal art elements date back to the time when God created light and divided the light from the darkness. Neither can the value of lines be too highly extolled, but still it is to be borne in mind that there are no dividing lines in nature, and that forms are pronounced chiefly by light and shade. This has been long known and admitted. Mr. Ruskin's denunciation, that 'etching is an indolent and blundering method at best,' may receive reply from Mr. Seymour Haden. This skilled etcher and eloquent writer maintains that 'the engraver's work' 'is, as to execution and expression, but speech at second-hand, while etching is utterance *à vive voix*:' 'etching is a direct and personal as well as a reproductive art.' 'Spontaneity distinguishes etching from every other art—impulse, sensitiveness, and emphasis, constitute its chief claim to interest, and determine the brilliancy of its suggestions.' Mr. Haden 'thinks the modern painter much to blame for his indifference to so original, prolific, and passionate an art,' and regrets that 'the impression has gone abroad that etching is fitted only for the amusement of the amateur;' but he rejoices that 'to Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton is due the merit of attempting to repair this mischief, and of replacing by philosophical and sound reasoning original etching on its true æsthetical foundations.'

J. Beavington Atkinson.

From the teaching of this master, and from his own incredible application, the boy Lucas made such progress that, as the story goes, he earned in his twelfth year, for a picture of the story of St. Hubert painted in water-colour upon linen, as many gold pieces as he was years of age. His first dated engraving on copper belongs to the year 1508, the fourteenth of his age; it is of excellent design and workmanship; and several others as good seem certainly to have been done still earlier. From this time on, Lucas of Leyden takes his place as one of the most prolific and most reputed artists of his time in Europe. His fame as an engraver, as we learnt in our study of Marcantonio, reached Italy very soon after that of Dürer, and Marcantonio copied, as early as the year 1510, the background of one of the compositions of Lucas engraved in 1508. The total number of his engravings, extending over five-and-twenty years, is a hundred and seventy-five on copper (excluding doubtful pieces), and about thirty on wood, or an average of over eight pieces a-year. The number of his paintings was also very great. Unluckily many of these were executed on fine canvas or linen in 'water-colours,' *i.e.* thin tempera, and have since perished. A ruined but still exceedingly interesting example of this favourite method of the master was exhibited by Lord Methuen in the last Winter Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. It was called in the Catalogue, *Christ before Pilate;* but the real subject was *Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's Dream;* and no doubt the piece was one of a series which Karel van Mander saw in the house of a brewer of Delft, and of which he says that they had already in his time suffered much from damp. In the picture at Burlington House we could see how the moisture had streamed down the canvas, and in parts carried the colour quite away; but other parts were comparatively intact, and everywhere one could follow the spirited and masterly drawing of the contours, and admire the sincerity of the invention and the skill of the master in grouping a multitude of figures on different planes. Besides the series to which this belonged, the biographer gives a whole list of other paintings in oil and water-colour, of which by far the greater number have since his time disappeared. Among those remaining, in water-colour, is a *Sibyl prophesying to Augustus*, in the Academy at Vienna; in oil, a *Madonna*, with the Magdalene and a portrait of the donor, in the Munich Gallery; a triptych at Antwerp, with the *Madonna* in the middle, and on the two sides the subjects of *St. Christopher* and *St. George;* a picture of *the Hermits Anthony and Hilarion fed by the Raven*, in the Gallery of Prince Liechtenstein at Vienna; a *Healing of the Blind Man of Jericho*, in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg; a celebrated *Last Judgment* in the Town Hall at Leyden; a *Madonna* at Darmstadt; and a *St. Jerome*, in excellent preservation, at Berlin.

The life of Lucas of Leyden is thus a life memorable for devoted and almost unexampled toil, but it contains few vicissitudes or events. At twenty-one, when for years already he had been both prosperous and famous, he took a rich wife from the family of Boschhuizen in his native town. Some time afterwards, we cannot tell exactly when, the pair went to take up their residence in Antwerp, the great and flourishing centre of the life, the commerce, and the culture of the Netherlands. It is in the year 1521 that we find his name enrolled as a member of the Guild of St. Luke, the patron saint of painters, in that city. In the same year Albert Dürer came to Antwerp. This was in the course of that journey in the Netherlands which won for the great master of Nuremberg many new friends, and extended his knowledge of men and things, but which was at least as toilsome as it was triumphant, sowing the seeds of fever in his constitution, and ending, as far as regarded its main object of securing the help and patronage of the Regent Margaret, in failure and disappointment. Dürer in his diary makes friendly mention of Lucas of Leyden, describing him as a 'little short man,' and saying how Lucas had entertained him at dinner, in return for which kindness Dürer had taken his portrait in pencil; and how they had exchanged sets of one another's engravings. Lucas does not appear to have stayed long in Antwerp after this, but to have gone back and lived again at his native Leyden; whence we find him once more setting out on a visit to the Netherlands in 1527. This time he travelled in a boat, handsomely

equipped, of his own, making his way first by the canals to Rotterdam. At Middelburg he made a halt, and gave a sumptuous dinner to a brother-artist then living there, the painter Jan Gossaert of Mabuse. Lucas, it seems, had a vanity, the vanity of fine clothes; and on this occasion he appeared in a suit of gorgeous yellow silk, expecting thereby to eclipse all the company. But let one rich and thrifty make as fine a show as he pleases, another poor and prodigal can always outdo him upon occasion. So in this instance Mabuse, a scapegrace always in difficulties, brought out a garment of gold brocade that made the other's yellow silk look pale. Lucas, however, does not seem to have taken it to heart, for he invited Mabuse to accompany him on his farther journey, and the two travelled together in Lucas' boat, making a kind of triumphal procession from city to city, entertaining and being entertained by the brethren of their craft wherever they went. From this journey Lucas brought home an illness, which he himself attributed to poison administered by some rival, but which, in all likelihood, was the same kind of canal fever that Dürer had caught on a similar journey six years earlier. The virus worked more rapidly in the system of the younger than of the older man. Nevertheless Lucas worked for several years more without failure of power, though with some change of style, both in painting and engraving. His picture of the *Healing of the Blind Man*, now at St. Petersburg, dates from this period; and so do a dozen or more engravings, in which he abandons his old path, the path of frank and earnest realism, and imitates not very happily the classic style of Raphael as interpreted by Marcantonio, whose prints had begun before this to find their way all over Europe, and to transform the native spirit of Northern art. Meanwhile the master's health failed faster and faster. He had an only daughter, married young; and to this daughter, in the days when her father's end was drawing near, a son was born. They christened the child Lucas after its grandfather. When the dying painter heard this, he turned away, saying it was plain they wanted to get rid of the old Lucas, being in such haste to provide a new. A few days later he asked 'to draw a last breath of fresh air and take a last look at the sky and the goodly handiwork of the Lord;' which done, he died the second day afterwards, in the year 1533, being the thirty-ninth year of his age. He had been working in his bed, almost up to the hour of his death, at an engraving of a *Pallas* in that new manner which had come to the North from Italy.

We have seen already that between Lucas of Leyden and Albert Dürer there was personal acquaintance and mutual esteem. That the genius of the younger master should not have formed itself without some influence from the elder is also to be expected. In point of fact, we can recognise here and there in the work of Lucas a hint which he has taken direct from Dürer. Thus, in Lord Methuen's injured tempera picture already mentioned, the face of one of the

guards looking towards us between the shoulders of two others is identical with that of a captain, similarly placed, in Dürer's early engraving of the *Men-at-Arms* (B. 88). Again, in one of Leyden's greatest engraved compositions, the *Ecce Homo* of 1510 (B. 71), the figures of a turbaned man followed by a woman and child, walking a little apart from the main group of the Jews in the foreground, seem freely adapted from the similar figures of Dürer's small print (B. 85). But such cases of direct adaptation or imitation are very rare, and the genius of Lucas is essentially independent and original. The legend of the relations of the two masters, as Vasari has constructed it out of his own head, with the help of instances inaccurately remarked and traditions carelessly remembered, is quite fanciful. At the same time, it becomes instructive under proper treatment, and we shall learn a good deal by following this account and correcting it as we go along.

According to Vasari, when Marcantonio and Dürer parted at Venice, Marcantonio, going to Rome, devoted himself to work there under Raphael, while Dürer on his part, returning to Flanders, "found another competitor, who had already begun to engrave many things most cunningly in his rivalry; and that was Lucas of Holland, who, although he was not so good a designer as Albert, nevertheless was in many things his match with the burin." Of this it is only necessary to remark, that Dürer returned to Nürnberg in 1507, while Marcantonio did not go to Rome till 1510; and that about 1507 the career of Lucas as an engraver did, in fact, begin. "Among the many things both great and fine done by Lucas, the first were two rounds in the year 1509, in one of which was *Christ bearing his Cross*, and in another his *Crucifixion*. Afterwards he put forth a *Samson*, a *David on Horseback*, and a *St. Peter Martyr with his Assassins*, and then he made upon a sheet in copper a *Saul seated and the young David singing before him*" (literally, *intorno* or round about him). Vasari is right in enumerating all these prints as belonging to the early work of Lucas. But the two rounds he mentions are only the last of a series of nine prints of the *Passion* in that form (B. 57–65). The date of the series, 1509, is given in the design of Cupids and scroll-work, engraved on a ring or hoop of copper, which has been used as a border for each and all of the nine subjects. These rounds, intended, it is said, to serve as designs for glass-painting, are marvels of freedom and facility, both in composition and engraving, for a lad of fifteen, but are wrought without any of the extreme finish and subtlety of engraving which gives its distinction to much of his work at the same period. Neither are they, as Vasari says, the first things he did. Another piece in Vasari's list, that which he calls *St. Peter Martyr*, is marked with the earlier date 1508. The subject is not really St. Peter Martyr, but a legend from the life of Mahommed (B. 18). Mahommed, the story goes, loved to visit the hermit Sergius and converse with him; wherefore the servant of Mahommed, having to wait for

his master during these interviews, conceived a hatred against that hermit. And one day, Mahommed, being full of wine, fell asleep beside the hermit; and while his master slept the servant of Mahommed slew the hermit, and put the sword with which he had slain him into his master's scabbard, in order that his master awakening might deem it was he himself who had slain his friend in his cups. This subject shows the powers of the young Lucas already almost mature. The action is most dramatically expressed, with little forcing or false drawing in the supine body of the gowned monk, Mahommed sleeping with his head on his knee, and the murderer stealthily approaching to make the exchange of swords. The landscape of trees on a height, with figures among the stems, and a lower country in the distance on the left, is already treated with that careful expression of nearer and remote planes, that gradation from foreground full of vigorous detail to distance delicately outlined, which Lucas was the first engraver to compass, and in which all others have followed him. The *Samson* (B. 25) is a piece of the same size and manner as the last, just as good and subtle in the landscape, but with something of undesigned caricature in the recumbent figure of the hero and the ponderous foreshortened head which he lays in the lap of his betrayer. The *David on Horseback*, usually called *Jephthah and his Daughter* (B. 24), does indeed rather represent David when he first wins sight of Abigail; he rides among a troop of runners through a wood upon a knoll; the maiden appears far off in the low ground to the right; the drawing and faces are again a little harsh and grotesque. The second *David playing before Saul* (B. 27) is, on the other hand, one of the noblest in character and most forcible as well as refined in execution of all the master's work—the frank country figure and honest countenance of the young David perfectly conceived, the action of his fingers upon the strings expressed with admirable draughtsmanship and cunning effects of half-shadow, the only imperfection the drawing of the averted and lowering face of Saul, though this too is dramatically powerful. I cannot put this masterly piece where it is usually put, at the very outset of Lucas' career. There is, however, much obscurity as to the sequence of these early undated works of the master. They fall into two or three groups; a few pieces, like the *Gentleman with a Falcon on his wrist walking beside a Lady* (B. 145), seeming very youthful work indeed, and recalling, both by the modish angular quaintness of the action, and the cramped way of cutting in short strokes, the style of an earlier school; while a number of others, almost as early, are the most delightful in execution, the most earnest and inward in sentiment, of all the master's work. Thus we find, printed all alike on paper nearly white, and all alike wrought with a delicacy of line almost microscopic, which yields, when the impressions are good, an effect the most rare and silvery, the several subjects of the *Pilgrims reposing* (B. 149), the *Two Elders watching Susannah from behind a tree* (B. 33), the *Repose in Egypt* (B. 38), the *Holy Family* (B. 85), the *Man with a torch escorting a Lady, a servant following with club and cutlas* (B. 147), and one or two more. And another admirable group, apparently a little later, but also undated, shows a new predilection; a predilection for multitudes of delicately engraved figures, assembled in upright attitudes, the scale of the subjects being small and the heads considerably too small for the bodies. To this group belong the *Baptism of Christ* (B. 40), the *Return of the Prodigal Son* (B. 78), and the piece known as a *Man of Distinction accompanied by eight attendants* (B. 142).

To return, however, to our imaginative guide Vasari. He goes on to say of Lucas that "not long afterwards, having earned as much as he wanted, he made on a very large plate very cunningly cut (*'un grandissimo quadro di sottilissimo intaglio'*), a Virgil hanging from the window in the basket, with certain heads and figures so astonishing that on their account Albert, sharpening his abilities by reason of this competition, put forth certain engravings so excellent that better cannot be done, in the which desiring to show all he knew, he made an armed man on horseback, so well finished that you may see therein the lustre of the armour and of the coat of a black horse; which thing is difficult to do in

drawing; this strange man had beside him Death with Time in his hand, and behind him the Devil; in like manner there was in the group a hairy dog, done with the most difficult and cunning devices that are possible in engraving." Now the date of Dürer's *Knight and Death*, which Vasari here describes, is 1513; the date of Lucas of Leyden's *Virgil in the Basket* is 1525; the story of the competition is therefore pure invention. The print of Lucas in question is in truth one of his richest and most elaborate, but already a little academical in feeling, a little wanting in his old sincerity and simplicity. Vasari next mentions Dürer's famous *Little Passion on Copper*, of 1512, and says that Lucas, "moved by that same spirit of rivalry, made twelve pieces of a like sort and very beautiful, yet not so perfect as Albert's either in drawing or cutting; and besides these, a *St. George* comforting the damsel who weeps for that she must be devoured by the dragon; a *Solomon worshipping Idols;* a *Baptism of Christ*, and an *Esther kneeling before Ahasuerus*." The *Little Passion* of Lucas was in reality done in 1521, nine years after Dürer's; still it does bear the look of a rival set, and for the rest Vasari's criticism is just. The *St. George* (B. 121) we give in this place for our illustration. It is an excellent example of the *naïf* invention and the drier technical manner of the master's early time. So far as I know, this particular point of the story has never been thus illustrated; how the Knight, riding in his leather suit with his armour doffed, finds the disconsolate Cleodolinda —such, in the legend, is the beautiful name of the princess—dismounts, leaving his horse and armour in charge of his squire, and tells the princess to be of good cheer; whereat she begins to wipe away her tears in childish fashion with the back of her hand. In the distance we see another stage of the action, the stage usually represented, with the fight in progress and the princess praying apart. The other things of Lucas mentioned by Vasari in the same breath with this are taken indiscriminately from the most various dates at the beginning, middle, and end of his career. And Vasari gets more and more perverse when, in the next paragraph, he attributes to the same competition of Dürer with Lucas the *Temperance*, the *St. Eustace*, and other famous plates in reality done by Dürer before the year 1506; and worst of all when he goes on to cite a series of the *History of Joseph* (1512) by Lucas, his *Four Evangelists* (1518), his *Abraham and the three Angels*, a beautiful early piece of which it is impossible accurately to fix the date, his still earlier *Susannah and the Elders*, his late *Lot and his Daughters* (1530), and several miscellaneous pieces besides, as "all published in 1529." The author speaks, however, to the purpose again, when he says that the prints which gave Lucas his greatest fame were certain large Scripture compositions, each containing a vast number of figures distributed upon different planes of architecture and landscape, such as the *Conversion of Saint Paul* (1509), the *Ecce Homo* (1510), and the *Crucifixion* (1517). These three, and a fourth of the same shape and scale done in 1519, the *Magdalene returning to the Pleasures of the World* (B. 122), are in fact the masterpieces of Lucas for power in grouping and sustained fidelity in execution; though several of the prints already mentioned have certainly more charm of character and sentiment than these great ones; and though others again, as the so-called *Uylenspiegel* (B. 159), the larger of two versions of the *Dismissal of Hagar* (B. 17), and a so-called *Return of the Holy Family from Egypt* (B. 39), bear a greater price, indeed a price almost fabulous, from the repute of their extreme rarity. In conclusion, Vasari defines and praises in his own fashion those qualities in Lucas which we have already noticed—the abundance and sincerity of his inventions, the reality and expressiveness of his types, his untiring veracity and finish, his accomplished art of distributing groups and figures in space, the power, in which he stood alone in his time, of expressing distance and recession in landscape and buildings by delicate gradations of line. And then, with a last struggle of memory, Vasari adds, that Lucas "also made many small prints; *Our Lady* in diverse fashions, the *Twelve Apostles with Christ*, and many male and female *Saints*, and weapons and scutcheons and such like; and, what is very beautiful, a country fellow having a tooth drawn, who in his pain does not perceive that a woman is emptying his purse the while."

The engraved work of Lucas van Leyden is thus a very natural and complete mirror of his time, its piety and humour, its legendary learning and religion, and its popular life, as well as the evidence of a very earnest and laborious genius. The prevailing quality in that genius is an interest in everything real and human—an infinite curiosity, together with a singular simplicity, in the observation of life, character, and costume. He loves to put a crowd of actors on the scene, and to vary and define as sharply as possible their individual types, costume, and gestures. He interprets facts with a patient and sober piety of his own. There is a scrupulous unpretending loyalty in the spirit of his representation that somehow transfers itself to the objects represented, and gives to all his personages in all their acts—even to Delilah while she clips the locks of Samson, or to the thievish trull of a travelling charlatan while she picks the pocket of his victim—an aspect staidly conscientious and devout. This good Dutch world, of human types strongly defined and scrupulously realised, but all alike having the same honest and earnest look—their ruggedness not exaggerated, their gestures not over-vehement nor uncouth—is a world into which Lucas of Leyden alone leads us. The sentiment of his work is utterly removed alike from the ardour and elevation and tender grace of the Italians, and from the antic grimness and grotesqueness of the popular Rhenish school just before him. Neither among painters nor engravers can we find any exact source or precedent for it, except in the reputed work of his master Engelbrechtsen. The depth, the force, the rush, of Dürer's imagination, we do not find in him, nor the superhuman accuracy in energy of Dürer's hand. He represents the northern spirit in a less profound and less impassioned mood than Dürer, and to the representation he brings gifts of technical subtlety and patience that are different from Dürer's and almost consummate in their kind.

Lucas was also a draughtsman on wood. His works in this material are rare, the best known among them belonging to two several series illustrating, on different scales, the wiles of women and the weaknesses of men, with instances such as Delilah, Jael, Jezebel, the daughter of Herodias, the trick played by the Roman courtesan upon the legendary Virgil. Here, too, we find his qualities of straightforward invention and expression; but he has not usually been fortunate in his cutter, and the execution of his blocks is somewhat coarse and rough. To this fault, however, we find an exception in a set of emblematic figures in half-length, which seem to have been designed by Lucas, and have certainly been cut by a master hand. Of these very rare and beautiful woodcuts the Fitzwilliam Museum contains seven, the Albertina at Vienna eleven, including five of the same seven, and the British Museum two, enclosed as a pair in an ornamental border. The reason for assigning them to Lucas are, first, the style of the design, and second, that early copies on metal of some of them exist, to which the

copyist has added the initial of our master, showing that the unsigned originals on wood were regarded as his work. The two which face each other in our text are emblems, such as occur often enough in works of this time, of Error and Faith, or the Jewish and the Christian Churches. The meaning of the others students have not yet been able to identify. What, for instance, does this lady with the rose stand for? Pending an explanation, let her only be accepted as one of the most perfect examples in existence of the broad and masterly manner of early woodcut work.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

M. RAJON'S NEW ETCHING AFTER MR. ALMA-TADEMA.*

THIS is one of those interesting illustrations of Roman life which no one has ever done with such minute truth of character and archæology as Mr. Alma-Tadema. The difference between his way of treating antiquity and that of the decayed classical school is well known to all our readers who visit the London exhibitions; but for those who do not, we may offer a few words of explanation. The classical school of the last century and the first quarter of this endeavoured to represent antique life without accurate knowledge, and without any zeal for accuracy, being entirely satisfied with a compromise between half-knowledge and a false ideal of its own. The result was a remarkable barrenness of pictorial interest. The classical scenes of David, Barry, and others of that generation, were never amusing or curious in matters of detail; they tried to be sublime, and when they failed in that, there was no minor interest to fall back upon. Mr. Alma-Tadema, in perfect harmony with the spirit of research which belongs to the present day, has studied antiquity after a manner of his own; his object has been to realise the Roman life as it must have appeared in all its details; and the consequence of this disposition has been, that whatever may be the faults of any picture by him, it is always sure to be interesting, because we are always interested in seeing a past which is familiar to our ears and memories, but strangely unfamiliar to our eyes. The work before us is a good example of this. The scene illustrated is the arrival of the guard to salute Claudius as Emperor after the murder of Caligula. Claudius is hiding near the altar of the household gods, in the folds of a curtain, under the impression that the guards have come to assassinate him. One of the soldiers (or officers) is in the act of opening the curtain and bowing at the same time profoundly before the new Emperor, with the 'Ave, Cæsar!' of a subject's homage. Claudius is literally 'taken aback,' that expression being an exact description of his attitude. He has not yet had time to realise the favourable turn in his fortune. The murdered bodies of Caligula and his defenders are lying on the pavement between the household altar and the group of guards, with the eagle on the spectator's left. One or two women have come in with the guards. The obvious objection to the composition is that it looks inconveniently crowded to the left and empty in the middle, whilst there is a certain awkwardness about the principal group, rather reminding us of the awkwardness which, either from accident or affectation, was one of the characteristics of English Pre-Raphaelitism. Had it not been for Mr. Alma-Tadema's peculiar gift of exciting interest in details this might have proved a fatal objection, but it is not so in the picture before us, because our wonder at its odd arrangement immediately gives way to our interest in the Roman interior; the wall decoration, the picture of Actium, with its frame and shutters, the mosaic pavement, the dresses, the curtain with its curious pattern, the marble household altar, the utensils in their place. The expression of the faces and attitudes is very ably rendered, and we like the firm sense of veracity with which the painter has kept faithful to the real character of the Roman physical type—that short, sturdy, and somewhat ungraceful type which is so far removed from our

* A Roman Emperor. Etching by P. Rajon from a Picture by L. Alma-Tadema, A.R.A. London: Pilgeram and Lefévre.

English ideal of human perfection. The colour of the picture itself is somewhat earthy and heavy; but this disappears in the etching, which, however, faithfully interprets the value of light and dark in the local colour everywhere, even down to the minutest mosaic on the pavement. Modern etching has rarely equalled, and never surpassed, this fine performance in the interpretation of oil-painting. M. Rajon is now so completely master of his art that he has two full scales of tone and texture at command, and can play upon both simultaneously with a sureness of effect which entirely answers the old objection that 'etching is an imperfect art.' This is particularly remarkable in his masterly treatment of the penumbra about the wall and farthest figures, where everything has precisely the degree of distinctness which it ought to have, and no more. Passing from this to other portions of the work, the student will observe that M. Rajon's power does not consist in fine and delicate work like that of some etchers, nor in coarse and strong work like that of some others, but in the ability to use either of the two, with every variety between the extremes, in its right time and place. This is the one great secret of etching as to texture; but besides this there is the subtle and ingenious craft of using lines, so that they shall suggest the quality of materials, and in such a manner that the spectator shall feel in an instant the nature of surfaces, in marble, mosaic, tissues, metals, and, above all, in the exposed parts of the human body. There are thus two things in texture—the texture of the plate itself or the impression from it, with all its varieties of deeply or lightly bitten lines, and the suggested texture of the materials which the etching represents. M. Rajon plays upon these with the ease and delight of a master. Difficulties which break the hearts of artists less happily endowed have become by this time an amusement rather than an anxiety for him, and now if he wishes to brace his energies in real struggle it must not be in etching, but in oil-painting, which he studied seriously before copper plates and nitrous acid drew him away from it.

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM WYLD. ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

OUR last paper under this title (published in the April number) ended by describing an interview of Mr. Wyld, then a young man, with Horace Vernet at Algiers; the consequence of which was, that Wyld accompanied Vernet to Rome on board a small man-of-war, which the French Government had placed at the famous painter's disposal, on account of his official position as Director of the French Academy at Rome.

On their arrival the elder artist treated his young friend with the utmost possible kindness, the first evidence of which was a general invitation to the dinners and receptions at the Academy. This was followed by introductions to most of the lovers of art as well as to the principal artists then in Rome, the result being that young Wyld immediately got commissions for replicas of his studies in Algiers, in quantity quite sufficient to set his mind at ease with respect to money; and Vernet's kind offer to act as a friendly banker, though remembered to this day, turned out to be unnecessary. Amongst Mr. Wyld's new acquaintances in Rome was Thorwaldsen, who commissioned three or four water-colour drawings, and who produced a strong impression on the young English artist by his fine noble figure and countenance, whilst charming him by the unaffected simplicity and kindness of his manners. Vernet had just finished a magnificent portrait of Thorwaldsen.

During all that sojourn in Rome Wyld lived in a state of fervent enthusiasm. Although as yet comparatively uneducated in art he was keenly alive to impressions of beauty, and delighted in the poetic side of things, knowing 'Childe Harold' by heart, and repeating to himself its mighty stanzas in the midst of the scenery and objects which inspired them. At this distance of time, after so many years of steadily increasing acquirement, it seems to the mature artist that he knew very little then; that his love of nature and art was, indeed, ardent, but

his knowledge meagre, the result of a few years' untaught sketching and drawing from sufficiently prosaic material. It is an idea very commonly received amongst people who see the fine arts only from the outside that their products are the result of inspiration, and there is an undue contempt for theory, as if it were a superfluous exercise or amusement of the intellect. The truth is, however, that every artist must theorize in his own way, and that his progress depends upon the theories which he forms and which lead to the successive changes in his practice. Mr. Wyld now sees, that during his early days in Rome he could enjoy in an uninformed way; but that the want of theoretic knowledge prevented him from really understanding what he saw, though gradually a clearer light was beginning to dawn upon

PIAZZA DELL' ERBE, VERONA.

him. He set to work as well as he could, visiting everything that was interesting or instructive to him as an artist, studying to the best of his ability, and endeavouring to arrive at principles by the analysis of what he saw. On entering St. Peter's for the first time he repeated to himself that line of Byron, in which the poet rather naïvely intended to praise the building :—

'Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not!'

and then instantly felt that, with such lavish use of art and matter, it *ought* to have overwhelmed him, yet did not. The impression received at the Pont du Gard had been stronger, and even the little temple at Nîmes, the Maison Carrée, had affected his mind more deeply. In external lines the young artist felt St. Peter's to be very inferior to our own St. Paul's, and to this day he considers Wren's cathedral a great improvement upon its prototype.

In those days (1833) the elements of comparison in architecture, so far as the sight of real buildings was concerned, were much rarer in the west of Europe than they are now. Public buildings of importance were not very numerous in the principal English and French cities, whilst street architecture was scarcely thought of as a possibility. In the present day, a young student who knows only London and Paris, but knows them well, has in his mind a great variety

of architectural impressions, received from the actual objects under different effects of light; and therefore a journey to Italy is no longer the surprise that it was formerly. In 1833 there was not a single architectural street in either London or Paris, the only notion of house-building which prevailed in those cities at the beginning of the century being parallel high walls, with oblong holes in them to let in the light and air. Young Wyld was therefore very much struck with the appearance of the Corso, and the strength of this early impression may have led him in future years to paint so frequently the streets of Italian cities.

As to the great painters, Wyld immediately fell under the charm of Raffaelle, lingering day after day in the Vatican, and becoming more and more alive to the beauty of his works. Michael Angelo, on the other hand, gave him no pleasure, and the admiration which it was impossible to refuse to so much power and knowledge was felt to be extorted by a sort of compulsion, leaving a sense of rebellion behind it. There was a sense of wonder at the

PIAZZA DI SAN CARLO, TURIN.

drawing, the foreshortening, the endless variety of contortions, but they conveyed no pleasureable emotion; nor has the larger experience of subsequent years done anything to change these feelings. There was a sense, too, of moral revolt against the artist for having represented Christ much less in the character of a Saviour than in that of a pitiless Judge, who throws the condemned into the infernal regions.

With the landscape-painters the young artist was more at home, and better able to compare art with his own experience of nature. The first impression, apart from great admiration of accomplished technical skill, was a feeling of disappointment at the very conventional way in which most of their works were composed. Then came a comparison of Italian landscape according to Poussin, with the scenery of Italy itself,—the far-stretching Campagna, the rugged mountainous region of Subiaco, and the beautiful Tivoli. He found no Poussins out of doors, and the painted landscapes bearing that name in the galleries seemed to be made up of hard fragments collected here and there and inharmoniously brought together. Claude's pictures, on the other hand, appeared 'all too pretty,' too well and too artfully put together, and too often resembled the side-scenes of the stage, in their successive distances, rather than the gradual retirement of nature from the foreground to the horizon. Wyld had already studied a few good engravings after Turner, and had seen some of his best early pictures, which led him to the conclusion that the genius of the Englishman was infinitely stronger in knowledge, and truth of invention, than that of his most famous predecessors. It may be worth while to remark that this conclusion was reached by Mr. Wyld, by and for himself, when Mr. Ruskin was a boy of

fourteen, as yet unknown to fame. We may add that Mr. Ruskin's writings have not subsequently influenced Mr. Wyld's theory of art, nor in any way affected his practice. He has always much preferred the glimpses of landscape in the backgrounds of the Venetian figure-painters to the work of the professional landscape-painters who belonged to what is called the Classical school.

After staying about two months in Rome the young artist started on a pedestrian tour with a painter whose acquaintance he had made in Algiers, a man of inferior artistic powers, but 'a wonderful talker.' They went into the Apennines by Tivoli and Subiaco, returning by Olevano, Palestrina, and the lakes of Albano and Nemi, to Rome, where Mr. Wyld lodged in the house of one Signora Rosa, who was a lineal descendant of Salvator. The extraordinary beauty of the scenery was a powerful stimulus to production, and the result of this excursion was a quantity of studies and sketches which have been of great use to the artist ever since. In the beginning of September he quitted Rome with regret, but with the firm intention of returning in a year or two—an intention which, for one reason or another, has never yet been carried out. His companion on the journey northwards was the same artist with whom he had made the pedestrian tour from Rome. They went, by slow journeys, from thence to Venice, staying at Assisi, Bologna, and Ferrara, having taken care not to miss the Falls of Terni and the Lake of Thrasimene. Florence kept the travellers stationary for a few days, but Wyld's impatience to get to Venice—due, perhaps, to some presentiment of future successes in Venetian subjects—drew him away. The two travellers descended the Po in a wonderful old-fashioned bark, that seemed as if it had been built some time in the Middle Ages, and likelier for the navigation of the Styx than for any sun-lighted river.

At length they arrived at Venice, just as the sun was setting.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 113.)

THE fascination of the remote, for minds which have any imaginative faculty at all, is so universal and so unfailing, that it must be due to some cause in the depths of man's spiritual nature. It may be due to a religious instinct, which makes him forget the meanness and triviality of common life in this world to look as far beyond it as he can to a mysterious infinity of glory, where earth itself seems to pass easily into heaven. It may be due to a progressive instinct, which draws men to the future and the unknown, leading them even to fix their gaze on the far horizon, like mariners looking for some visionary Atlantis across the spaces of the wearisome sea. Be this as it may, the enchantments of landscape distances are certainly due far more to the imagination of the beholder than to any tangible or explicable beauty of their own. It is probable that minds of a common order, which see with the bodily eyes only, and have no imaginative perception, receive no impressions of the kind which affected Turner; but the conditions of modern life have developed a great sensitiveness to such impressions in minds of a higher order. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any important imaginative work in literature, produced during the present century, in which there is not some expression proving the author's sensitiveness to the poetry of distance. I will not weary the reader with quotations, but here is just one from Shelley, which owes most of its effect upon the mind to his perception of two elements of sublimity—distance and height; in which perception, as in many other mental gifts, he strikingly resembled Turner. The stanza is in the 'Revolt of Islam:'—

> 'Upon that rock a mighty column stood,
> Whose capital seemed sculptured in the sky,
> Which to the wanderers o'er the solitude
> Of distant seas, from ages long gone by,
> Had made a landmark; o'er its height to fly

> Scarcely the cloud, the vulture or the blast,
> Has power—and, when the shades of evening lie
> On earth and ocean, its carved summits cast
> The sunken daylight far through the aërial waste.'

This was written in 1817, just about the time when Turner was passing from his early manner to the sublimities of his maturity; and there is ample evidence, of which more may be said later, that Turner and Shelley were as much in sympathy as two men can be when one is cultivated almost exclusively by means of literature and the other by graphic art. But however great may have been the similarity of their minds, whatever susceptibility to certain impressions they may have had in common, the two arts which they pursued differed widely in technical conditions. It may, or it may not be, as easy to write verses as to paint when both are to be supremely well done, but it is certain that poetic description requires less realisation than pictorial, so that less accurate observation will suffice for it, and an inferior gift of memory. In the whole range of the difficulties which painters endeavour to overcome there is not one which tries their powers more severely than the representation of distant effects in landscape. They can never be studied from nature, for they come and go so rapidly as to permit nothing but the most inadequate memoranda; they can never be really imitated, being usually in such a high key of light and colour as to go beyond the resources of the palette, and the finest of them are so mysterious that the most piercing eyesight is baffled, perceiving at the utmost but little of all that they contain. The interpretation of such effects, however able and intelligent it may be, always requires a great deal of good will on the part of the spectator, who must be content if he can read the painter's work as a sort of shorthand, without finding in it any of the amusement which may be derived from the imitation of what is really imitable. For all these reasons it would be a sufficiently rash enterprise for an artist to stake his prospects on the painting of distances; but there is another objection even yet more serious. Such painting requires not only much good will in the spectator, but also great knowledge, freedom from vulgar prejudices, and some degree of faith in the painter himself. When people see a noble effect in nature there is one stock observation which they almost invariably make: they always say, or nearly always,—'Now, if we were to see that effect in a picture we should not believe it to be possible.' One would think that, after such a reflection on their own tendency to unbelief in art and to astonishment in the presence of nature, people would be forewarned against their own injustice; but it is not so. They will make that observation every time they see a fine sunset or a remarkable cloud in the natural world, and remain as unjust as ever to the art which represents phenomena of the same order. Turner had to contend against this disposition to deny the truth of everything that is not commonplace. He was too proud and courageous to allow it to arrest its development, and would not submit to dictation from anyone as to the subjects of his larger pictures. He knew the value of money, and would work very hard to earn it, but no money consideration whatever was permitted to interfere between him and the higher manifestations of his art. His oil-pictures, by their very unsaleableness, gave him much artistic liberty, which he made use of to the utmost. If Royalty and the aristocracy had bought them the artist would have got rich earlier, but would have been less master of himself. As it happened, he was utterly neglected by Royalty, and Lord Egremont was the only nobleman who appreciated him, whilst the general middle-class public took no notice of his existence, though at a later period it found amusement in laughing at his sublimities. A distinguished contemporary of Turner told the writer of this biography that he had never in those days heard Turner mentioned by anybody but artists. His election to the Academy shows that artists were very soon aware of his ability, but they were almost alone in their opinion. Not satisfied with making an Academician of him, they elected him, in 1814, to the office of Professor of Perspective. The election was a good choice in some respects, but not in all. The Professor was very conscientious about his work, making careful illustrative drawings, and taking much pains to be understood, but he had the defect of a bad delivery. His fellow-Academicians may have made him a Professor because he drew what

were supposed to represent Carthaginian temples in certain pictures of his, involving the more obvious application of perspective; but the real truth is, that when it came to practice he disregarded theory altogether, and used a perspective of his own in a wilful manner, infringing the mathematical rules. He even maintained in his own laconic speech the necessity for such deviations. G. Barret had once drawn a temple in a landscape of his by rule, and Turner said, 'You will never do it in that way.' His own way cannot be defined without illustrations which it is not worth while for such a purpose to engrave, but it may be said with perfect truth that, although possessing accurate knowledge, he preferred taste to knowledge, and knowingly refused to follow science whenever his artistic judgment suggested the policy of a deviation. There was nothing exceptional in this lordly way of dealing with perspective, for he was equally arbitrary in every other department of his art: in topography, as we have already seen; in the drawing of forms of all kinds, which he always forced into the shapes that he wanted; in light-and-shade, which in his works is generally beautiful, but very seldom scientifically true; and, finally, in colour, where he permitted himself all manner of violences and aberrations. The criticism of Turner's light and colour will come in its proper place at a later period.

It is said, that in the year 1815 Turner might possibly have been married to a young lady who was a relation of his friend Mr. Trimmer, but, unluckily, he felt too timid to propose, though he wished the lady 'would but waive bashfulness, or, in other words, make an offer instead of expecting one.' She did not break through the decorum of her sex, and Turner never mustered the degree of assurance which is so common a characteristic of masculine humanity, so the end of it all was that he simply remained a bachelor. This is an odd instance of those unrealities, so nearly realised, the marriages that might have been. Perhaps the lady had a happy escape, for with all our admiration for Turner we may frankly confess that he had become by this time too much accustomed to his own way of life to adapt it readily to feminine exigencies. He was not the sort of person to associate well with anybody. His temper, in this respect, is well illustrated by a little incident which occurred to him on a sketching excursion with a friend. They had but one palette between them, so it was settled that each should use half of it, an arrangement which answered pretty well for some time; but at length Turner perceived, or fancied that he perceived, something like an encroachment on his half, when he growled out angrily, 'Keep to your own messes!' Imagine such a temper in the partnership of marriage!

The most important picture exhibited in 1815 was *Dido building Carthage, or the Rise of the Carthaginian Empire*. This is one of Turner's best-known works, and is likely ever to remain so, because it has been hung near a Claude, according to the directions in the will, and so everybody tries to make up his mind as to whether it deserves such good company or not. This comparison it will be more convenient to postpone until our biographical narrative has come to an end. The *Dido* owes its origin to various causes,—to the painter's early architectural studies, to his assimilation of Claude's artistic ideas, and to an interest in Carthage, of a very peculiar kind. Leslie hit the mark in a single sentence when he said that the picture made him feel as if he were in a theatre, decorated with the most splendid of drop scenes. Yes, that is true; and the only intelligible utility of such works is that they are a portable kind of decoration. It is conceivable that a rich man, having a magnificent room, might like to have such a canvas as this to give a pompous air to one of the walls of it, but it is difficult to imagine how it could give him any deeper or more delicate æsthetic satisfaction. As for intellectual satisfactions, the thing is an intellectual misconception and mistake. It belongs to the old erroneous school of false history-painting, in which nothing is worth criticising but the technical workmanship in composition and execution. The representation of history so remote that we have scarcely any data for anything can never be very interesting. Turner's Carthaginian pictures were painted before the days of universal archæology, and he knew nothing even of the little that is ascertainable. It might have been worth his while to go as far as Tunis and imbibe at least the spirit of the Carthaginian scenery, as he imbibed that of the Roman

Campagna. They who have been where Carthage once stood tell us that the landscapes are fine in character, with the lake of Tunis, the distant azure mountains, the scattered woods of olive and other trees, the vast plain, not unrefreshed with verdure. Then you have the fine North African atmosphere, with its perfect light, through which the colour shows itself, pure and intense, like sapphires and emeralds through clear glass. Turner did not concern himself, in this instance, with local beauties or characteristics, but invented a place which might have belonged to some English nobleman in the Georgian era with a fancy for stone and mortar and a taste for classic temples in his grounds. We feel, of course, the skill of the practised composer; the material is so arranged as to keep well together, but the lighting is impossible. Mr. Leslie pointed out that the shadows from the projecting pieces of scaffolding to the left fell in a direction only possible with a sun much higher than that in the picture. He was right in this criticism, and might have extended it not only to other details but to large masses, especially the mass of architecture to the right, above the arch of what looks like a sewer in the corner. All that is lighted as if the sun were fifty degrees (of the circle of the horizon) farther to the left. With the luminary where he is, the piece of architecture in question would have reposed in a broad, unbroken penumbra. The sky is heavy and rather unpleasantly opaque, but that may be due to chemical alteration in the pigments, for Turner used them without regard to permanence.

The first price Turner asked for this picture was 500*l.*; but he did not find a purchaser, and feeling rather indignant at this raised the price enormously afterwards by a process of successive doubling. He could do so without imprudence, as, in fact, he had determined to keep the work until his death. This determination was put to a very severe test some years later, when several gentlemen who admired Turner (Sir Robert Peel, Lord Hardinge, and others) offered 5000*l.* for this and another picture of Carthage, in order to present them to the National Gallery. Turner was pleased by this offer, but adhered to his original intention.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ARTISTS' AMICABLE FUND.—We beg to direct the attention of our readers to the state of this Institution. About fifty years ago, a certain number of artists joined together to form a fund to help each other in case of sickness or inability to follow their profession. This Society was established when the scientific scheme of insurance was not so much advanced as it is now, and for many years it was believed to be very prosperous, as it was able to accumulate capital; but as time went on the claims upon it became heavier, and now that the state of the fund has been examined by an eminent actuary, it is ascertained that unless something effectual can be done for its assistance *the fund must be dissolved*, which would entail much misery on many who supposed themselves sure of assistance from it, and were entitled to expect its aid. From the summary of accounts presented to us it appears that the Society has done much good—too much for the interests of those who are left to the last, and it would be deplorable if this good work should suddenly come to an end. The majority of the surviving members are now beyond the age at which they could be admitted into any other Society, and it is quite out of their power to subscribe the amount of capital necessary to put the Artists' Amicable Fund in such a position that it may be prepared to meet inevitable calls upon it. An appeal is therefore made to persons interested in art, and their subscriptions will be gladly received by the Committee. They may be forwarded to Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., 1 Pall Mall East, who have kindly consented to act as bankers.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XLI.—Karel Du Jardin. (1635–1678.)

Sheep and Goats.

ETCHED BY A. MONGIN.

ONE of the painters of gems is certainly the subject of our present notice, Karel Du Jardin, a master who is perfect in his way, in small pictures of a landscape character, and with a few sheep and goats or more important accessories on occasions.

Four fine examples of this master are in the National Gallery, three in the Peel Collection, and one in the Wynn Ellis Collection. These are all good characteristic specimens, one and all of them thoroughly representative.

He was born at Amsterdam about 1635, and was the pupil of Nicholas Berchem. When fairly launched in art he was induced to travel, and went to Rome, where he was a jovial character and received among his countrymen the nickname, as was the habit at that time, of Bokke-baart, or Goat's-beard. He belonged to the Bentvogel Society.

His pictures were a great success, and having lived some years in Rome he returned by way of Lyons to his own country: but here it seems he got into difficulties, and by way of extricating himself he married his landlady. This step was a catastrophe, which, when he returned home, led to his seeking relief in his expatriation a second time. He escaped to Rome, and while here he visited Venice, where he took ill and died on the 20th November, 1678, aged little more than forty.

Du Jardyn, or Du Jardin, etched a few plates; Smith describes fifty-two, ranging in their dates over three years, 1658–60, with one exception, 1675. Smith describes altogether about one hundred and fifty works of Du Jardin's.

There are four of the specimens of this master in the National Gallery. *Figures and Animals Reposing* in the shadow of some trees in a meadow. An ox, an ass, and a few sheep and goats, have taken shelter from the evening sun under a tree; a little behind are a woman sleeping, and a boy is playing with a dog; a castle on a hill in the distance. (No. 826.) This is signed, 'K. Du Jardin, *fe.* 1656.'

Fording the Stream. A rocky landscape. A woman and a boy, with an ass with panniers, are wading the stream; the ass is drinking; a dog also is lapping up the water from the bank: on the left a cow and a sheep are standing in the stream. (No. 827.) Signed, 'K. Du Jardin, 1657.'

Landscape with Cattle. A woman spinning, tending two cows and some sheep; a house on a hill behind; mountain; sunset. This is a fine Italian scene. (No. 828.) Signed, 'K. D. J.'

No. 985, *Sheep and Goats,* five lying in a group, and in the far distance are several more; under a brilliant blue sky. Signed, 'K. Du Jardin, F. 1673.' On copper, 7 inches high by 8¼ inches wide. It formed a portion of the Wynn Ellis gift in 1876.

Nearly all the works of Du Jardin are of small dimensions. I think there are only five or six exceptions:—

The Conversion of Saul, in ten figures, signed and dated 1662; it measures 6 feet high by 4 feet 4 inches wide: *The Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ at the Marriage of Thetis and Peleus*, 4 feet high and 4 feet 6 inches wide; *Paul Healing the Impotent Man*, 5 feet 6 inches high by 4 feet 6 inches wide; *Hagar and Ishmael*, a landscape with life-sized figures; and the *Crucifixion*, in the Louvre, signed and dated 1661, 3 feet 8 inches high and 3 feet wide. The Louvre paid 1200*l.* for this picture.

See Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné,' V., and Supplement.

R. N. WORNUM.

ALBERT DÜRER:

HIS TEACHERS, HIS RIVALS, AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

IX.—DÜRER AND THE LITTLE MASTERS.—ALBRECHT ALTDORFER.

'Albrecht Altdorfer . . . . mahlte zum allerbesten kleine Historien, sanne denselben emsig nach und wandte grossen Fleiss an, wie auch in allen eine geistreiche Invention und ungemeine Seltsamkeit zu verspüren ist, derenthalben ihme auch sonderbares Lob gebühret. . . . In Kupfer hat er von 50 bis 60 Stück, in Holzschnitt aber etwas mehrers ausgeben lassen, die allesamnt in Ehren zu halten seyn, und mit in den Büchern unter den kleinen Kupferstichen oder Meistern gehalten werden; woraus seine Emsigkeit, Fleiss und sinnreicher Verstand bester Massen zu verspüren.'—JOACHIM VON SANDRART, *Teutsche Academie*, part ii. book iii. chap. 4.

IN the latter years of Dürer's life, and for twenty years or more following his death, the art which had been carried by him to its highest power, the art of engraving on metal, was practised in various centres of Germany by a number of masters whom it has always been usual to consider together, as if they were the members of a group or school, and to call the *Little Masters*. In point of fact, the Little Masters form no strict group or school; but they have this in common, that they were all inspired in a greater or less degree by the example of Dürer, and that they all worked usually on a small scale, engraving tiny compositions with great skill and effect on plates often not as much as two, and seldom more than five or six, inches square. To any one desiring to understand the intimate character and popular working of the art of engraving in Northern Europe at the Renaissance, the study of these Little Masters is as necessary as the study of Dürer himself, or of his younger Dutch rival, the diligent and delicate-handed Lucas of Leyden. None of the Little Masters are men, except in technical matters, of the first power; none of them are intellectually the equals of Dürer or Holbein, or express the genius of the Northern Renaissance with the weight, pregnancy, and authority of those two great masters. They create little of their own. What they do is to take up the ideas and subjects of the great men, the ideas and subjects of their age, and to present them over again for the supply of the inexhaustible popular demand. But in the manner of the presentment there is always something fresh; each master works with a local or individual difference of style. The temper of these craftsmen is not like that of the great men, impassioned, prophetic, enigmatic, but rather plodding and familiar; their style is sometimes pedantically classical, sometimes popular to grossness; the conceptions of one are puerile in spite of pretension, of another pathetic in the midst of ugliness, but they are never without character, never without invention, never without the qualities of patient design and exemplary cunning in workmanship.

The earliest in date of these so-called Little Masters is Altdorfer of Ratisbon. He is also the most original in touch and fancy. His work gives proof of no close dependence upon

Dürer, and bears no close affinity with the work of any other master. I have called him Altdorfer of Ratisbon, or Regensburg, because the first clear notice of him which has come down to us is the record of his admission to the citizenship of that city in 1505. Now, to be enrolled a citizen, a man must be twenty-five years old or upwards; so that Albrecht Altdorfer must have been born as early as 1480, or not more than nine years after Dürer; whom he survived by ten years. Of his origin and family we know nothing; for it seems unlikely that he can have been the son of another Altdorfer, whose Christian name was Ulrich, and who had been made a citizen of Ratisbon in 1478, but in 1499 was so poor that, wishing to leave the place and surrender his civic rights, he could not produce the required ten pfennings forfeit-money; neither is there much authority in a tradition which represents the family of our artist as belonging to Altdorf in Switzerland, or in another which says it was from Amberg that he came to Ratisbon. Once settled, however, in this imperial and historic city, we can trace his fortunes continuously, and can see that they were prosperous. In 1509 he receives a commission from the town council to paint a picture for the choir of St. Peter's Church. In 1513 he appears as the purchaser of a dwelling-house, "with tower and courtyard," which is still to be seen, and is one of the most comfortable in the town. At this time he was already married, evidently to a wife not without a dower; all we know of her besides is that her Christian name was Anna. Was it she who furnished the master with his ideal of the female countenance?—for an ideal there is, or at least a particular model, with a snub nose, a wide mouth, and an expression of utter crossness, whose features occur over and over again, as we shall presently learn more at length, in his engravings. If this was indeed his Anna, then was no honest German citizen ever blessed with a more ill-favoured partner.

Five years later we find Altdorfer making a second purchase of house property; with this he parted eight years later. In 1519 he was a member of the Ratisbon outer, or greater, Council, and took his share, both as magistrate and artist, in an event which happened there in that year, and of which the noise was considerable all over Germany. This was the expulsion of the Jews, solemnly resolved on and solemnly enforced in an hour of civic and popular fanaticism. Altdorfer was among the deputation who had officially to give the Jewish community notice of the sentence of expulsion passed against them. Their synagogue and burying-ground were at the same time condemned to demolition. Of the synagogue, before the decree was carried out, Altdorfer made two etchings, whether from an interest in its associations and its architecture (of which art he was himself a master), or for the sake of commemorating what he no doubt, with the rest of the Christian inhabitants, regarded as a righteous public act. From the burying-ground he collected a number of gravestones, and kept them in his house, where they are still to be seen. A church to the Virgin (to whom a peculiar worship was paid in this place under the title of the Beautiful Virgin of Ratisbon, "*die schöne Maria von Regensburg*") was built on the site of the demolished synagogue, and Altdorfer was employed on some of the painted decorations. About the same time he had also to furnish the design of a gold coin for the city, and of arms to decorate the carriages of the city cannon. In 1526 Altdorfer was promoted to the membership of the inner, or higher, Council, and about the same time to the office of city architect. Both of these positions he held until his death. As magistrate, we find him adjudging in various suits and arbitrations of which the record is still preserved, and on one occasion begging off with difficulty, on the plea of a great picture to be finished for Duke William of Bavaria, the honour of serving for a term as burgomaster. As architect, he was engaged on the building of market-halls—a wine-market and a meat-market—and later on that of fortifications for the protection of the town against the dreaded invasion of the Turk. In 1532 the master lost his wife, and in the same year moved, probably for the sake of change of scene, into a new house with a garden in another part of the town; but without giving up his original habitation. For the next six years there are occasional notices testifying to his continued activity as magistrate, architect, painter, and to the continued and increasing respect in which he was held by his fellow-citizens. He takes part in a vote

of the council by which Dr. Johann Hiltner, a friend of Luther's, is commissioned to inquire for "an honourable and learned preacher to preach the word of God in the city." He has to keep a horse for visiting the various building operations in the town and territory, and the cost of the horse's keep is voted him at the public expense. In 1538 he died. His will and the inventory of his goods are still preserved. After a confession of faith, and some bequests to the poor in the almshouse, to his assistants, and to his "dear servant Hans," and some directions for repaying money lent, he leaves the bulk of his property to his brother Erhard Altdorfer (also an artist) and his two sisters and their descendants. The inventory is curious. Among the possessions of the master we find a whole set of vessels in silver plate—executed very likely from designs of his own, since his work includes a number of such designs; four pictures on canvas; two albums of engravings; two drawers full of engravings; a little picture of Our Lady on canvas; a picture on canvas painted by 'Albert Irher' (which, in the perfectly casual orthography of those days, may very likely stand for Albert Dürer); three more pictures on canvas; another album of engravings; a library of nineteen books in all; a collection of arms, ornaments, and ancient coins ("heathen pennies," in the queer old German); and in the painting room a meagre enough tale of the customary properties of that craft.

It is clear, from the course of the master's life as we thus learn it, that engraving on metal or wood was not with Altdorfer, as it was with Dürer and many other masters, a chief occupation of his time and thoughts. Altdorfer's life would have been a well-filled one if he had never engraved at all. Engraving can have been little more than the pastime of the busy architect and painter who was also a busy magistrate and municipal officer. Nevertheless he has left us a number of works in this kind considerably larger than that recorded by Sandrart; in all, over seventy pieces engraved on copper, over thirty etched on iron, and close upon seventy cut on wood. And there is ample evidence that these prints of Altdorfer's had a great repute and popularity both in his own time and afterwards. Sandrart's statement is unusually precise and emphatic on the point. The Library at Munich possesses a bound book of engravings by Altdorfer which had been the property of one Georg Abraham Beuchel of Ratisbon, and by him formally presented in 1651 to the public authorities of his town, whose acceptance of the present is recorded in a minute still extant. Another album containing nearly the whole of his work, and probably formed not much later, has been in the University Library at Cambridge since the beginning of the last century, and its contents are now incorporated with the collections of the Fitzwilliam Museum. The collections of Dresden, Coburg, and Gotha, are also exceptionally rich in his engraved works, and that at Berlin in his drawings and studies.

Perhaps Altdorfer's choice of small plates and a diminutive scale of figures, a choice in which he coincides with the Italian niello-engravers, but in which he had no predecessors in Germany, though many masters adopted it after him—perhaps this choice may have been due partly to the fact that he took up engraving incidentally and as an amateur, without purposing to give to it the toil and time necessary for finishing plates like the larger and richer ones of Dürer. At any rate, his work, like that of most of the Little Masters, has an air of having been done half in earnest, half in play, a quaint vernacular familiarity, which for those who can enter into the spirit of it is very attractive. Among the various kinds of subject then popular, there is none which he has not handled; sacred history, classical mythology, moral and playful allegory, soldier life, peasant life, cloister life, architectural and other ornament, and portrait—though indeed his only known portrait pieces are two very tiny things, one thought to represent himself, the other a reduction of the profile likeness of Luther done by Lucas Cranach in 1521. The three examples of his copper engraving which M. Amand-Durand has reproduced for us here are very characteristic. In one, the Virgin is carrying the infant Christ to his wooden cradle, which St. Anne, with a fur cap on her head, and a large bunch of household implements hanging from her girdle, is busy in smoothing and making ready. There is another print of the master, in which St. Anne, clapping her hands together to amuse the child, is similarly attired. This little piece has

a charming sincerity of feeling, and, without any ostentatious dexterity, an admirable conduct in its workmanship; the strong crowns of luminous rays assert the sacredness of these otherwise homely figures, and diversify the arrangement of light and shade; and the artist has added a modest circlet of dark rays round the monogram of his own name upon the cradle. By the side of this is Altdorfer's version of the thousand times repeated Christopher story, a representation perhaps the most popular in the whole cycle of the acts of saints, and one without which no pilgrim would willingly start on a journey. The saint's look of distress beneath the weight of the miraculous child, the gleaming ripples of the water, the streaming unaccountable rays thrown from the sun, the steep bank with pine-trees, and the richly-conceived miniature distance of church, wood, and mountain, all these are in the happiest vein of Altdorfer's picturesque invention. The customary figure of the hermit on the bank with his lantern is missing. With these two figure-subjects we have given Altdorfer's most beautiful bit of ornamental engraving.

From the first beginnings of the art, it was one part of the engraver's business to furnish ornamental designs to be executed in goldsmiths' work—sometimes, no doubt, to be executed in his own shop, since the two trades often went together. It is very interesting to watch the transition of Northern fashions in ornament from the fantastic, intricate, restless late Gothic of Meckenen and Schongauer to the almost equally fantastic Renaissance of Lucas of Leyden and the Little Masters. To be fantastic is admissible in the designs of pax, crosier, censer, reliquary, casket, dagger, or dagger-sheath—these were among the chief purposes for which such designs were supplied—and both in the late Gothic and early Renaissance style the German masters design such ornaments with an admirable spirit and inventiveness. This bit of Altdorfer's is quite a masterpiece for beauty and sweep of line, crispness of curve, and play of black and white; and there is an exquisite natural feeling in the vine-leaf and the spray of lily-of-the-valley which find their place among the conventional forms of the rest.

In the text we also give an illustration each from the two other classes of engraved work produced by Altdorfer. The landscape is from a series of ten etched by him on iron. He is the

very first master, in the history of art, who published independent engravings of natural scenery for its own sake ; and he thus marks a distinct stage in the modern development of art. Albert Dürer was the first great and scientific student of landscape, and of landscape pure and simple he made a vast number of sketches and studies, but for the sake of using them afterwards in the backgrounds of his figure compositions. So too, with Lucas of Leyden, careful and delicate as his engraved landscapes are, they are always backgrounds. Altdorfer had the complete modern instinct of the picturesque ; he loves distant mountains and has a true eye for the structural lines of their configuration, drawing their peaks and slopes, and the pine woods about their sides, with great accuracy and expression ; in his middle distance he loves lakes, rivers, and winding roads, with church or castle towers among clumps of trees, and quite in the foreground, pine-trees again, of which the trunk and lower branches only come within the picture, and which he draws with very great pains, and with a peculiar predilection for the long shoots and trailers of moss that hang from their branches where they are withered. Whether in painting or engraving, these moss-grown trees, with ruined arches, and wild plants springing from the coigns of an old building or trailing over a cave, are regular and easily-recognised marks of the style of Altdorfer. With the elements I have described, Altdorfer composes landscapes of no small charm ; their effect depending on outline, and on the same kind and amount of light and shade that we find in the woodcuts of Dürer ; that is to say, the light and shade are merely suggested, with no attempt to realise their natural values and relations ; thus in our illustration, what is intended to be blue sky on the left is shaded, in order to throw up the white clouds and sunlit mountains next to it, to the same value as the shadowed side of the pine-trunks in the foreground. Besides these ten landscapes, Altdorfer etched, similarly upon plates of iron, twenty-three studies of cups and vases in an excellent and refined taste, one of them, with a pattern of shells, and another, with lilies-of-the-valley, being as beautiful as any inventions of their class. We may suppose that the set of silver vessels, occurring among the inventory of his property after his death, were specimens of the work done from these designs by the jewellers to whom he furnished them. Our last illustration is from the third class of Altdorfer's engraved work, his woodcuts. A young monk kneels before an enthroned Madonna and Child under a canopy within an archway. The sense of clear daylight through the arch, and the picturesque outside vista of ruined and overgrown buildings, with mountains beyond, is in Altdorfer's happiest manner ; the young devotee upon his knees is admirable in sentiment and design, with only one touch of the grotesque in his huge shoes (one of the queer predilections of German art at this time, and especially of Altdorfer, is for these immense shoes with flat soles and square toes, which the wearer often presents at you in uncouth foreshortening). The Christ-child and viol-playing angel show, on the other hand, how it is possible to have a great many of the best instincts and accomplishments of art, and yet to be absolutely without the instinct of grace and the power of elevated expression. This print is among the best designed and most skilfully cut of all Altdorfer's work on wood ; it was subsequently used as an illustration to a book of religious verses published in Venice in 1570.*

The qualities here illustrated are the qualities of all Altdorfer's art. Without sense or human grace or beauty, without elevation, sometimes repulsively ugly, but full of observation and sincerity, inventive, original, homely, pious, and with a greater sense of what we call the picturesque in buildings and landscape than any artist before him, he affords us at all moments a very entertaining study. In his tiny Samsons and Herculeses there is an amazing vigour (B. 2, 26, 27). In his *Christ driving the Money-changers out of the Temple* (B. 6) there is almost the dramatic intensity, and in his *Conversation of Christ and Mary* (B. 9) almost the religious pathos, of Dürer. In representing the scenes of the Passion, his special turn of fancy makes him strangely depart from precedent : thus in his print on copper of the *Crucifixion* (B. 8) he

* Altdorfer's series of forty little woodcuts of the *Fall and Redemption of Man*, full of rough picturesqueness and simple reality of invention, have been reproduced, and accompanied with a sketch of the master's career anc a catalogue of his work, in a volume edited by Mr. W. B. Scott, for the Holbein Society.

has raised the victim aloft on a crucifix of immense height, which is set in the midst of a pine-wood, the heavy masses of the pine foliage being rendered with extreme care; the mourning Maries, and usual personages of the action in the foreground, being almost subordinate to the forest picturesqueness of the scene. Thus, again, in a woodcut, much above his usual scale, of the *Resurrection*, the number of the sleeping guards is multiplied beyond all precedent; the air is filled with a flight of celestial beings; in the midst of a brightness above the opened grave soars the risen Son, and by a touch of ironic ingenuity, one sentinel, awakened, turns on the light of his lantern to scrutinise that effulgence. In all these fashions of his invention, Altdorfer

is profoundly northern and national. He was not unacquainted with Italian art; at first, evidently with that of the niellatori and also of Jacopo de' Barbari, and afterwards with that of Marcantonio. He relieves some of his figures, like the niellatori, on a black ground evenly and heavily cross-shaded; for instance, the allegorical figure of *Pride*, riding on a dragon and looking at herself in a mirror (Pass. 99); the model here is that snub-nosed one, who occurs as a Madonna with angels (B. 15), as a Saint with chalice and wafer in an undescribed print in the Fitzwilliam Museum, and in several other pieces of the master, and concerning whom we have asked ourselves already whether she was his wife. In the female nude Altdorfer adopts Jacopo de' Barbari's type with the sloping shoulders, lean arms, and dolorous expression; whence M. Galichon was led by mistake to publish, as an undescribed niello by Jacopo, a

known print of Altdorfer. And he has copied, after his own fashion, one or two Venuses and other mythologies of Marcantonio (B. 32, 33, 37). But these are slight and isolated matters; his manner and talent were not in their essence affected either by the Italians or anyone else.

As a painter, Altdorfer, besides his homely dramatic ingenuity and his sense of the picturesque, exhibits a really admirable mastery and richness of colour; his weak point in art of this serious scale and difficulty is draughtsmanship, his practice in the miniature style not having taught him to draw large figures correctly. A good instance of both the faults and the excellences of his painting is the *Christ taking Leave of his Mother*, which was done in 1538, the last year of his life; it is now in the possession of Mr. Fuller Russell, and was shown at the last exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. But by far the most famous and important of his pictures—and the one on which he himself centred all his pride—was that commission for the Archduke William of Bavaria he executed in 1529. The subject is the fight between Alexander and Darius, and the picture is now in the Munich Gallery. The same gallery contains one or two minor pictures of the master, and others are to be seen at Augsburg, Nuremberg, and Berlin.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM WYLD. ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

THERE is a predestined relation between certain artists and certain places, so that the painter seems to be born for the place, and the place prepared for the painter long ages before his birth by the slow accumulation of the material which best suits his temperament and faculty, either in the geological formation of mountains which are to be loved by him more passionately than by their own highland races, or in the growth of magnificent trees which he is to study in their maturity of five hundred years, or in the erection of buildings which are to group together as happily as the most beautiful accidents of nature and delight the painter with effects that their architects could not possibly anticipate. How little the rude builders of Kilchurn Castle thought that they were completing by their labour the beauty and grandeur of a subject which no landscape-painter in our century has ever been able to pass without making a sketch of it! How little even the more artistic builders of Haddon Hall can have imagined that the time would come when the noble dwelling, uninhabited yet not a ruin, would one day be as often painted as some romantic opera is performed! How little the yet more gifted and inventive architects of Venice dreamed that, after the splendour of the Venetian nobility had passed away for ever, their palaces would become as favourite subjects of the modern painter as Venuses and Cupids had been of Titian and Correggio! Yet the rude Highland clansmen who built Kilchurn, the English masons who realised at Haddon their conception of a domestic architecture at once comfortable and stately, the more learned Venetians who exercised their imagination in a hundred varieties of fanciful Gothic and Renaissance, were all of them unconsciously preparing models for the modern student of the picturesque.

Venice is famous enough, and yet not universally admired by artists. The taste which appreciates a city depends upon idiosyncrasy as much as on education; and we have known instances of travellers highly cultivated in art who did not care for the Queen of the Adriatic, their severity of pictorial or architectural judgment being offended by her fanciful variety. It is curious that such a treeless place should especially win the hearts of landscape-painters, whilst architects and painters of the figure are often comparatively unmoved by it, even to the point of declaring that the poetry of the canals is an illusion, that the buildings are a

jumble of incongruous experiments, and the waters a labyrinth of sewers. The reason for this is, that the magic of Venice lies in colour and effect, always most likely to be appreciated by landscape-painters; and, indeed, some of the most eminent of these have been so charmed with Venetian hues and effects as to pay little attention to anything else. In the days of Mr. Wyld's youth photography had not yet scattered accurate representations of Venetian architecture over all the civilised world, and the only transcripts of it then known to him were a few pictures by Turner and Stanfield, and some drawings by Prout and others, or the engravings from them. All these representations, however talented, had in common the defect of inaccuracy. Nothing could be more arbitrary and incorrect, considered as portraiture, than those picturesque 'Venices' which dazzled our fathers by the splendour of the pictorial skill displayed in them. So when young Wyld found himself in presence of the reality it seemed

MARKET-PLACE, PADUA.

to him that Turner laughed at form, that Prout's drawing resembled more the heavy, irregular hewing of a hatchet or old worm-eaten wood than the delicately-carved marble of the Venetian palaces, with its well-preserved freshness and sharpness; whilst Stanfield's Venetian architecture, though less glaringly incorrect than that of his predecessors, was still heavy and out of proportion. There was room, then, at that time for a careful student who would take pains to draw the buildings as he saw them; and young Wyld set himself to this task. He stayed in Venice from September till the end of December, and published there a series of twelve lithographs, said to have been drawn on the stone by Lessore, from paintings or designs by Wyld, though, in fact, Mr. Wyld drew the lines on the stone himself, Lessore's share in the business being limited to shading and 'fillings-in.' In the intervals of these labours he studied the Venetian masters, with little reference to the authority of established opinion, in order to

form opinions of his own.' One of the first reflections that occurred to him (an idea at that time much newer than it is now) was, that artists depend very much on locality for their development; that Titian, as we know him, could not possibly have developed himself in London, but needed the daily and hourly suggestions which he derived from Venetian costume and colour. This doctrine of the influence of locality on artists has become so very familiar to us now that it seems like a truism; but it was not so in 1833, when people paid little attention to local influences in art, and supposed that qualities might be transplanted to ungrateful soils.

This first visit to Venice left a permanent impression on Wyld's feelings as an artist, and he speaks still with youthful enthusiasm of the lovely Venetian skies, the shining silvery and rose-coloured palaces, and the emerald waters that reflect them. He quitted these glories with a heavy heart, not yet aware that he was destined to win reputation by reproducing them in his pictures, and journeyed by short stages to the foot of the Simplon. He crossed the pass on New-year's Day, 1834, in a terrific snowstorm, still vividly remembered in all its details after more than forty years. The travellers were in imminent peril for three

MARKET-PLACE, PADUA.

or four hours, whilst crossing the highest passes, the snow having so completely blocked up the road that fourteen pioneers were constantly employed in clearing it. This they did by shovelling it away on the very edge of the precipices, so as to leave just barely width enough for the sledges to pass; that is to say, four feet at the outside. The sledge in which Wyld was seated along with one other traveller (this conveyance being merely a sort of square box, which held two persons closely packed), was at times actually hanging over the abyss, when the snow had been irregularly cleared, so that the slightest shock from a miniature avalanche would have hurled it at once to the bottom. The uncomfortableness of the situation was much increased, in Mr. Wyld's case, by a constitutional inability to endure rarefied air, which made him feel for hours as if his chest were held in a vice, whilst his temples were throbbing and 'head splitting.' All these miseries passed away when the sledges had descended some distance on the French side.

Mr. Wyld went straight to Paris, and there began a laborious artistic career, which has lasted in the same capital with little intermission down to the present day. Even in 1834 Paris seemed to him the ideal residence for an artist, and an experience of more than forty years has only strengthened this opinion, which may be open to discussion. It will be

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 132.)

IN 1816 he was still in the classic vein, and exhibited two pictures of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenias, in the Island of Ægina, which he had never visited. The material was supplied by a sketch taken by Mr. Gally Knight.

The next year Turner returns to Carthage, and exhibits a large picture, entitled *The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire.* The work was accompanied by both prose and verse in the Academy Catalogue:—

'Rome, being determined on the overthrow of her hated rival, demanded from her such terms as might either force her into war or ruin her by compliance. The enervated Carthaginians, in their anxiety for peace, consented to give up even their arms and their children.

'At Hope's delusive smile
The chieftain's safety and the mother's pride,
Were to the insidious conqueror's grasp resign'd;
While o'er the western wave th' ensanguined sun
In gathering haze, a stormy signal spread,
And set portentous.'

The second Carthage was a much worse picture than the first, going still more into the accumulation of bad architecture, whilst the colouring is quite inferior, except in the sky. It has always seemed wonderful to us that Sir Robert Peel and his friends, with their excellent intentions towards the artist on the one hand and the nation on the other, should have selected these particular pictures to immortalise him and benefit ourselves; and we heartily endorse Mr. Ruskin's estimate,—'It is, in fact, little more than an accumulation of Academy students' outlines, coloured brown.'

Turner was brought back to less ambitious, but really much better material, by a tour in Scotland in the year 1818. He was associated with Sir Walter Scott in the production of the *Provincial Antiquities,* and visited the localities in his company. The great novelist had a keen enjoyment of the things in nature which were the raw material of Turner's art; he delighted in natural landscape; and no artist ever had a stronger passion for romantic old buildings, especially when the interest of them was enhanced by associations of history and legend: yet, notwithstanding what was up to this point a community of tastes, Sir Walter could not really enter into the mind of Turner, because, whilst delighting in nature, he had no understanding of graphic art. The enjoyment of what he saw: the heather on the moor, the grey walls of an ancient peel, the silvery birch and glittering rivulet in the dell,—this enjoyment, of which the refreshment is so often communicated to us in his works, was entirely disconnected in his mind from the kind of knowledge, far more painfully acquired, which is the foundation of the art of painting, and he lived in a state of happy ignorance about the subject. He was never tormented, like Goethe, with the longings of a painter or draughtsman, and had never gone through those practical studies which open the eyes of an amateur, even when they do not enable him to overcome the difficulties of art. He would have preferred, as an artist, Mr. Thomson of Duddingstone, the clergyman and landscape-painter, but 'supposed he must acquiesce' in the selection of Turner, 'because he was all the fashion.' This did not prevent Scott from using a few complimentary phrases about Turner's genius, phrases which are customary in speaking of eminent artists and do not indicate any reality of admiration. The Author of 'Waverley' must have had little conception of the splendid position which Turner was destined to occupy in the artistic history of England; and one cannot help thinking with a touch of sadness of these two men, temporarily associated together and nearer to each other as artists than Sir Walter could be aware. Lockhart, on the other hand, seems really to have appreciated Turner, even at that comparatively early date, which was before

the production of his most delightful works; for Lockhart said, even then, 'The world has only one Turner,' and spoke of him as 'a great genius,' and called his drawing 'magnificent delineation.'

The *Provincial Antiquities of Scotland* include three Edinburgh subjects and two of Dunbar, with views of Roslin, Stirling, Crichton, Borthwick, and Tantallon Castles, as well as Linlithgow Palace. The series finished with the Bass Rock. The drawings were well engraved by the best landscape-engravers of the day, who afterwards did so much to disseminate the works of Turner.

This year, 1818, was not a brilliant period for Turner's work in oil. The artist was like a ship in stays: the impulse from one tack had exhausted itself, the impulse of the next was only just beginning. There are no pictures at this period with the massive but cumbersome strength of the *Calais Pier* and the *Shipwreck;* there are none with the grace of a later time. Besides the difficulty attendant upon a change in style amounting to revolution, there was another which lay deep in the inmost nature of the man. Turner never acquired that delicate critical faculty which limits an artist to what he can do thoroughly well; his mind was too luxuriant in its fruitfulness to bear with the restrictions which the true classical temper imposes upon itself. He would never have endured to confine his efforts to some narrow specialty of his art, even with the certainty of a sustained and unquestionable excellence. He could not, like Meissonier, have deliberately resolved to paint only one sex, and adhered to his resolve. Like all men of immense range he was constantly incurring new risks in coping with new difficulties. So many things interested him that he was always tempted to express his interest about them in his art—having no other sufficient outlet, since literary expression, eagerly desired, was denied to him; and so his work as a painter, instead of being pushed steadily in a safe technical direction, became the vehicle of feelings and ideas which had little to do with landscape-painting. For example: the whole series of his Carthage pictures was suggested, not by a landscape-painter's healthy desire to paint the scenery about Tunis, but by patriotic interests and anxieties in the great struggle between England and Napoleon. He did not, perhaps, accept the Gallic theory that England *was* the modern Carthage, destined to destruction by the enemy which called itself the modern Rome, but he had a foreboding that it *might* be so—that the greatness of his country might bring down upon it the fate of those whom relentless Envy pursues to a final, irremediable overthrow; and this idea impelled him to paint repeatedly a vanished city, of which he knew neither the architecture nor the site. A peculiar misfortune attended most of his patriotic pictures. The *Trafalgar* was an impossible medley of masts and sails, which no seaman can endure and no artist would ever imitate; but he painted it from a sense of patriotic obligation—one of the false motives that sometimes intrude upon the domain of art. The same patriotism produced a *Waterloo* in the exhibition of 1818, a picture which only served to exhibit the artist's figure-painting to painfully manifest disadvantage. Turner has often been unfairly criticised for the figures in his genuine landscapes, where, with few exceptions, they serve their purpose admirably. It would be difficult to name another landscape-painter who has used the *figurine,* I will not say better, but so well. His groups form an integral part of the scene, and keep their places quite harmoniously with the trees and buildings, so that we do not desire to have them elsewhere, and it is only an imperfectly-educated criticism which dwells upon their faulty drawing. But in such a picture as the *Waterloo* that faulty drawing becomes insupportable. The reason for Turner's failure in this instance is obvious. The human interest is too overpowering here, the landscape interest insufficient. It is a figure-painter's subject, a subject for Detaille or de Neuville, not for him who, after wandering in the tranquil paradise of Claude, was destined to open for us a fairer Eden of his own.

In the exhibition of 1819 Turner reverts to more artistic motives. One of his pictures bore the title (which looks, indeed, as if it had been written by a sailor) *Entrance of the Meuse—Orange Merchant on the Bar, going to pieces; Brill Church bearing S.E. by S., Marensluys*

E. by S.; but the real suggestion of the picture would only occur to a colourist. The artist had a fancy for painting oranges bobbing about in sea-water, hence the picture. The other work, *Richmond Hill on the Prince Regent's Birthday*, had its origin in a rare and sudden sympathy with popular jollification, when happy Londoners, rejoicing that so good a prince should have been born to rule over them, danced with their Amandas, or walked the smiling mead, according to the Thomsonian verse. The following quotation accompanied the picture in the Royal Academy Catalogue:—

> 'Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
> The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
> All is the same with thee; say, shall we wind
> Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
> Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
> Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
> While radiant summer opens all its pride,
> Thy Hill, delightful Shene?'

How remote this poesy appears to us to-day! Not less remote these smiling meads and forest glades of Turner, missing alike the enchantment of imagination and the refreshment of reality. Leslie judged rightly when he said of Turner, 'Neither has he expressed the deep, fresh verdure of his own country; and hence he is the most unfaithful (among great painters) to the essential and most beautiful characteristics of English midland scenery. Constable said to me, "Did you ever see a picture by Turner and not wish to possess it?" I forget the reply, but I might have named his view from the terrace at Richmond; from which, with the exception of the general composition, every beauty of that noble landscape is left out. I remember, in a summer of unusual drought, when the trees became embrowned and the grass was burnt up, that the colour of the woods and meadows seen from Richmond approached to that of Turner's picture; but I never remember to have met with trees of such forms as those which he has placed in its foreground in any part of the world.'

In 1819 Turner went to Rome, one result of which excursion was the extraordinary picture, exhibited in the following year, and still to be seen at the National Gallery, of *Rome from the Vatican*. Raphael and the Fornarina are in the immediate foreground, and some pictures are lying about on the floor and against the balustrade. The artist's intention may here have borne some reference to his own honours. He figured in the Catalogue for 1820 as 'Professor of Perspective and Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke,' so we have both perspective and Rome in the picture. It is a frank violation of common rules which every artist ought to know and observe, especially the capital rule that perspective which appears exaggerated is to be avoided, and that interiors are to be represented as if the wall behind the artist were removed, so that he could place himself at a convenient distance, like a spectator at the theatre. The objects in Turner's foreground come forward too near to the footlights, the floor of the loggia slopes like the floor of a ship's cabin in a storm, and it is impossible to look at the picture without unpleasant sensations. One cannot imagine a Sovereign Pontiff walking along the floor of that corridor; it is only fit for slaters or sailors. Equally wonderful is the arch through which we get the view of Rome. It goes over our heads like the Milky Way, and looks so prodigious in comparison with its next neighbour that few would imagine the two to be really of the same size. Turner's most enthusiastic admirer confesses that this is 'a challenge to every known law of perspective to hold its own, if it could, against the new views of the professor on that subject.' This may be the language of facetious criticism, but it expresses a known fact. Turner really did reject the laws of perspective, though it was his office to uphold them.

A very slight suggestion or indication was enough to stimulate the imaginative faculty in Turner, and this may sometimes have been rather a misfortune, as it made him only too

willing to work from memoranda supplied by others. In our own day artists use photography, and they use it much more than is generally supposed; in 1820 they had not that resource, but there was the camera obscura. Harewell's 'Picturesque Tour in Italy' was illustrated by Turner from camera-obscura sketches. He got his own material in the north of England for Dr. Whitaker's 'History of Richmondshire.' If the reader will go back to the year 1799 (PORTFOLIO, vol. vii., p. 101), he will see the beginning of Turner's connexion with Dr. Whitaker and his works. After a long interval, the painter and archæologist were again associated together in their labours. Each of the three districts—Whalley, Craven, and Richmondshire—is an inexhaustible mine for a landscape-painter; but when Turner was illustrating the two first he was as yet very little of an *artist* in the higher sense of the word: he was a painstaking and tolerably accurate topographer, and little or nothing more. In the interval between the Craven and the Richmondshire he became more of an artist and less of a topographer than any of his brethren. It is difficult, in the history of the arts, to point to a more surprising transformation. It is as if some painfully dry chronicler of common events had won the power and achieved the liberty of a poet. Never was caterpillar so humble changed into such a brilliant butterfly! The difference between Turner's earliest and his later work for Dr. Whitaker is, therefore, not to be attributed to any finer character in the scenery, but to the revolution in the mind of the artist. A painter of the second rank, keeping nearly on the same level, would have made far more of Whalley and Craven, and less of Richmondshire.

Messrs. Longman gave Turner the landscape department, and they employed Buckler for the architectural subjects. I do not know the details of the business matters connected with this publication, but it appears that it cost 10,000*l.*; and I have been informed that by far the greater part of this considerable sum went into Turner's pocket. I think there must be some error here. There are only twenty drawings in the Richmond Series, which the artist began in 1820, a date at which the highest prices he received for drawings had not exceeded 100*l.* The probability is, that the 10,000*l.* included the cost of engraving; and it does not seem impossible to bring out the whole work, including the letterpress, for that sum. However this may have been, the originals were afterwards sold; and one of the principal purchasers was Mr. John Marshall, of Leeds. These works were kept at Halstead's, on Ullswater, by his son, Mr. William Marshall, who used to tell anecdotes about them which have not been preserved, unluckily for the interest of this narrative, Wordsworth being one of the audience. The subjects were not selected by Turner in an independent-artist fashion, but were chosen for him by a little company of gentlemen who made a tour for the purpose. The members of this pleasant little society were Dr. William Turner, 'Old Tate,' the celebrated Master of Richmond Grammar School, and Mr. William Whitaker.

A very amusing anecdote has been told, with full details, about Turner being mistaken for a Jew. It has been said, that when he went to Yorkshire to illustrate the 'Richmondshire' he brought a letter of introduction from a publisher in London to one in Yorkshire, telling him, in conclusion, to remember that Turner was a great Jew, the consequence being that he was treated as if he belonged to the Jewish religion. The incident really occurred; but the person who made the mistake was a lady, Mrs. Whitaker (wife of the historian), who was Turner's hostess at that time. She had heard that the artist was a Jew, took it literally, as was very natural, and treated him as an Israelite indeed, possibly with reference to church attendance and the consumption of ham. One cannot help feeling for Mrs. Whitaker, who must have needed all the tact of a lady to extricate herself from such a position; but it is impossible to regret her *bévue*. It is one of the very finest and most perfect *bévues* committed in the first half of the nineteenth century, the only one quite equal to it being that of the Empress Marie Louise, when she told a distinguished statesman that he was one of '*les plus grandes ganaches de l'Empire*,' believing that *ganache* meant a Nestor, wise in council.

(*To be continued.*)

P. G. HAMERTON.

learning to be classical and graceful, Dürer, mightiest of his race, remained whether in grandeur or pathos rugged and homely to the end. In this adherence to the old German quaintness we saw how Altdorfer, the earliest in date of the Little Masters, in his degree resembled Dürer. The next in date and first in fame among them, the brothers Beham with Georg Pencz, although they, unlike Altdorfer, were fellow-citizens with Dürer and perhaps actually his pupils, did not so resemble him at all. They show themselves, from the first, so much under Italian influence that some students are persuaded they must have been trained not under Dürer but under Marcantonio. They try hard to be ideal, and to excel in the classic nude. The attempt is imperfectly successful, and the rough Teutonic grain of the men gives to their nudes a quality sometimes comic and often coarse. But in this mixed style they express themselves with infinite dexterity, simplicity, and spirit; in their work, the salt of the old Teutonic genius has not lost its savour from the new Italian admixture; neither does Northern art in their hands degenerate, as it did quickly afterwards, into a pedantic and flaccid imitation of Southern.

There were many Behams, Pehams—according to that confusion of the sound of B and P which is a common joke against Germans, and which is idealised by Balzac in his immortal picture of the poor relation from Alsace—there were in Nuremberg from of old many Behams, Pehams, Behaims, Pehaims, Beheyms, or Böhms; all forms of the name being supposed to point to a Bohemian origin in those who bore them. Whether our Hans Sebald and Bartholomew were connected with any of the families of that name of high standing in the town is uncertain. We know only that the elder, Sebald, was born in 1500, from a soapstone medallion upon which he has cut his own portrait, with the inscription SEBOLT . BEHAM . MALLER . XXXX . IAR . ALT . M.D. XXXX, and that the younger was born in 1502, from a similar medallion bearing *his* portrait, and the inscription BARTOLME PEHAM ALT XXIX . AN : XXXI. All the authorities until quite recently had followed Sandrart in calling the two, cousins; and another early authority, Doppelmayer (who had himself followed a rambling historian who wrote in 1609, Matthias Quad von Kinkelbach), in calling them pupils, in the strict sense, of Albert Dürer. In reality, they were not cousins but brothers, and we cannot tell whether they actually worked under Dürer, or whether they only underwent his influence in such degree as young men beginning to engrave at Nuremberg in his lifetime must needs undergo it. They both began young to publish engravings. The earliest dated piece of the elder brother is a woman's head of the year 1518 (B. 204), very much in the manner of Dürer; and this is followed in 1519 and 1520 by several others, all of a careful and not fully assured handling, in strokes longer than those the master afterwards used, in which the example of Dürer seems to alternate with that of Marcantonio. Thus in two heads of *Christ wearing the Crown of Thorns* (B. 28 and 29), a *Nemesis* (B. 139), and two groups of marketing and bagpiping peasants (B. 193 and 195), all of the year 1519 or 1520, Sebald seems to lean very closely indeed upon his German teacher; in the *Lucretia* of 1519 (B. 78) and the *Dido* of 1520 (B. 80) very closely upon his Italian, while in one of several *St. Jeromes* done at this early time (B. 62) we see beyond an arcade a church not of German but distinctly of North Italian architecture. Barthel, the younger brother, begins in 1520, with a *St. Christopher* (B. 11), a *Cupid riding over the Earth on a Ball* (B. 20), and what else we can only conjecture from the internal evidence of style—for Barthel does not usually, like Sebald, but only by exception, put a date to his prints.

Beginning thus early, the pair were, as it seems, already married, and established citizens and members of the painters' guild, by 1524. In that year they got into trouble. The reforming movement had laid hold on Nuremberg among the first of German cities. For a time it was resisted by the governing families and civic authorities; but the lower citizens and artisans went over in vast numbers; and in 1526 the reformed religion had officially to be recognised. In the meantime the new movement had set men's minds in ferment, and within the ranks of the reformers themselves there arose all kinds of sectaries—preachers, some of them, of doctrines which went far beyond those of Luther, and made light of all

existing institutions both human and divine. Among those who scoffed at Luther almost as much as at his enemies, and whose preaching, with a negation of the sacraments altogether, included the germs of a system of communism in society, were Karlstadt and Thomas Münzer; and first Münzer, and afterwards two of his followers, by name Schwerdtfisch and Reinhardt, came to propagate their doctrines in Nuremberg. They were successively expelled the city; but the seed they had sown grew up, and presently we find an information laid before the magistrates against a gang of young citizens charged with holding and repeating the damnable doctrines of the sectaries. The informer is one Veit Wirsperger; the accused are the painters Hans and Sebald Beham and Georg Pencz, who thenceforth got the name of "the godless painters," *die gottlosen Maler.* The report of the examination has been preserved. None of the prisoners denied the charges brought against them. Sebald admitted that he did not, in spite of the preachers, believe in transubstantiation; that he had lately received the communion, but with a doubting heart, wherefore he feared that he had done wrong; that he had nothing to say either against baptism or for it—"there was no virtue in water;" denying at the same time that he had held unseemly discourse on these mysteries, and professing his readiness to be convinced if anyone would teach him better. Barthel, examined next, in like manner denied the efficacy of baptism or communion; had tried, but in vain, to be persuaded of these points, and of the authority of Holy Scripture, by the preaching of the Lutheran Osiander and others; maintained, in answer to the question whether he had not spoken for a partition of goods and refusal of obedience to constituted authority, that he knew no authority but that of God Almighty. Georg Pencz, questioned whether he believed in the existence of God, replied that he in part felt or was aware of it, but could not tell what he should deem to be indeed God, and had no faith in Christ or the Sacraments. The case having been heard, sentence was passed against the accused as being "men full of boasting and defiance, and exalted in their own conceit," as having shown themselves "not only on the first, but also on the second and third day, more downright godless and heathenish than was ever before heard of anyone;" and they were banished from their native city. This was in the latter part of the year 1524, and thenceforth the fortunes of the two brothers Hans Sebald and Barthel must be followed, so far as they can be followed at all, separately.

Let us take the younger brother, Barthel, first, since his was the career sooner ended of the two, and since of the two his was the more original and, I think, the finer talent. He was not nearly so productive a worker, even in proportion to his shorter life, as Sebald; but it is a homage to his superior invention that, though Sebald copied many of his younger brother's designs after his death, there are no instances in which Barthel has copied Sebald. What became of Barthel immediately after his banishment we do not know, but he must have had a settled habitation somewhere, as in each of the two years 1525 and 1526 he put forth a dozen of dated engravings, as well, no doubt, as others undated. In the next year, 1527, the rebellious young spirit, whom we have found above more Protestant than the Protestants, takes service at Munich with one of the most resolutely Catholic of the princes of Germany, William IV. of Bavaria, known as *Wilhelm der Standhaft,* or William the Staunch. This was probably due to no change of doctrine on Barthel's part, but rather to the freethinker's feeling that one doctrine was as good as another; as, indeed, in his sceptical position, there was nothing to prevent him repeating with a good conscience, and with the affectionate fancy of old and ingrained tradition, the time-honoured images of Catholic popular devotion. But the special employment of Barthel under Duke William was in the painting of a series of historical portraits, real and imaginary, of his family and ancestors; these are now preserved, but in a state of hopeless sophistication and re-painting, in the Castle of Schleissheim. In the year 1530 the Emperor Charles V. and his son Ferdinand made a solemn entry into Munich, and it was on this occasion, no doubt, that Barthel Beham made the drawings for the portraits of them which he soon afterwards engraved (B. 60 and 61). These are among the most masterly and incisive pieces of portrait-engraving in the world, and only less admirable is that of Duke Lewis,

William's younger brother associated with him in the government, engraved in 1535. How long Barthel continued to live 'in favour and honour,' as an old biographer has it, at the Court of Munich, nor why nor whither he departed, we have no means of knowing. He was still there when he executed, for Count Gottfried Werner of Zimmern, on the lake of Constance, an admirable series of religious paintings, including an *Adoration of the Kings* on a triptych, part of which is now in the church of Messkirch, other parts in the gallery of Prince Fürstenberg at Donaueschingen; a *Christ Crucified;* an altar-piece in several compartments of the *Virgin in Glory worshipped by Saints;* another somewhat similar altar-piece, and four compartments of yet another altar-piece representing various saints, all now in the same gallery at Donaueschingen. To this little Residenzstadt on the borders of Würtemberg and Baden a visit must be made by anyone desiring to study the work, in painting, of this interesting master; though there are also a few good things of his in better-known galleries, such as the *Discovery of the Cross* at Munich. But our business is with his engravings. Dated and undated, signed and unsigned, and if signed, sometimes with a B P. and sometimes a B B., these amount to just over ninety in all—exclusively line engravings on copper, for Barthel, so far as we know, neither etched nor made drawings for the wood-engraver. His manner is mature almost from the very beginning, and, on the tiny scale which he generally affects, exhibits a somewhat close affinity to that of Marcantonio. Passavant, indeed, thinks that among the works generally classed together as that of Marcantonio and his immediate scholars, we can distinguish the actual touch in some cases of Barthel Beham. But the resemblance has been exaggerated. Barthel is the most Italian of the good German engravers; but in the qualities of that which are specifically Italian, purity of contour and grace of feeling, he by no means approaches Marcantonio, nor Marcantonio him in the qualities which are specifically German, brilliancy and supple dexterity of line, richness and daintiness of background and details. A phrase of Neudörfer's, to the effect that he died obscurely, without men's knowing, in Italy in the year 1540, has given substance to these speculations. That the date is right seems confirmed by the fact that all Sebald's copies from the prints of his younger brother were made after this year—in order, no doubt, to meet the demands of a popularity which still continued. But if Barthel only went to Italy a few years before his death, it cannot have been then that he worked with Marcantonio, who fled from Rome at the sack in 1527, and had died by 1533; and if not then, at what earlier time? Neither in painting nor engraving does the manner of either Beham very greatly change from first to last; at first as at last, each shows clearly the influence of Italy. They must in youth either have studied Italian art in examples brought to Nuremberg; or else, which is nowhere recorded though in itself by no means improbable, they must have been to Italy for a while in their student days, their *Wanderjahre.*

The three examples of Barthel Beham's manner which we give are quite characteristic. The expressive and daintily designed figure of a cavalry soldier is one of many studies of his in a kind which occurs as early as the earliest work of Dürer, and in that of the so-called Zasinger. The wars and expeditions of Maximilian, the feuds of robber-nobles against the cities and each other, the social wars or rebellions of the peasantry, the beginning of the wars of religion and the Reformation proper—all these supplied an artist in those days with only too many a study of rider and robber in their slashed suits and great swords, boots, and feathers, too many a figure of lancer and man-at-arms, captain and drummer and standard bearer. Another such motive, engraved by the hand of Hans Sebald Beham in 1544, which we give at the bottom of the same page, is lettered with an inscription directly identifying it as a reminiscence of the disastrous Peasants' War of 1525; some suppose this too to be a copy of a lost original of Barthel's. Barthel's most beautiful and most justly famous engraving is a *Madonna at the Window* (B. 8), in which he has modified and distinctly improved a design first sketched by Parmigiano and engraved by Marcantonio. That we could not give, but the little composition underneath the horseman to the left is next best for its charming effect of light, its pleasant feeling and exquisite workmanship. The mother here, together with something of the old German sturdiness and home-

liness, has much of the Italian sweetness, and the attitude of the sleeping child is admirable. The piece (B. 5) is also among those which Sebald copied, but our reproduction is from the original. It is called a *Madonna and Child;* and indeed in several of Barthel's designs it is hard to tell whether the subject represented is one of piety or merely of fancy; but I think this is certainly not a Madonna and child, in whose company these symbols of Death and Time have no place; but an allegory, or moral emblem, of birth, life, death, and their proximity, such as were universally current in this age. The Renaissance spirit had begun to soften and attenuate these symbols, by comparison with the fierce irony and unflinching grimness with which an earlier age had presented them. This little pyramid of skulls, in the third engraving we give of Barthel's, which presents, of course, such a lugubrious *memento mori* or image of the proximity of birth and death, is in its way grim enough, but is redeemed by much grace of feeling and drawing in the child whose head has fallen back upon that ominous pillow. The only piece of this kind in which Barthel Beham is really disagreeable or ugly, is one in which, with variations with an exaggeration, for once, of Dürer's gross or uncouth forms, he has repeated Dürer's motive of *Death and the four naked Women* (B. 44). In some other emblematic pieces he adds to his charm of design and touch a quality of invention really striking; as in the similitude of the avaricious man and the still-born child, from Ecclesiastes (B. 41); the *Adam and Eve*, and between them the serpent coiled not round a tree but round a skeleton (B. 1); the manacled woman with her child, a fox running away in the background with a hind in his mouth (B. 42) which is labelled 'the Way of the World,' *der Welt Lauf*, and supposed to have reference to the Peasants' War.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

But it is time to turn from Barthel Beham to his more prolific and more popular elder brother. Sebald Beham, produced, as a painter, less than Barthel—indeed there is only one fully-authenticated picture by his hand extant; but against Barthel's ninety engravings on copper he produced two hundred and seventy, besides almost three hundred designs for wood-engraving, a mode in which Barthel does not seem to have worked at all. We have no certain clue to Sebald's whereabouts in the years immediately following his banishment, but it seems probable that the sentence against both him and Pencz was before long rescinded at their petition. In 1526 there appeared a set of seventy-four figures drawn by him on wood for the illustration of a book of Protestant tendency, or at least having the tendency of a satire against the Papacy, published by Hans Wandereisen, under the title, *Das Papstthum mit seinen Gliedern gemalt und beschrieben.* The satire lies in the verses underneath the cuts, not in the cuts themselves, which do but represent in plain outline the figures and costumes of various orders of priests and friars. Like most of the master's woodcut illustrations, these bear no mark or monogram, but the monogram has been added in some very rare copies, of which the

Fitzwilliam Museum possesses sixteen, made by a later hand on copper. Two years afterwards it became known in Nuremberg that the wood-engraver Hieronymus and Sebald Beham were about to publish a 'Book of Proportion' by the latter; whereupon Dürer's widow entered a protest before the magistrates, and obtained the prohibition of Beham's treatise until one of a similar nature by Dürer, then in the press, should be published, on the ground that Beham had made up his book out of Dürer's materials. Elsewhere a friend of Dürer's, Camerarius, tells us that a MS. treatise of Dürer's on the proportions or anatomy of the horse had been stolen during the master's life: no doubt his widow and friends suspected Beham of the theft; nevertheless when Beham did publish his own treatise on the horse, it exhibited a method quite different from that followed by Dürer in his own scientific writings. Not long afterwards, Sebald again left his native city, because, says Sandrart, of the ill-repute earned both by a loose life and a loose pencil. But of this there is no evidence whatever. Sebald Beham's early trouble shows him to have been outspoken and wilful; the suspicions against him in the matter of the Dürer MS. do not speak very highly for his character; some of his designs convey a wholesome moral crudely enough, and others exhibit something too crudely the humours of the commoner sort of his countrymen, the coarse knocks and coarser blandishments of the harvest-feast or the fair; and his features, as represented by himself in the medallion we have already mentioned, and in a very vigorous full-faced drawing at Vienna, are those of a man of rough grain and possibly of riotous blood. But of anything in his life, after that early 'godless' episode, or of anything at all in his art, to earn reproach among his fellow-citizens, there is no trace at all: still less of anything to interfere with his industry and productiveness; since these were signal, and neither flagged nor deteriorated to the end. In 1530 he was for a while at Munich with his brother, and celebrated the solemn entry of Charles and Ferdinand with a great woodcut. In the course of this expedition he went probably to Ingolstadt, where, in the same year, there appeared a Commentary on the Gospels by a Doctor Johann von Eck, with many woodcut illustrations by various hands, including forty-one by Sebald Beham. In the same year, having hitherto in his monogram always used a P for the initial letter of his surname, he changes it to B; a usage in which he did not afterwards vary. About this time he engraved some excellent designs of cups and the like for goldsmiths' work. After 1531 there is a gap of two years in the list of his engravings on copper, but it is a gap well filled with other work. He designed, probably at Nuremberg, a series of seven large astrological woodcuts of the Planets, the idea and composition of each being freely Germanized from that Italian fifteenth-century series which we have already spoken of in our chapter on Baccio Baldini. These were published by Albrecht Glockendon of Nuremberg, one of a house of hereditary 'illuminists' and engravers; and next, Sebald Beham executed four out of eight miniatures in a prayer-book illuminated by the same Glockendon for the Cardinal Archbishop Albert of Mainz (the sitter for Dürer's two portraits known as the Great and Little Cardinal). This seems to have led to a more important commission, that for the curious and admirably finished painting, now in the Louvre, of four scenes from the life of David in four compartments of a table; in one of these compartments is represented, in the person of Bathsheba, the beautiful Margaretha Ridinger, mistress of the Cardinal, with the Cardinal himself and a number of his courtiers looking on; and elsewhere, the painter's own portrait.

It is probable that during the progress of this work Sebald will have lived at Mainz; and in 1534 we find him settled hard by, at Frankfort, where he by-and-by became enrolled a citizen, and where he lived for the remainder of his days. One of his first tasks here was the designing of a set of eighty Scripture illustrations for the printer and bookseller Egenolph; these were first used for a Chronicle or Universal History published in 1534, and in another edition the next year; and so popular were the cuts that they were afterwards republished in no less than nine various editions before 1575. For the same bookseller, much to the bookseller's profit and little if at all to his own, he not long afterwards designed a set of twenty-six cuts to the Book of Revelation.

In treating such a theme, it was impossible not to repeat and weaken, in some instances, the ideas of Dürer. As examples of Sebald's manner in wood, we give, besides the Madonna, two of these Revelation designs, one of the Four Riders, which is nothing but Dürer reduced and weakened, and one well enough designed without any precedent in Dürer's work, and showing to humdrum apprehensions how the stars of heaven fell unto the earth even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind; and how the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains. Other woodcut series of Sebald's are, one to the New Testament, one, on a larger scale than usual, of the Patriarchs, one to his own *Kunst und Lehrbüchlein*, or Handbook of Drawing, one to a German version of *Vitruvius*, one to the *Bancket der Hof und Edelleut*, or Handbook of Wholesome Living, and one to a fencer's and wrestler's manual.

THE FOUR RIDERS.

Alike in wood and copper engraving Sebald exhibited, from the time when he first settled in Frankfort until he died there on the 22nd of November, 1550, an incessant industry, which only shows signs of abatement after the troubles and devastation brought upon the city by the religious wars in 1546. Perhaps the most active and brilliant years of his work on copper are those between 1538 and the latter date. In religious pieces, in classical pieces, in moral emblems, in fable and fancy, in ornament and pattern, in scenes of peasant labour or peasant merriment and debauchery, he exhibits always the same characteristic cross, or alliance, of the old German bluntness, toughness, grit—that quality which they call *kernhaftigkeit* and for which we have no exact word—with the new Italian style and correctness of design. His figures are lighted and modelled, within doors or without, in an extreme brilliancy of shadow and illumination. The *Seven Planets* (B. 113–120), a dainty company less than an inch and a half high, stand each bearing the badge of his divinity. The *Seven Liberal Arts* (B. 128–134), on a larger scale and of clumsier design, belonging to a different time, in like manner bear their respective emblems, among which you may recognise most of those that Dürer has collected about his great incarnation of the genius of intellectual abour, the *Melancholia*. A more exact echo of Dürer occurs in a figure, lumpish indeed and insignificant after the original, from which it is a reduced variation, of *Melancholia* herself (B. 144); or in the *Nemesis* we have already mentioned; or again—and the echo is this time also an explanation—in the armed warrior beside his horse (B. 67), which is labelled ALEXANDER MANGNVS, and seems to show that the warrior and white steed of Dürer's famous *Great Horse* are meant for Alexander and Bucephalus.

THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.

Or again, Sebald repeats allegories which are those not of Dürer in particular, but of the age in general; such as this of *Fortune* in our plate (B. 148); the goddess, in a favourable mood, wears the wings and carries the palm of victory, while in the other hand she holds her wheel upon which a man rides uppermost; a ship puts forth in full sail over a placid sea, but the symbol of the deity's instability, a huge ball, lies on the floor beside her. A companion piece is *Infortunium* (B. 141), represented by a woman at whose skirts a hideous fiend plucks as she goes, a huge scorpion lying on the ground before her. Or a strong man naked to the waist tears in vain at a sapling which is too strong for him (*Impossibile*, B. 145). And so on, with allegories of Patience, allegories of Charity, allegories of all the Christian virtues, allegories of the Triumph of the Christian faith, and allegories of the Power of Death without end. Or, from the Scripture cycle, Christ speaks with the woman of Samaria at the well, a group of disciples seated at his side (B. 24), or sits at meat in the house of Simon the Pharisee (B. 25); or the episodes of the parable of the Prodigal Son are shown with great richness of surrounding and simplicity of feeling in five various prints (B. 31–35). In the classic cycle, Hercules goes through all his labours (B. 96–107); a story of the emperor Trajan is illustrated, in the most elaborate of all Sebald's compositions on copper (B. 82); or the wars of Hector and Achilles, of Greeks and Trojans—KRICHEN and DROJONER (B. 68, 69)—are celebrated in decorative friezes on a dark ground, designed with admirable spirit and science in a manner of which Barthel Beham set the first example. Lastly, in the rustic cycle, peasants ply their work in the field, they go to market, they drink, dance, make love, or fight; one man halloos 'It's cold weather' to another, who answers 'That don't hurt' (B. 188, 189); there is a masquerade of the months (B. 162–167), in which peasant couples go reeling in clumsy festivity, the man in each case being labelled *Fabius January, Gregory March, Jacob Haymonth* for June, *Giles Harvestmonth* for September, *Simon Winemonth* for October, and the like. A great proportion among all these little engravings occur in various states, one state after another showing those minute additions and retouches which collectors love to discover and to catalogue.* These additions and retouches, made by the master as his plates gradually got worn, testify to the great demand for his work among his contemporaries. Neither has it by any means lost, or deserved to lose, its popularity or its power of entertainment yet.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

BRIEF NOTICES OF ART PUBLICATIONS.

NINETY YEARS OF WORK AND PLAY.†—This is a volume of modest pretensions in every way, for the subject of it was never a famous artist; nor does the writer of the biography affect to be an accomplished author. Still, in spite of the comparative artlessness with which the book has been put together, it is the simple truth that we have read the whole volume, from the first page to the last, with much pleasure and satisfaction, and we recommend it heartily as an interesting account of a long and happy life. Many a man has attained more professional distinction than Mr. Schetky without enjoying so many of the elements of happiness, and there is evidence enough in this book that he deserved all the best things in his lot. He acquired neither fame nor fortune, but he enjoyed excellent health, having, indeed, quite a wonderful constitution: he delighted in nature; and he was a favourite in society, the early feeling of good fellowship towards him giving place to one of more marked respect as he grew older and older. Besides all these worldly advantages, he was steadily religious in a cheerful and kindly spirit. He saw a great deal of the

* The best account of the brothers Beham is contained in a monograph by Adolf Rosenberg, published at Leipzig in 1875 (see 'Academy,' September 8th, 1877). A new catalogue of the copper engravings of Hans Sebald, the most complete that has yet been prepared, and charmingly printed and illustrated, is about to be published by the Rev. W. J. Loftie.

† 'Ninety Years of Work and Play.' Sketches from the public and private career of John Christian Schetky, late Marine-Painter in Ordinary to Her Majesty, by his Daughter. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1877.

world, far more than usually falls to the lot of anyone who has his living to earn, and that not only by travelling in many places, but by personal intercourse with many distinguished persons. He saw Robert Burns at Edinburgh when a boy, for Burns was an acquaintance of his father's; he knew Sir Walter Scott (at whose request he illustrated the 'Lay'). The Duke of Wellington was kind to him in Portugal, and invited him to dinner; he was introduced to Alexander Humboldt at Berlin. But the most curious incident in the way of meeting with remarkable persons occurred in Rome, when Schetky was a young man, and Cardinal York, the last of the royal Stuarts, spoke to him from his carriage, asked after the welfare of *his fleets* and *his army*, and bestowed his blessing. When we turn to the House of Hanover we find that Schetky knew them personally, from the Duke of Clarence and George IV. down to our present Prince of Wales. The late Duke of Rutland was Schetky's best and most intimate friend, while amongst naval men he seems to have known everybody. So strong, indeed, was Schetky's liking for the navy, and all belonging to it, that he ought to have been a naval officer; indeed, he tried hard to get into the navy when a boy, and his name was actually entered on the books of a frigate in 1792: but his parents regretted the step, and withdrew their permission, so he became an artist instead, and painted line-of-battle ships.

Schetky's very extensive acquaintance may be accounted for by the fact that he was a drawing-master, first to private amateurs amongst the aristocracy, and afterwards to great naval and military schools. Most of his pupils seem to have loved him, and to have retained this feeling through life. His friendship with the Duke of Rutland began when both of them were already beginning to be old men, and was the result of a mutual attraction, due to real affinity of character, which soon ripened into the strongest mutual esteem. A few great artists, including Turner and Stanfield, knew and respected Schetky: but the impression left upon us by this book is that Art was not really his chief interest in life; Society seems to have been his chief interest, and that not of an especially artistic or intellectual kind. But Schetky seems to have been admirably fitted for the kind of society he liked best. He was not so artistic or intellectual as to be disagreeable to the average mind, and he could enter heartily into the pleasures of our upper classes without feeling that his time might be better occupied. Besides this, he was essentially a modest man, grateful for the notice of his social superiors, and not inclined to resent any appearance of *hauteur* or neglect. The influence of ancestry might be traced very distinctly in Schetky's life. He liked aristocratic society, and was descended from a baronial family of Hungary; he had a passion and talent for music—his father was a celebrated composer and violoncellist; he earned his living as a teacher of drawing—his mother was an accomplished miniature-painter.

A Plea for Art in the House.*—This book consists of five short chapters. 1. The Prudence of Collecting; 2. Furnishing and Old Furniture; 3. Pictures; 4. Books and China; 5. Art and Morals. There is also a little preface, in which the author says he is 'under the persuasion that common-sense arguments may be found powerful with many people to whom high flights are unpleasant.' This expression indicates at once the merits and defects of Mr. Loftie's way of dealing with his subject. Common-sense is useful even in the fine arts, but the most valuable results, both in art and criticism, have been due to *un*common sense. Mr. Loftie seems to have that perfect reliance on common-sense, the general opinion, and the wisdom of the many, which is safe in the ordinary affairs of life, but is sometimes misleading in æsthetics. His argument about the prudence of collecting may be condensed into a sentence. Most of us like to spend money and to possess things, but the judicious collector is the only person in the world who spends his money on what he likes best without being a penny the poorer—nay, he has even the possibility of increasing his wealth at the same time that he increases his collection. His hobby also affords much amusement by the way. Mr. Loftie speaks with good sense about furniture,

* 'A Plea for Art in the House, with special Reference to the Economy of collecting Works of Art, and the Importance of Taste in Education and Morals.' By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A., Author of 'In and Out of London.' London: Macmillan.

and one maxim of his is well worth remembering—'The permanent things in the room should carry the ornament.' Again he says, 'The best periods of domestic furniture are not Gothic.' This is quite true; furniture in the real Gothic times was too architectural. 'Books are the best ornament of the book-case,' because highly ornamented book-cases are dangerous to the appearance of their contents; and the shelves should always be subordinate to what they bear. About prints Mr. Loftie says, what is too true, that when a publisher is dishonest he makes any number of so-called 'proofs' that the public may demand. The author seems to be under the impression that steeling is not applied to copper-plates. He says that engraved plates are steeled, so that all the impressions may be of nearly equal quality; 'in work on copper, however, there is much more variety.' The truth is, that steeling is used to protect copper, just as coppering is used to afford a relative protection to zinc. Mr. Loftie observes: 'It may be safely said, that of a delicate etching no two impressions are alike.' This is true, but the writer is proceeding from a false assumption, which is, that the plate will have perceptibly deteriorated. A steeled copper does not perceptibly deteriorate between two impressions, and a later impression is often better than an earlier one when luck or skill has been in its favour. Again he says, 'The most ardent admirer of modern etching has little opportunity of buying anything except landscapes, and of them very few that are of an interesting type.' This is not true: there are plenty of figure subjects in modern etching. Then Mr. Loftie says, 'When modern etchers go back to figure subjects such as Rembrandt studied, and to chiaroscuro like his, they will be well worthy of attention.' Why are etchers to imitate especially the chiaroscuro of Rembrandt—a purely *personal* expression in his case, always arbitrary, and often false? They do far better to study chiaroscuro in nature and in art generally. Mr. Loftie seems quite right in his estimate of the absurd old conventional rules about hanging water-colours in drawing-rooms and portraits in dining-rooms. 'The true rule,' he says, 'is to put the pictures where they look best.' As to decoration, he suggests that young ladies should make themselves useful at home in painting doors, panels, and mouldings, and he thinks this would be quite as good employment of their time as making water-colour drawings. So it would, no doubt, and house decoration is one of the most interesting forms of art, involving, as it does, most of the great problems about contrast, harmony, and general relation of one thing to another; but house decoration is a great subject, and not by any means so simple a matter as it seems to the inexperienced. About *Art and Morals* Mr. Loftie says, 'The higher our conception of material beauty, the higher will be our ideal of moral beauty.' This is very pretty, but it is not necessarily true. Sometimes the two conceptions go together, but not always. Some cultivated artists have had exquisite moral perceptions, others have been singularly deficient on that side.

A DIVIDED ATTENTION.

PHOTOGRAVURE FROM A PICTURE BY MR. G. H. BOUGHTON.

THIS picture belongs to a class of works seldom produced before the present century, but now rather frequently met with both in English and Continental exhibitions. The artist takes a good study of landscape for the scene, and then introduces some slight but interesting figure-incident; so that the figures are more than landscape-figures, and yet occupy much less of the canvas than those in regular figure-pictures. It is a sort of marriage between landscape and figure, in which neither is sacrificed to the other. The reader will see our meaning at a glance if, with this photogravure before him, he thinks of the trees in the backgrounds of Reynolds and the figures in the foregrounds of Turner. The choice of mediæval costume is also a very modern taste, and so is the connexion between quiet humour and mediævalism, modern artists having become familiar enough with mediæval costumes not to feel that they are inevitably poetical and romantic.

Mr. Boughton is an Englishman by birth, who, like the elder Leslie, passed his youth in America. He was born near Norwich, in December, 1834, and whilst still an infant was taken by his parents to the State of New York. He lived in Albany until his nineteenth year; and amused himself, from the earliest dawn of natural artistic faculties, by drawing at odd moments, often stolen from what were considered more serious pursuits, as the boy was intended for business and not for art.

Mr. Boughton's first youthful ambition as an artist was nothing less than the illustration of Shakespeare's Works, and he carried this intention so far towards execution that he positively drew several illustrations as specimens, and sent them to the most important publishing-house in the United States. The proposal was declined with thanks; but the publisher kindly sent young Boughton a fine copy of the bard as a balm for his wounded feelings. Young Boughton's attempts were not limited to black and white. Colours exercised upon him their usual fascination; that is to say, common house-painters' colours: for in those days the pretty, bright, silver-looking tubes of the artists' colourmen were utterly unknown at Albany, in the State of New York. However, any kind of colour was enough to attract the young artist, and he was constantly either thinking of pigments or else practically dirtying his desk therewith—the desk, we ought to observe, was that of a book-keeper. This occupation of book-keeping did not seem compatible with much success in art, so with the permission of his parents young Boughton sought a way of life that might conflict less with his artistic aspirations. He tried scene-painting; but that soon palled, because it did not include the figure. About that time he discovered that the tranquil amusement of the angler was soothing to a mind harassed by a choice of professions, and one day happened to enter a 'general store' to buy some fishing-tackle. Here, for the first time in his life, the young artist beheld oil-colours *in tubes*—real Winsor and Newton's. The fishing-tackle was left for other purchasers and the money intended for it was at once invested in tube-colours, brushes, and canvas. The colours selected were by no means lacking in brightness; for they included Chrome Yellow, Prussian Blue, and Vermilion. With these, and the soberer elements of Burnt Umber, Black and White, the artist composed a 'glowing palette,' and set to work painting a landscape from nature, which he still vividly remembers. This experiment produced the first painful doubts about his vocation; but, setting these aside by an effort of moral courage, he laid in a further stock of colours, and, not wishing to be hampered with design, copied a print from the 'Art Journal.' This was such a success that the dealer in pigments opened an unlimited credit for the encouragement of rising genius. After that young Boughton found a friend more advanced in art than himself, who gave him the benefit of a practical example, and his progress was rapid. Plenty of encouragement of every kind came in, which led to a voyage to England in 1853.

Mr. Boughton remained a few months in London, spending much of his time in the galleries and exhibitions; then visited the English lakes, made tours in Scotland and Ireland, and returned to Albany, where he remained, meeting with a quiet but sufficient sort of encouragement, until 1858. He then painted a *Winter Twilight*, and sent it to the New York Academy. This picture met with such a kind reception, and such success followed, that the artist went to New York to live. Here he received so many commissions for 'Winters' that he began to be alarmed at the prospect of having to produce a series of repetitions of his first success, repetitions which must soon come to an end without substantially advancing him in the knowledge of his profession; so he boldly determined to resist this temporary current of popularity, and work for his own improvement as a figure-painter. With this purpose he attended the Life Classes at the New York Academy of Design for a season, and then, finding the need of more serious study, went to Paris, with the intention of entering an *atelier*, thinking more particularly of Couture's. All the *ateliers* seemed to him alike unsuitable as places for serious study. The noise and frivolity of the students were tiresome, and the work they did appeared little more than an imitation of the master's manner. Mr. Boughton

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consequently determined to hire a studio of his own, and work in his own way from the model, with the help of the best teaching he could get—not painting pictures, but studies of the nude—at the same time familiarising himself with the spirit of the great masters in the Louvre. This continued for two years, after which Mr. Boughton went to Écouen, where he studied cottage children after the manner of Edouard Frère, and with the help of his kind advice. After some months of this Mr. Boughton came to London, simply with the intention of revisiting the English capital on his way back to America. The length of the intended visit was a single week, but circumstances have prolonged it to fifteen years. He had some small works with him, executed at Écouen, and these he showed to an artist friend in London, who strongly advised him to stay some time in England and exhibit. Mr. Boughton followed this recommendation by sending one picture, *Passing into the Shade*, to the British Institution, and by giving another, *The Cottage Window*, to the Lancashire Relief Fund. These little works were so cordially appreciated that the artist was induced to try again, and he found the Royal Academy most hospitable. 'The Royal Academy,' he says, 'has always treated me very kindly: my pitcher has gone often to its well, and has never been broken or sent back empty.'

Mr. Boughton has exhibited regularly ever since the year 1863. At first his works were Breton subjects—*Wayside Devotion, The Swing, A Breton Haymaker, A Dusty Road*, &c.; but afterwards he took a new departure, and in 1867 painted *Pilgrims, New England, going Armed to Church;* in 1868, *The March of Miles Standish.* The year following Mr. Boughton began to paint the costume of the early part of the present century. Many of his more recent works will be in the recollection of our readers who visit the exhibitions, but there are many others of importance which have gone to America and elsewhere without having been previously shown in London. We give a short list in a footnote, which has no pretension to completeness. Mr. Boughton's manner of painting is too generally appreciated, both in England and America, to need any comment of ours. At one time French influences were strongly, but not unpleasantly, apparent in it; yet this artist now belongs quite decidedly to the contemporary English school, in which his refinement and intelligence have given him a good position.*

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM WYLD. ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

THE town of Épernay (in Champagne), which now contains about 15,000 inhabitants, and is one of the great centres of the wine-growing industry of France, only contained 4000 when Mr. Wyld first went there in 1827. Few travellers visited it, and the curiosities shown to these few were parts of the old walls which Henri IV. had besieged, and the cellars of Monsieur Moët, with the marble inscription commemorating the visit paid to their owner and to them by the Emperor Napoleon I. during his last campaign in 1814. The Moëts, the Chandons, and the Périers, were the leading families, already very rich, cultivating their large

* The following is an imperfect list of some of Mr. Boughton's pictures exhibited in England:—*Indifference*, 1869; *The Age of Gallantry*, 1870; *A Chapter from 'Pamela,'* 1871; *Flight of the Birds* (a series of three pictures), 1872; *The Heir*, 1873; *God Speed*, 1874; *The Bearers of the Burden*, 1875; *Grey Days and Rosy Days* (two pictures), 1873; *A Surrey Pastoral*, 1876; *Snow in Spring-time*, 1877; *Homewards*, 1877.

Mr. Boughton is now completing a work on which he has been engaged for the last two years, *The Edict of William the Testy*, from Knickerbocker's 'History of New York.' This is intended for the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Last year Mr. Boughton sent a large picture to the Roberts' Collection of New York, the subject being *New-year's Day in Old New York* (everybody kissing everybody in the street, with wishes for a happy new year).

estates and exporting the produce (champagne wine) to England and elsewhere. These, with half-a-dozen houses of inferior possessions and pretensions, were the only persons of note belonging to the town, and with the colony of magistrates (all direct importations from Paris) formed what was then styled '*La Société*,' a class quite distinct from the small *rentiers* and shopkeepers. Mr. Wyld had letters of introduction to the Moëts and Périers, was most kindly received by them, and at once became a constant guest at their houses, where he formed other acquaintances and friendships. In the country about Épernay there are a good many considerable *châteaux* belonging to wealthy owners, who at that time used to inhabit them for nine months in the year, and these kept open house two or three times a-week to all comers who lived within the magic circle of *La Société*. Amongst them was the *château* of St. Martin d'Ablois, possessed by the late Count Roy, who had been Minister of France under Louis XVIII., and was one of the richest men in France. His son-in-law, Count de Lariboisière, was exceedingly fond of painting, and a clever amateur artist, and although there was a great difference of age between Mr. Wyld and him, they soon became intimate friends, and this friendship lasted until the death of that very wealthy and charitable nobleman, which occurred nine years ago.

It was a consequence of these early associations and friendships at Épernay, that when Mr. Wyld returned from his travels to Paris in 1834, and settled there, he at once found many doors open, and took a position in Parisian society such as is seldom within the reach of any but the most distinguished foreigners. 'I imagine,' says Mr. Wyld, 'and indeed conclude from all I have heard and read, that in 1834 the social status of a young artist with nothing to recommend him but an incipient talent and decent manners, was very different in Paris to what it was or could have been in London.' This is probably true; but in this instance there was more than 'an incipient talent and decent manners;' there were social qualities which are always very warmly appreciated by cultivated society in Paris, and when this is considered, there is nothing more surprising in Mr. Wyld's social success than in that of his contemporary, J. J. Ampère, whose qualities as an author were taken on trust before he had had time to display them, and to whom the great world was cordial from the beginning, simply because it liked him. There are affinities of nature which overcome all the differences of rank, and even of nationality; and we believe that Mr. Wyld's nature was remarkably in harmony with the best social atmosphere of France, which is probably the reason why he has remained there for so many years.

The friendship with Count de Lariboisière led to an incident which is worth telling. When M. Thiers was Minister in 1840, the French Government sent out an expedition to St. Helena to fetch the remains of Napoleon I., and as soon as Wyld heard of this he had the greatest desire to accompany the expedition, being convinced that he could obtain valuable and attractive material at the world-famous island, and that he would enjoy the voyage, as he delighted in every kind of travelling. No sooner was this idea conceived than Wyld addressed himself to Lariboisière, who, as a Peer of France, and for other reasons, was a personage of considerable political importance. 'Nothing will be easier,' was the answer. 'Our friend Gourgaud (the General) is going, and somehow or other he can take you under his wing; so you had better go and see him, and tell him this from me. In the meanwhile I will make some inquiries, and we will talk it over next Sunday, when you will meet here at dinner.' General Gourgaud was as amiable as possible, promising everything if Wyld would only 'condescend to accept the nominal office of his secretary.' When they met at dinner the General said the thing was arranged, as he had made the proper application at head-quarters. The expedition was to set out in a month, so Wyld lost no time in making preparation and procuring a regular outfit for a six months' voyage. When these private preparations were all complete, our hero went to the General and asked when they were to start. 'I really cannot tell,' was the answer; 'there is always some delay cropping up in official quarters: but I *may* be off from one hour to another, so you,

being ready, had better go down to Toulon at once, embark on the *Belle-poule*, and wait for me there. I will give you a note to the Captain.' Duly provided with this passport Wyld set off to Toulon, was very well received on board ship, took possession of his berth, and soon made the acquaintance of the officers, amongst whom were one or two amateur artists. For ten days this life in port went on pleasantly enough, when a telegram (semaphore) arrived one morning saying that Prince de Joinville, accompanied by General Gourgaud and M. Marchand, formerly *valet-de-chambre* to Napoleon I. (who was to embark on the corvette accompanying the *Belle-poule*), would arrive in the course of the day. Wyld went on shore to meet the General, who then said that 'he had *not* succeeded in obtaining the necessary official order for a private secretary, and that consequently Mr. Wyld could not accompany the expedition.' The reader may imagine the disappointment, so entirely unexpected. After the first shock of stupefaction Wyld took courage again, and asked for an audience of Prince de Joinville, which was immediately granted. The Prince was very kind—said he knew the artist's works well, was himself the possessor of drawings by him, and would have been delighted to have him during the voyage, but in his exceptional position the Prince felt compelled to obey orders to the very letter, and had no authority

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to give Mr. Wyld a berth.' 'But, Monseigneur,' the artist answered, like one catching at a straw, 'suppose I managed to conceal myself on board?' To this despairing suggestion the Prince replied good-naturedly, that he 'should then enjoy his society till they touched at some port, when duty would require that he should be put on shore.' After that there was nothing for it but to go to the *Belle-poule* and fetch away that very complete six months' outfit, which had been so elaborately prepared in Paris. So the great sea-voyage was reduced to ten days at anchor in the port of Toulon, during which the *Belle-poule* floated a few yards in one direction or another, as the wind changed.

Energy and resolution which have accumulated for one purpose, often expend themselves in another direction when circumstances foil them in that first chosen. Austerlitz was won with the energy which had been accumulated against Great Britain; and so, to compare small things with great, Mr. Wyld's abortive expedition to St. Helena ended in a visit to Naples. The large view of Venice, for which he had obtained the gold medal, had been purchased by the Marquis Alfred de Montebello, who had expressed the desire, if ever the opportunity occurred, to have a view of Naples as a companion to it. Wyld, being now at Toulon, wanted to go somewhere to work off the energy originally intended for St. Helena, and calm down the feeling of disappointment; so he wrote to M. de Montebello about the projected Naples picture,

and received a favourable answer. After staying a month with friends at Avignon, where he made studies, he took ship at Marseilles and sailed to Naples, touching at Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia. It luckily happened that M. de Montebello's elder brother, the Duke, was at that time French Ambassador at the Neapolitan Court; so Mr. Wyld was very cordially received at the French Embassy, with a general invitation for the whole time of his stay at Naples. He lived at the Villa di Roma, with a balcony overhanging the sea, and splendid views of Vesuvius and the islands. The only unpleasant recollection connected with this stay at Naples is that of the dirty old streets, in their unimproved condition of 1840; but the Villa di Roma was well out of their way, and their odours did not reach the dining-rooms and *salons* of the Embassy. With his usual good fortune Wyld found Parisian friends in Naples, and his time passed between studying from nature, the enjoyment of congenial society, and excursions to all the interesting places in the neighbourhood, where he always managed to find opportunities for sketching; so that, after the short space of two months, he returned to Paris with a rich portfolio of material. The large Naples picture, along with several other Italian subjects,

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was exhibited in 1841, and the artist was again rewarded with a gold medal. Before this he had frequently exhibited in the provinces, and had received official rewards, in the shape of medals and diplomas, from Rouen, Amiens, Douai, Boulogne, Calais, Arras, and other places. After exhibiting the Naples picture, Wyld remained working steadily at Paris until the autumn of 1842, when he made a sketching excursion in Belgium and Holland, accompanied by his friends, Edmond de Lafayette (now a Senator) and Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, his cousin, author of a learned work on stained glass. This excursion was carried out in the true artistic spirit, as the travellers halted at every place that interested them between the frontier and Amsterdam, and Mr. Wyld brought back with him to Paris quite a collection of sketches. Immediately on his return he painted a large picture of Amsterdam, which is now in the Museum of Rheims. For the next four years he remained in France, passing most of the time in his studio in Paris, but spending a few weeks every summer with Count de Lariboisière at his seat near Fougères, in Brittany, and with Count de Tromelin, who lived at or near Morlaix. These annual visits are mentioned here because they led to much practical study of Breton scenery, and to many pictures of its most interesting bits.

Bart" Murillo seipsum depin
gens pro filiorum votis acpreci
bus explendis

THE ALTHORP GALLERY.

V.—Bartolomé Esteban Murillo.

Portrait of the Artist.

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY.

IN his well-known 'Handbook for Travellers in Spain,' Mr. Ford speaks of the three decided styles by which the productions of Murillo may be technically classified. 'Murillo had three styles: the *Frio*, his earliest, being based on Ribera and Caravaggio, was dark, with a decided outline. Of these were the pictures in the San Francisco. His second manner was his *Calido*, or warm, when his colouring was improved, while his drawing was still well defined and marked. His third style was the *Vaporoso*, or misty, vaporous, and blending. This he adopted partly because Herrera el Mozo had made it the fashion, and partly because being stinted for time from the increased orders, he could not finish so highly.' It was for the now ruined and crumbling monastery of San Francisco, close to the great square of Seville, that Murillo painted, in 1645, the series of eleven pictures, illustrating the life of St. Francis, which first made his talents known in his native city after his return from Madrid. 'All these were removed by force of arms by Soult, save one, which from his flurried flight after Salamanca, he left behind in the Alcazar.' Murillo's most celebrated pictures (such as the *Conception* at Paris, which everybody knows on account of the enormous price that was paid for it during the reign of Napoleon III.) are in the *Vaporoso* manner, so that his name is chiefly associated with that manner in the popular impression of him. The portrait from which our etching is taken is, however, in the *Frio*, or cold manner. It is so extremely sober and positive that it seems to have no relationship with the lightly handled, richly coloured canvases, where the Virgin is surrounded by clouds and cherubs. There is hardly any colour about this portrait except the flesh tints. The background is very heavy and opaque, but there is fine painting of a serious kind both in the face and hand. The account of himself which Murillo gives us in this picture is curiously different from many other portraits of themselves which great artists have left to posterity. Murillo does not try the effect of strange costumes on himself as Rembrandt did, nor exhibit himself in undignified merriment like Franz Hals, or in courtly grace like Rubens. He paints himself very simply, without action or display of any kind, and evidently just as he was. There is a manly gravity about the expression of the face, but without harshness or austerity. The costume is so entirely subordinate that it seems as if the artist did not enjoy costume much, or care about it; certainly he had no vanity in what he wore. Something of this seriousness may have been due to the early influence of his adviser and fellow-townsman, Velasquez, but it was also national, the Spanish realism of that day being remarkable for its quiet earnestness.

P. G. Hamerton.

ALBERT DÜRER.

HIS TEACHERS, HIS RIVALS, AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

XI.—ALBERT DÜRER AND HEINRICH ALDEGREVER.

THE circumstances of German life and history combined to make engraving the national, or specially characteristic, art of that race, just as much as fresco-painting was the national, or specially characteristic, art of Italy. Northern architecture did not provide for the fresco-painter the broad, well-lighted wall-spaces of Southern interiors, nor were the conditions of the Northern climate favourable to that method. But independently of such material considerations, painting never had in the North, except partially and for a short period in the Low Countries, anything like the opportunities it had in the South. Communities and private individuals never had in the North, as they had in the South, the habit of spending large proportions of their wealth on works of art. The only frequent kind of commission was for church altar-pieces, painted at first in tempera and afterwards in oil upon panel. This art of oil-painting only made its way among the schools of Central Germany from Flanders, where it was invented—and along with it, competent technical skill in general—in the generation next preceding the Reform. When the Reform came, the demand for church altar-pieces practically stopped, and pictorial productiveness was checked just as something approaching pictorial perfection was attained. Thus it is that the number of Dürer's own paintings is comparatively so few, and that Holbein, one of the greatest dramatic designers ever born, painted little else except portraits; while Altdorfer (to take one of the examples that have come within the range of our present study) is represented as a painter by no more than some dozen pictures, most of them quite small, in the galleries of Munich, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Berlin, and Bremen; and of Hans Sebald Beham we have but the single example of the painted table, setting forth the story of David and Uriah in four chapters, at the Louvre. For engravings, on the other hand, whether on copper or wood, the demand throughout Germany was constant and eager from the first; and of these the production was immense. Engravings spoke to everybody; they were within the reach of everybody; they gave life to all the popular ideas, to the ancient Church doctrine neither more nor less than to the new classic learning or the preaching of the fathers of Reform; engraving had no enemies. The Pope could be made ridiculous in a print just as well as Martin Luther; Bible cuts were a kind of images which Protestantism encouraged and approved quite as much as it discouraged and condemned altar-paintings of the Virgin and the Saints. From the day almost of its invention to that of its vitiation and decline—throughout the century which we may roughly include between limits 1450 and 1550—engraving continued to express the best powers of the thought and craftmanship of the North.

Of that vitiation and decline we have already seen the symptoms approaching. We have seen the new Italian spirit, of which Marcantonio was the chief exponent, asserting itself by the side of the old German spirit, which had its last and greatest exponent in Dürer himself. All the good Northern engraving of the sixteenth century by masters younger than Dürer, is engraving in which the new spirit allies itself with, and tempers, but does not yet neutralise or cast out, the old. So long as the two principles remain in equilibrium, the work possesses salt and virtue—technical virtue in a very high degree, and intellectual virtue enough to interest and entertain; certain phases of fact and fancy are expressed in it with excellent

faithfulness, discipline, and vigour. But the equilibrium of the two principles was not stable. The native grit and loyalty of the Northern genius, as represented in art, died out in the generation after Dürer, and gave place, about 1550, to a bombastic and flaccid imitation, from which loyalty and true discipline altogether disappeared, of the art, itself already in decay, of the Southern Late-Renaissance. In some cases the career of a single master exhibits the process of the casting out of the old spirit by the new; that, for instance, of Lucas of Leyden, who in the last six years of his life wrought in a manner merely Italian, and not good of its kind. In the case of the two most distinguished of the Little Masters, Sebald and Barthel Beham, we have seen, on the other hand, how the German and the Italian elements of their training remain nicely balanced, and the salt loses none of its savour. As much cannot be said of all the engravers whose names are commonly associated with those of the Behams, under the designation of the Little Masters. That association is loose and arbitrary enough, and there are several names which might with propriety be added to the seven commonly included in the group. Most closely connected with the Behams, and brought up like them under the shadow of Dürer's genius at Nuremberg itself, was Georg Pencz. Georg Pencz was one of three 'godless painters' of Nuremberg, and was condemned for blasphemy and banished along with the brothers Beham in 1524. Within a very few years his sentence had been remitted, and by 1532 we find him taken into the employ of the town council of Nuremberg. For the next five-and-twenty years our notices exhibit him as being from time to time busy for his public or private employers, as gilding the frames of Dürer's apostle pictures, painting portraits, painting an ingenious decoration of scaffolding and workpeople in perspective on the ceiling of a pleasure-chamber in the garden of a Nuremberg citizen, and so forth. We can judge of him for ourselves only as a portrait-painter and as an engraver on copper. In the former branch, he is a skilful and accurate workman somewhat in the manner of Holbein; in the latter, an imitator, and often a copyist, both of the Behams and of Marcantonio; managing the burin with great precision and brilliancy, but leaning strongly towards classical ideals, and in the case of his largest work, a *Destruction of Carthage*, after Giulio Romano, translating an Italian design in a learnedly and unmixedly Italian manner. Similarly Jacob Binck of Cologne, another Little Master whose general manner has the closest resemblance to that of the Behams and of Pencz, threw altogether away, in some of his later work, the feeling and the discipline of his countrymen, and engraved a set of *Triumphs of Petrarch* in an indifferent Italian taste, besides literally copying a set of heathen gods and goddesses engraved by the Italian Caraglio in the most pretentious and flimsy manner of the Late Renaissance. On the other hand, the work of Ludwig Krug, an interesting minor engraver working at this same time in Nuremberg, who used for his signature the letter L. together with the figure of a jug or jar—in German *Krug*—the work of Ludwig Krug might be taken as evidence how the old German dryness of style and quaintness of fancy held out, in some cases, stubbornly enough. But this master died within four years of Dürer, and his works are few in number; there is another name with which we may more justly close our study of the followers of Dürer in whom something of his own spirit still survived, and that is the name of Heinrich Aldegrever, or Alde Grave, of Soest, in Westphalia.

Aldegrever was one of the most copious of all engravers. The list of his pieces numbers nearly three hundred. He was the latest who adhered from first to last to the old Northern traditions of disciplined precision and severity; he wrought without appreciable change of manner from 1527 to 1555, and in some of the effects of his art he went beyond even the best of his time. There is no engraved portrait of this age more masterly in character or more splendid in quality of line and colour than Aldegrever's of *Duke William of Juliers* (B. 181); there is no engraved history more rich, fanciful, and inventive, than his of Dives and Lazarus (B. 44–48), of which we here give two episodes; there is no engraved ornament so well conceived for spring, elasticity, and harmonious intricacy of conventional form, as his designs

for the armourer and the goldsmith, for powder-flasks, dagger-sheaths, small and large, for tops and sides of caskets, and every destination to which chased and patterned surfaces of metal can be put.

Soest, the town where Aldegrever lived and worked, is in Northern Westphalia, not far from Paderborn. He calls himself Suzatiensis, but it is doubtful whether that means necessarily that he was born at Soest, or whether it means only that he was an enrolled citizen there. In any case, we know that his parents were not of Soest, but of the neighbouring Paderborn. His father, also a Heinrich, was known by the name of Trippemecker, which means 'maker of wooden shoes;' and when sixteen citizens of Paderborn, as being members of the reformed religion, were executed for heresy in the market-place in 1532, the aged Heinrich Trippemecker, it is recorded, came tottering up on his staff, and clamoured that he was just as guilty as they, let him also be put to death with the rest. The old man's life was spared, but he was imprisoned, and compelled to pay a heavy fine. Thirteen years later than this, we find that Aldegrever's parents have died, and that the authorities of his adopted town of Soest make a formal application to those of Paderborn to enable him to become possessed of his inheritance, in the shape of 'some poor trifles in money, clothes, and trinkets.' We have evidence that Heinrich Aldegrever was, in another sense than this, his father's heir, and shared his leanings towards the reformed creed. He is attacked twice over in the writings of an orthodox pamphleteer among his fellow-townsmen, Daniel of Soest, first for belonging to the 'cohort of the Lutherans,' and next for making a licentious use of his art, and painting, so runs the charge, the portraits of a Judge Von Holk of the town and his mistress, 'naked, stripped, and bare.' More trustworthy evidence is furnished by the subjects of his engraved portraits; among these are included Luther and Melanchthon, wrought, apparently, not from life, but in free imitation of Lucas Cranach; and two famous leaders of the sect of the Anabaptists, John of Leyden and Bernard Knipperdollinck; these were memorial portraits engraved in the year of their execution, 1536.

For the rest, the nature of Aldegrever's work reflects faithfully enough the changing spirit of his time. Images of mere devotion occur very rarely, the principal being eight single figures of the Madonna, six of them belonging to his earliest time, and taking up with little modification the tradition of Dürer. Of New Testament subjects, the principal are a series of the *Prodigal Son*, and the series of *Dives and Lazarus;* both of them are richly invented and exquisitely wrought, but in a spirit of the picturesque rather than of the pious. Subjects of the Old Testament are numerous enough—the story of Adam and Eve for exhibiting the naked figure, and for giving occasion to brilliant fruit and foliage—work which again resembles and scarcely at all comes short of Dürer—the stories of Amnon and Thamar, of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, of Susanna and the Elders, of Daniel and the false witnesses, for studies of dramatic action (in which Aldegrever is often weak enough, and quaintly ineffective, in the same way as Lucas of Leyden), and of contemporary costume (in which he is extremely various, careful, and entertaining). His costume pieces, properly so called, sets of wedding dancers and the like, of which there are several on different scales, are also designed and engraved with infinite care and character; in their own day, and for long afterwards, they were so popular that one sees them repeated in all forms of old German decorative art, coloured transparencies for windows, raised earthenware panels for stoves, and such like. Ancient mythology and history, involving a great deal of unnecessary and not over-refined nudity; the familiar allegories of Fortune, the Virtues, the Vices, the Sciences—these, with the class of portraits and the class of ornamental pieces above named, constitute the remainder of Aldegrever's engraved work, and in all classes his touch is alike brilliant, patient, varied, and characteristic.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

EPVLONIS⁹. HIC · LAZAR⁹ · IACẼS · AD · IANVᾶ · DIVITIS · MICAS · ETIᾶ · CANIBVS · OBIECTAS · DE · MẼSA · EPVLONIS · PETIIT · LV

· DIVES · EPVLO · FLAMIS · ÆTERNALIBVS · ÆSTVAS · LAZARV · HIC · VT · REFRIGERI · LINGVÃ · GVTTVLA · FRIGIDE · AQVE · PETIIT · LV

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION IN ENGLAND.

IT used to be a characteristic of the typical Englishman to consider the furnishing and decoration of his house as a subject little worthy of his time and thought.

An Edinburgh Reviewer, writing in April, 1807, upon a book which had then recently appeared, written upon the same lines as the little manual lately published by Mr. Loftie, took the author roundly to task for his misplaced enthusiasm. 'At a time,' begins the reviewer, criticising Mr. Hope's work on Household Furniture,* 'when we thought every male creature in the country was occupied with its politics and its dangers, an English gentleman of large fortune and good education has found leisure to compose a folio on household furniture. We do not think this would have been much to his credit, even if the upholstery had been more laudable than it is. A man of taste, if he be also a man of leisure, will show it, no doubt, in his furniture as well as in his dress; but he will infallibly make himself ridiculous, in this country, if he make a study and an occupation of such frivolous concerns. There is in England, we believe, a pretty general contempt for those who are habitually and seriously occupied about such paltry and fantastical luxuries; and at such a moment as the present we confess we are not a little proud of this Roman spirit, which leaves the study of those effeminate elegancies to slaves and foreigners, and holds it beneath the dignity of a free man to be eminently skilled in the decoration of couches and the mounting of chandeliers.' How the author of this book wrought out his somewhat crude theories at his home of 'Deepdene,' in Surrey, it is not our present purpose to inquire.

Times are changed since this review was written. 'To be eminently skilled in the decoration of couches and the mounting of chandeliers' is no longer a qualification to be scorned. A general interest in furniture and the decorative side of architecture has begun to make itself manifest in various classes of society. The gospel of Beauty reckons among its apostles not only many noble enthusiasts, but also many eminent leaders of fashion; it is even beginning to spread among those who could be stirred to so refined an enthusiasm only by the force of example.

The first characteristic that we notice in the new movement is a resolute and consistent rejection of the efforts of the normal English and French upholsterer and decorator of the last twenty or thirty years, wherever he has had ornament in view. Next we observe a study of quaint effects a love of certain tones in colour and in the form of things, a general preference for the forms which prevailed at the beginning of the eighteenth century. This last feature of the new revolution in taste has, indeed, forced itself upon the notice of the upholsterers themselves, and there seems to be some danger lest such magic words as 'Jacobean' and 'Queen Anne' should come to represent things as repulsive as 'The latest Fashion' which they are beginning to replace in the shop-windows. This is sure to be the result of any such revolution, however excellent in its origin, when it is followed in a blind and servile spirit; a result likely to be fostered rather than discouraged by recent manuals of house decoration, partaking too much in their character of the dogmatism of the cookery-book. These remarks are prompted not by any want of sympathy with the admirers of the Queen-Anne period, as it is called, but rather by a feeling of regret that a tendency, which is right and true within certain limits, should suffer discredit from the blind and injudicious support of a crowd of uninformed followers.

* 'Household Furniture, and Internal Decoration, from Designs.' By Thomas Hope. Fol. London, 1807.

To understand the true bearing of the movement in question, and of the particular aspect which it has latterly assumed, it is desirable to make some inquiry into its origin.

This movement, with which we are all so familiar, has to own a somewhat incongruous parentage in the enthusiasm which began to prevail towards the end of the last century for the study of mediæval forms, itself only one of the phases of reaction which marked a period of generally reactionary tendencies.

It was the period when Byron and Wordsworth were succeeding to Pope and Dryden, and when the mediæval heroes of Scott, with their baronial surroundings, were throwing into the shade the quiet home-life of Miss Austen. The first specimen that we find of modern Gothic is the toy-like residence erected by Horace Walpole on the banks of the Thames, and half a century later we see in the baronial hall, where Sir Walter Scott's taste for the things of the Middle Age took visible form, the forerunner of another type of domestic architecture.

It was not, however, until long afterwards, when Newman and his associates originated the modern English movement of Church Reform, and the Cambridge Camden Society, at the sister University, commenced a serious study of Old English architecture, that the Gothic revival really began: it was thus in reality an ecclesiastical movement, stimulated, if not originated, by a portion of the clergy.

The clergy had invariably passed some of their early years in those venerable foundations where the traditions of mediæval life yet linger, where the curfew still tolls nightly at dusk, and the Latin tongue is still heard daily in college hall or public assembly. Amidst such surroundings they could hardly fail, at a time of life when the mind is most open to impressions, to catch some of the poetry which fills the air. Their sympathies would thus be easily awakened by the idea of reviving our national traditions in Art as well as Religion. The leisure of country life would give those of them who were most favourably placed such opportunities for the study of past phases of art as may be found in our village churches.

But the tradition taken up by this artistic and ecclesiastical revival was bounded by the date of the Reformation; that Reformation which seemed a thing of unmixed evil to the Gothic revivalists, and the mark of an era æsthetically bad. Thus it was an essential part of the new creed to limit artistic sympathies to the periods defined as Gothic, or Christian; all Post-reformation art, being obviously out of harmony with preceding styles, was stigmatised as Pagan, and received but short shrift in the hour of restoration, however real might be its intrinsic merits. Minute study of the treasure-house of ancient art revealed to the eager student that our churches, which Puritanic zeal or bucolic industry had handed on to us in the condition of white-washed barns, contained beneath their various accretions traces of the glowing decorations lavished upon them in the ages of faith.

But the spiritual revival within the Church, which had been the mother and the nurse of the new cult of Gothic art, was soon able to provide that new cult with the means of a practical expression. The edifices so bared, and mutilated, and obscured, must needs be restored to their pristine character in accordance with the canons of Gothic architecture, which soon began to be formulated wholesale. The devotion of the new school of Churchmen produced ample supplies of money, and the professors and amateurs of Gothic architecture began to flourish and abound.

The restoration of the fabric involved the replacing of ornamental glass which had been shattered long ago, of mural decorations which had been long effaced, and of elaborate wood-work that had disappeared—perhaps in the fire, perhaps in the neighbouring rectory or manor-house. Hence a new life was bestowed on the arts and trades of painting, glass-staining, and wood-carving: each began to number its enthusiastic votaries, and it is not surprising that the enthusiasm, once aroused, flowed in channels very different from those originally marked out for it. Still it is rather surprising to remember that the latest phase of the movement we are recording has found expression for itself in a noble protest against that very enthusiasm for restoration in which it took its rise. It is an instructive instance of being true to the

spirit of a great movement, while repudiating the creed of its originators. 'For Architecture, long decaying, died out, as a popular art at least, just as the knowledge of mediæval art was born. So that the civilised world of the nineteenth century has no style of its own, amidst its wide knowledge of the styles of other centuries. From this lack and this gain arose in men's minds the strange idea of the Restoration of ancient buildings; a strange and a most fatal idea, which by its very name implies that it is possible to strip from a building this, that, and the other part of its history—of its life, that is—and then to stay the hand at some arbitrary point, and leave it still historical, living, and even as it once was.' Such words as these, which are extracted from the manifesto of the new 'Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings,' would have seemed profane and unmeaning in the ears of the early Revivalists, and yet they truly express the views of their spiritual children.

The first symptom of that gradual change of direction which has now become so complete, was that the enthusiasm for art did not expend itself exclusively on ecclesiastical work. In the old days, as has often been pointed out, there was no hard-and-fast line between the art of the sanctuary and the private dwelling; then Art had been a living thing, and if it were ever destined to become so again, it must again become a part of our daily life. The principles of Gothic architecture, or of the new Gothic architects, were speedily adopted and applied in private houses. Truth of structure, at all costs, became the watchword of the hour. The living stone, the naked deal, was to be displayed boldly indoors as well as out, no matter how the feeble flesh might shrink or shiver. All ornament was to be structural henceforth: plaster, as concealing wall-structure, was hardly to be endured even in our houses; while in the interior of our churches, fiery-red brick walls were accepted on all hands as admirable. Even the stony skeletons of ancient churches were stripped of the decent covering of plaster which had clothed them from the days of their erection, and the lines of their rugged anatomy were emphasized by coarse joint lines of dark-coloured mortar. A few fervid enthusiasts attempted to carry out the same treatment in the interior of their own houses, and water-colour drawings in gilt frames might be seen hanging upon walls of naked masonry.

Meantime, by the placid waters of Isis, a youth had grown into manhood who became first known to fame under the title of 'The Oxford Graduate.' Born with an enthusiastic and sensitive temperament, endowed with means sufficient to make him independent of any profession, with its drudgery and commonplace associations, his whole life and attitude became an articulate protest against the world as he found it around him, its institutions, views, tastes, and prejudices. With the warmth of a romantic nature he espoused the cause of the reactionary movement in painting, known as Pre-Raphaelite, which was only an episode in the larger reaction. Confident in the justice of his cause, this modern David flung a reckless defiance at time-honoured divinities. His intrepidity carried all before him. At his bidding were hurled from their thrones many of those whom our fathers, in their insular superstition, had been wont to deify collectively and indiscriminately as the 'Old Masters.' Salvator Rosa, now first we learnt, was a falsifier of Nature; Rubens had gross Flemish tastes; Raffaelle, in his developed style, was a clever arranger of graceful attitudes; Claude, a painstaking delineator of red-leather trunks. On their dishonoured thrones we were invited to set up painters of our own day and country—the great idealist who has given us the *Jason* and the *Old Témeraire*, as well as the realistic authors of the *Sinai*, of the *Scapegoat*, and the *Huguenot*.

Again, we had most of us learnt in our childhood to revere the Venetian school of painters, as the great masters of colour and whatever is most gorgeous in painting: we were now taught to look to Venice, too, for our models in civic architecture. No building material was to be found amid the sands of the Lagoon, from which her walls were raised, and it came naturally to pass that all her buildings were constructed of brick, and for their enrichment encrusted with thin slabs of marble.

The charms of varied hue furnished by the Eastern marbles and sculptures were to gain

our indulgence for the unreal construction of brick walls, thinly coated with marble facing and arcades, tied together with iron tie-rods. The ready fancy of the new teacher found a theory to justify this license of treatment. An indulgence was to be granted to the Venetian builder for the use of his marble wall-veneers, if only shafts and columns were as solid as they seemed.

We have among our City thoroughfares one or two specimens of buildings erected under this impulse; as, for example, a house erected in Blackfriars Bridge Road for an Insurance Office, designed by the late Mr. Woodward, better known as the designer of the Oxford Museum; and some offices in Tokenhouse Yard, facing the north front of the Bank of England, by Mr. Somers Clarke. In the former of these houses, relief in colour and surface has been attempted by the introduction of unpolished granite of two tints in the head of the windows, and also by horizontal courses alternating with the freestone of the walls; in the latter, the twisted angle-shafts, the billet-moulding, and other details of a Venetian marble palace, are reproduced in English freestone and under an English sky. Such buildings recall too forcibly their Southern parentage not to appear out of place in London.

The readiness with which the early and crude devotion to structural truth was exchanged by the followers of this teacher for enthusiastic admiration of Venetian buildings, may serve to remind us that the Early Gothic revival had no very broad or sound artistic principles. Its visible expression, it is true, was in architecture, but it was a movement social rather than artistic in its essence.

The period of the Gothic revival in England is marked by one important national monument which demands special notice at our hands, because its construction has contributed not a little to hasten the change which has supervened. The selection of a late phase of Gothic for the Houses of Parliament gave no doubt, at the time, a strong impulse to the movement of taste in that direction. The building is a very striking one, and though the tameness of its façades and the great waste of labour in minute and ineffective detail are much to be regretted, yet everyone must admit the merit of its picturesque grouping of masses, and the variety which it gives to our river bank. It was, however, when the interior decoration of the structure came to be worked out in detail that the incongruities between modern life and mediæval became apparent. In order to produce a continuous decorative effect, strict consistency and harmony between the paintings to be placed on the walls and the architecture of the building became indispensable. Now, in the portrayal of historical events, as we expect to see them rendered at the present day, this would be a practical absurdity, and the limitation thus involved to a particular and narrow style would prove irksome to a cultivated artist. The incongruities which resulted in this case are patent to all of us. While, by similar experiments upon a smaller scale, people were beginning to discover the unsuitability of Gothic to the requirements of modern life, a very different influence was at work in the same direction.

One branch of art, as we have seen, whose production the Gothic revival had stimulated, was that of glass-painting for church windows, and it was in an attempt to meet the demand thus created that a new wave in the art movement arose.

About the time of the International Exhibition of 1862 there began to be felt a certain weariness of the Revived Gothic. In that Exhibition were to be seen a few specimens of the art of a new and little-noted school, marked by a desire to introduce into designs for wall or window decoration more realism of treatment and finish of detail; and above all, by more individual drawing of the human figure, regarded not merely as part of a mosaic work of rich colour, but as a vehicle for sentiment.

The art of painting on glass, which first rose into importance with the enlarged window openings of the 13th century in the Gothic architecture of France, progressed *pari passu* with the subsequent stages of architectural development. Its first pictorial efforts were rude delineations in colour of scenes from Christian history, each group or scene occupying a

medallion. The medallions were disposed at intervals over the surface of the window space, the intervals being filled in with representations of foliage or geometrical pattern-work. Later on, the gradual development of window tracery, at times extending over the entire surface of a gable wall, as at Gloucester Cathedral, gave increased scope and importance to this art. The material became less opaque, the execution and workmanship more finished, until with the appearance of revived interest in classic art known as the 'Cinque-cento period,' *one* unbroken composition or design came to be spread over the entire surface of a window, regardless of the bounding lines of the tracery-bars or mullions which had hitherto enclosed each separate figure, or complete group of figures. In Germany, where the art at this later date especially flourished, the archaic treatment of the human figure gave place to an increased realism and finish in the hands of such designers as Albert Dürer and Holbein.

In the early days of our recent Gothic revival its followers had been content to aim at copying the work of one or other of the great Gothic periods with such fidelity as they could attain, but the designers of the new school were more eclectic. They sought to combine with the close imitative fidelity in drawing and lavish splendour of colour of the Cinque-cento artists, some of the severity of design as well as the poetical sentiment of their immediate predecessors.

The leaders of this school had indeed drunk deeply at the fountain-head of mediæval art and literature. The ground which they sought to occupy was a border-land. They would fain graft the wild Teutonic stock with tender shoots of classic art, as we find in Chaucer's verse some Eastern legend clad in Saxon garb. In their quest for precedents and examples the artists were naturally led on to the forbidden works of the Renaissance. Thus by another channel was the Gothic revival drained of all that was Gothic, while the impetus of the movement continued to exist in an awakened and yet growing interest in art.

The barrier which shut out our sympathies from Post-Reformation Art once bridged over, the study of the gorgeous structures of the palace-building age of Elizabeth was entered on with much zest—an age when the feudal taste for great retinues and splendid pageantry still remained to give shape to the dwelling, while an improved state of society rendered needless the fortress walls of an earlier period. Massive towers with narrow loopholes gave place to galleries and ball-rooms with long rows of transomed windows; heavy beams and wooden rafters, to ceilings incrusted with rich plaster-work, and continued down the wall by cornice and frieze to meet the oaken framing. Haddon Hall stands midway between the two styles. Grafted on an earlier Tudor structure, and governed in its form by its rocky site, the garden-front and well-known terrace alone display the special characteristics of Elizabethan art; but, perhaps for that reason, few buildings illustrate them better.

Haddon, Hardwicke, Knole, Hatfield, and the other splendid English examples of this period, proved a rich field for the revivers of domestic art; but, nevertheless, it was soon found that the very splendour of this style, its characteristic exuberance of detail, laid it open to criticism and caricature. The elaborate conceits which abound in Elizabethan poetry are to be found, too, in Elizabethan architecture; and charming as are such buildings to the poet and painter, they are useful to the builder of the present day, more as examples of what is to be avoided than for the governance of line which runs through their seeming lawlessness.

'In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of buildings stands;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the pow'r of faëry hands:
To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievement clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.'*

* Thomas Gray. 'A Long Story.' The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis.

Notwithstanding our admiration for its beauties, we cannot but feel that the art of this period was not merely foreign in its origin but remained always alien to the modesty and homeliness of English taste and character. A little later, however, the style became, to some extent, naturalised among us; and in the smaller houses of King James the First's reign, erected for yeomen and country squires, we have plenty of instances of its capabilities in its homelier aspects, from which much is to be learned by the student of to-day. It was about that time that brick first came into general use in our English lowlands, stone being still retained for the ornamental portions and to introduce variety of colour. This introduction of brick was a very noticeable fact, and it occurred first, of course, in those eastern counties where stone is not found ready to hand.

The old post-and-pan houses of this age, which are still found in most of the timber-growing counties of England, and in a few towns, such as Chester, with whose quaint rows we are most of us familiar, have been taken as models of style for several modern country-seats; and we see, even in the recent building for the Philadelphia Exhibition, a structure which might have been erected in one of our English shires more than two hundred years ago.

There were other reasons, too, why this 'Jacobean' period, as it has come to be called, proved attractive. To it we must ascribe most of the early specimens of the cabinet-makers' art in England. The simple outline of its furniture, the boldly contrasted forms of its turners' work, the refined mouldings, of which the fittings of old country-houses contain abundant examples, became the subjects of careful study, and are at this moment being copied freely in the house-fittings and furniture of the present day, under the name of 'Old English.'

Thus, when the reign of revived Gothic in domestic architecture began to totter under the influences which have been alluded to, it was to the Renaissance work of the Jacobean period rather than to earlier examples that men's eyes were naturally directed. And even this style, with its small leaden panes and lavish timbering, was found to be not quite modern enough in feeling and resource. The extension of interest from Jacobean art to that of Anne, and even George I., under the title of 'Free Classic,' was rapid, though gradual. Seeking honestly to resume the thread of truth, that should connect us with the past, it was found that art had not really been extinct so long as we had imagined.

Of course, a few sturdy Goths still held unflinchingly to their colours. They foresaw that, this barrier once removed, nothing could secure us from further downward progress; that if any weakness was shown towards Queen Anne, we should soon find ourselves reverencing the Georgian period. In this they have proved true prophets, for Adam and Chippendale are fast becoming names of power.

While artists were gradually arriving at an appreciation of the forms of Classic Art which prevailed in England a century and a half ago, the people had begun to discover how eminently unsuited to the requirements of modern life were those 'truthful' dwellings erected in the days of unflinching Gothicism, and were ready to accept with ardour the gentler picturesqueness of a more ease-loving and modern faith. It was a distinct gain to find a form of high art which was not synonymous with kitchen furniture, rush-strewn floor, and oaken settle; and to come down to a period when a little curvature was allowed in a chair back, and when curtains, carpets, and even wall-papers, were not unknown.

The reign of Queen Anne was a time of wealth and prosperity, when the licentious manners of the Restoration had been succeeded by a strong feeling for home and family life; a time, too (and this is more important than it may at first appear), when the wealth and refinement of the East began to tell on English manufactures and English taste. This good thing, at least, came to us with William and his much-despised Dutch favourites.

Even so early as the first half of the fifteenth century the Dutch had been masters of minute finish and detail. Long before the time of which I have been speaking, the trade intercourse between Holland and the East had enriched Dutch houses with the silks of India,

the porcelain of China, and the bronzes of Japan. These importations tended to foster and refine the native taste for detail and ornament in domestic art; a taste which was little known in England, and confined to the wealthy few, till after the Revolution of 1688.

Like the Chinese, the Dutchman is distinguished by a passion for gardening, and strives to produce mimic effects of nature under conditions the most adverse. The smallest parterre is sufficient for him to expand in, and to display his love of order and quaint formality. Escaped from the city life of Whitehall to the rural district of Hampton, Dutch William and his wife amused their leisure and consoled themselves amid alien surroundings by reproducing the formal architecture and trim gardens and avenues of their lowland home. These records of their life still remain almost as they left them; their cypher yet adorns the keystones of Wren's windows, and 'Queen Mary's Garden' still bears her name, although the holly and yew-trees which she planted are no longer clipped into pyramids, but grow free and rugged.

If we wish to trace this influence at a somewhat later date, we have ample material for doing so. From the satirical writings of Pope we can gather a tolerably exact impression of the surroundings of a lady of fashion in Queen Anne's time; and Hogarth's paintings, though belonging to a rather later period, give, by their marvellous minuteness and fidelity, many valuable details to assist us in filling in our outline.

The china closet and the many-shelved mantelpiece, often set across an angle of the room, and diminishing in successive stages, as we find it still at Hampton Court or Kew Palace; the wainscoted walls; the brass chandelier and girandoles; the two long bell-pulls beside the fireplace; the chintz or embroidered curtains, where the long and lithe vegetation of India is shadowed forth in scrolls that spread from floor to ceiling, while quaint birds sport among the branches and beasts repose beside the ample trunk; the slim grates resting on plinths which terminate in obelisks or urns, and enriched with fretwork of brass or steel, standing in a spacious fireplace enclosed with heavy marble mouldings and set round with pictured tiles, displaying scriptural events or the romantic aspects of daily life,—all these little details, which must find a place in our picture, bring out very clearly the change that had been wrought in English manners and taste since the statelier age of Elizabeth or James.

The great reason, however, for looking to the reign of Queen Anne for our models of house furniture and decoration is, that by that time modern ideas of comfort had begun to be developed, and modern resources and materials to be adopted. The art of furniture for middle-class homes began inside those plain-looking, solid, red brick houses, which meet the eye in every unimproved suburb of London, and along the green banks of the Thames at Chiswick, Richmond, Kew, or Petersham. The tradition of wall-panelling or wainscoting, which the mediæval artists had introduced instead of or in addition to their tapestry, still survived, only that the wall space, instead of being divided into innumerable small squares, was now framed in perhaps one tall panel from the dado moulding to the cornice, the dado space taking a single low panel beneath it, and the frieze interval being occasionally represented by a long narrow panel at the top of the wall. The dado moulding remained as a capping to the panelled dado when the wall space above was hung with paper, and even after the wooden dado itself has disappeared it is retained as a survival in the form of a chair-rail. Another relic of wainscoting is the sur-porte, or panel connecting the door architrave and cornice with that of the room, examples of which may be found at Hampton Court and elsewhere, when the rest of the wall is hung with paper.

The introduction of wall-paper is one of the noticeable features of the time, and one of those which place it within the reach of modern imitators. The first wall-papers used in England were probably those beautiful specimens of Chinese hand-painting still occasionally to be met with in Queen Anne mansions, and which preceded the laborious block-printed imitations of them produced in England before the invention of continuous paper, and cylinder printing had rendered papering the cheapest method of wall decoration. Not less important is the invention of the sash-window, a convenience rendered almost indispensable

in England by modern notions of ventilation and cleanliness, and one which it is almost impossible to reconcile satisfactorily with Gothic architecture.

In a word, we shall find the interior fittings of this date more suited to our purpose than earlier ones would be. The woodwork and mouldings are more in accordance with modern methods of execution, of which neatness and finish are the first characteristics. You are not carried back by association to tapestried chambers and oak wainscoting, but can be content with simple wall-paper, painted deal fittings, and chintz curtains. You do not feel bound to cut up the broad surface of your ceiling with dark oak beams, because your eye had once been pleased with them in some old farm or manor-house, but can content yourself with such embellishments as plaster mouldings and enrichments allow of for cornice and ceiling.

The foregoing considerations seem to suggest that the tendency among many artists and architects of to-day to revert for their examples to the work of the time of Queen Anne is the natural outcome of perfectly intelligible causes, and is in a measure based upon the natural fitness of things. It is not an affectation of superior taste or refinement; it is not, as is sometimes suggested, the mark of an attempt to atone for the lack of real merit and power by the fiction of a certain esoteric knowledge or cult.

C. C. Townshend.

ETCHINGS IN BELGIUM.*

After illustrating the Mosel and the Loire, Mr. Ernest George has turned his attention to Belgium, where the subjects which abound in the famous old cities are admirably adapted for his art. Mr. George is in various different ways an artist of singularly happy instincts, for his instincts, instead of leading him astray, as so often happens both to amateurs and artists, lead him to the most harmonious use of his powers. An architect by profession, a sketcher by taste, a traveller for instruction and recreation, he combines these various conditions or qualifications for the production of etchings which, in their own peculiar way, have never been surpassed. It is remarkable that the professional knowledge of the architect should not have so far predominated as to lead to a precision of detail disastrous to truth of aspect, but the larger pictorial truth is so well preserved that we have never to complain of obtrusive detail anywhere. For example, such subjects as the Hôtels de Ville of Brussels and Oudenarde would have greatly tempted an architect, who was nothing but an architect, into the snare of accurate detail, but Mr. George, whilst remaining faithful to the main proportions of these edifices, has contented himself with a suggestion of rich architectural decoration, a suggestion so full of mystery and abundance (especially in the Brussels) that the eye gives credit for much more labour than the artist really gave. Mr. George confines his art within certain fixed limits, is never imprudent, never makes hazardous experiments (at least in his published plates), and by practice has arrived at what seems to us a complete mastery of his own methods, a complete attainment of his own purposes. The elements are simple—three or four planes of distance with as many bitings, a little rebiting in the immediate foreground, and some dry-point work as a delicate glaze wherever it is really needed; the materials, too, may be easily analysed—a few masses of picturesque building well detached from each other, a sky always as serene as possible (to save labour and avoid risk), a little water in the foreground when it is to be had, and now and then the luxury of a hilly or

* 'Etchings in Belgium.' By Ernest George. Thirty Plates, with descriptive letterpress. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM WYLD. ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

MR. WYLD'S intimacy with Horace Vernet made him acquainted with Paul Delaroche (Vernet's son-in-law), with whom he lived on terms of the most intimate and affectionate friendship until Delaroche died. He was one of the most sensitive of artists. 'He once,' says Mr. Wyld, 'asked my opinion about something he had just composed, and I, with some hesitation, ventured to make a little remark suggesting a trifling alteration; but Delaroche looked as if he was going to faint, by no means *angry*, but astonished at hearing something that was not unequivocal admiration; and yet I do not think that Delaroche was by any means a vain man, nor even that he had over-confidence in himself, for he spent endless hours on his compositions, and altered them, changing their *ordonnance* over and over again. Half the hemicycle was entirely repainted and changed *in toto* after it had been finished; this I know from the painter himself, who showed me the previous studies of what had been effaced that I might judge of the changes introduced, and in my opinion he improved it. It is possible that his extreme sensitiveness to criticism may have arisen from a certain diffidence. After having by long labour achieved something, he may have felt that he had done all he was capable of; he may have feared that a new opinion, a fresh criticism, might dishearten him altogether, and cause him to begin the work over again. Seeing this, I never again, in his presence, criticised anything that he did. Delaroche was dogmatic and systematic, Scheffer erratic and speculative. They did not like each other, and more than once I did my best to smooth down asperities caused by persons who were supposed to be friends of both, and who told each, with more or less truth and accuracy, what the other had said about him. Delaroche was a Member of the Institute, and had many pupils (a school, an *atelier Delaroche*). Scheffer never attempted to teach, and though he had a few imitators never had a pupil. They both lived in the intimacy of the Orleans family, but Scheffer's intercourse with royalty was of a much closer and more friendly nature than that enjoyed by Delaroche. I was on terms of the most intimate and affectionate friendship, both with Ary and Henri Scheffer, as long as they lived. Henri, though an amiable man, was but a weak reflex of his brother as an artist, and somewhat jealous of his fame. He was too dogmatic and exclusive for his conversation to be profitable in an artistic sense. Ary was quite the reverse—a man whose mind was large and noble, and whose modesty was equal to his talent. Had he not been a great artist he must still have been an eminent and prominent man, for he had great attainments. We lived very near to each other, and met almost every day. The difference of ten years in our ages did not prevent the most perfect freedom and equality in the interchange of our ideas. He seldom composed a picture without showing it me in all its stages of progress, and never failed asking me if I approved or not: sometimes he at once yielded to a suggestion, but at others would obstinately defend his own ideas. I remember how on one occasion he shut himself up for three or four days in his studio, and sent me a message to the effect that he would let me know when I was to go and see him. He was working upon one of his large pictures (subsequently engraved) taken from "Faust"—the "Sabbat" scene, where Faust and Mephistopheles are in the foreground, and Marguerite, with her dead child in her arms, *au second plan*. At length he sent for me and said, "*Voilà*!" I remained mute. "Well!" said he, "*vous ne dites rien*. Do you not like it? Tell me what you really think." In answer to this appeal I said that Faust reminded me of an English pugilist putting himself in an attitude of defence. "*Le Diable vous emporte!*" he said: "but

SUBIACO.

FISHING BOATS AT VENICE.

it's true ; the resemblance never occurred to me." He then entered into a learned discussion as to the effect of sudden violent emotions acting simultaneously on both sides of our nervous organization, and producing similar movements of each arm, or leg, or hand, as the case may be ; but having got to the end of his justification he took a rag steeped in turpentine and immediately effaced his four days' labour. The attitude of Faust was subsequently altered, and the picture finished as it now is.'

We are sorry not to have details of this interesting character about Decamps, but it so happened that Mr. Wyld only once met him. He had the greatest admiration for his talents as an artist, and was delighted with him as a man. 'His grasp in art,' says Mr. Wyld, 'was prodigious.'

The graphic and incisive style of the above extracts from Mr. Wyld's letters will be sufficient evidence that, had he chosen to direct his attention to literature, he would probably have been a successful writer. We are not by any means the first editors or publishers to whom this idea has suggested itself, for so long ago as the year 1840 the late M. Anthony Galignani called upon Mr. Wyld to beg that he would undertake, every year, a series of articles on the *Salon* for 'Galignani's Messenger.' After some hesitation the painter accepted, but when it came to pecuniary conditions refused positively to accept anything, on the ground that writing was not his profession, and he might possibly be severe on some of his brethren, and 'could not think of taking money for abusing them'—a degree of scrupulousness which amused M. Galignani, who was probably quite unable to perceive what difference it could make to the criticised artists whether the critic was remunerated or not. The articles appeared with the signature 'A. Z.' and were liked by the publishers of the 'Messenger,' who induced the painter-critic to go on with them until the end of the year 1846. By that time, however, people began to know who 'A. Z.' really was, which deprived him of that sense of freedom which he thought essential, so he felt disposed to give up the work. Other reasons urged in the same direction ; the composition of articles cost much time and labour, and injured 'A. Z.' as an artist, because he had to pass his own works in perfect silence when any other writer would have noticed them. He therefore ceased to write criticism, notwithstanding M. Galignani's persuasive words and tempting pecuniary offers. The literary connexion having thus come to an end, it gave place to permanent friendly intercourse, thus adding one more to the list of ties which have kept Mr. Wyld in Paris, notwithstanding his English birth.

V. Lhuillier aqt

THE ALTHORP GALLERY.

VI.—Gainsborough.

Lady Georgiana Spencer as a Child.

ETCHED BY V. LHUILLIER.

THE original of this portrait is rather a sketch in oil than a finished picture. It was probably painted in a single sitting, and never finished; but it is very like a more careful portrait of the same young lady by Reynolds, and therefore we may presume that it is a likeness. The little lady does not shine in her picture by any pomp of costume; she is dressed simply in white, with a pink rosette and sash.

The face is pleasant-looking, and more quietly lively than pretty; and yet this little girl became afterwards that Duchess of Devonshire to whom the epithet "the Beautiful" belongs by the consent of her contemporaries. Posterity seldom quite understands these great reputations for beauty; even the beauty of Madame Récamier, who enslaved two generations of admirers, is a puzzle to us when we only look at her portrait and cannot see her graceful movements or hear her winning voice.

Lady Georgiana, born in 1757, was a great-granddaughter of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, whom she is said to have resembled in feature. Her brother, the second Earl Spencer, was father of the Lord Althorp whose portrait, as a boy, we published in the Portfolio, No. 91. In her seventeenth year she was married to William, fifth Duke of Devonshire; and a portrait of her at about that age, painted by Gainsborough, is in the Althorp collection. The Duke is described as one of the most apathetic of men, a complete contrast to the Duchess, whose sweet disposition, high spirits, and gracious manners, made her a universal favourite. Miss Burney, meeting her at Bath in her later years, described her as no longer beautiful, but quite 'gay, easy, and charming; indeed, that last word might have been coined for her.' The one fact about the 'Beautiful Duchess' which is known to everybody is the part taken by her in the Westminster election of 1784, when in the last days of the poll, Fox being in a minority of a hundred votes, she came forth with her sister, Lady Duncannon, dressed in blue and buff, to canvass on his behalf. The voters who were still unpolled were naturally those who were looking to turn their votes to the best account; and the two ladies had to pass through some of the lowest and dirtiest parts of London, and to face men whom it required some courage to encounter. All their arts and fascinations were employed, and the story of the kiss demanded and received by a butcher as the price of his vote has been repeated from that day to this. The canvass was successful, and Fox's minority of one hundred votes was turned into a majority of two hundred and thirty-five. The Duchess died in 1806, a few months before the statesman with whom her name is thus connected.

ALBERT DÜRER.

HIS TEACHERS, HIS RIVALS, AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

XII.—ALBERT DÜRER AND THE MASTER WITH THE INITIAL W.

'Und sonderlich hat er dem W etliche Stück ganz auf dem Zug nachgeschnitten.'—MATTHAEUS QUAD, *Teutscher Nation Herrlichkeit.* Cologne, 1609.

THIS, the last chapter of our study in its present form, ought in proper order to have been one of the earliest, for it concerns a master with whom Dürer had relations at the very outset of his career. There are some dozen of Dürer's engravings, all belonging to his early time between the years 1496 and 1504, of which duplicate versions, sometimes corresponding precisely with his own, sometimes showing the same designs reversed or otherwise slightly varied, exist by the hand of a master whose signature is the initial W, placed accurately, or almost accurately, midway along the lower margin of the plate. The same master, or at any rate one using the same signature, has left also forty and odd copies, most of them quite literal, after engravings of Martin Schongauer; two or three after engravings of the Flemish school; two or three not from engravings at all, but from paintings of the school of Master Stephen of Cologne; two or three which seem to stand alone, and of which the motives do not occur in any second version; and some half a dozen designs, in the intricate Gothic style of Central Germany towards the year 1500, for shrines and reliquaries of wrought metal-work. There is thus a remarkable variety in the engravings of this master with the signature W. They lack that kind of identity or consistency of style by which we are accustomed to recognise the work of a single hand, or even of a single school. His merits, again, are harder to estimate than another's because his engravings very seldom occur in a good state; the ordinary impressions are much worn and injured, showing at any rate that in his workshop neither the art of careful printing nor the careful preservation of plates was understood. The fine impressions, by which alone the work can be fairly judged, are very rare and have to be sought far and wide—some in Paris, some at Berlin, some at Dresden, most at Vienna, a few each in the collections of the British Museum, Oxford, and Cambridge. Taking the engravings bearing this signature at their best, one would describe them as follows. Among the copies after Schongauer, two or three seem rude, primitive, and tentative, and two or three more reverse or slightly vary the originals; but the great majority are competent and minutely faithful reproductions, in which the technical as well as other details of the originals are closely imitated. In like manner, the copies of that great and singular master of dry-point etching known as the *Master of* 1480, or *of the Amsterdam Cabinet*, and belonging to the school of the Van Eycks, are excellent and adequate in all points. The engravings after pictures of the Cologne school are spirited sketches somewhat roughly cut upon the copper, not at all in the technical manner of Schongauer, but rather in that of a workman less accustomed to the practice of copper- than to that of wood-engraving. Two of these (B. 23, 25) are from fantastic and somewhat repulsive pictures representing the martyrdoms respectively of St. Andrew and St. Bartholomew, being wings of an altar-piece formerly belonging to the Church of St. Lawrence at Cologne and now in the Städel Institute at Frankfort; a third may have been suggested by a picture of *St. Ursula* now in the Cologne Museum. This is a charming subject, but has, like the unique and undescribed *Annunciation* of our own illustration,

something of that sketchy roughness, and lack of precision and brilliancy of line, which bespeak a hand not yet specially trained in metal cutting. The same quality occurs again in one or two of those engravings—especially the *Couple walking, with Death behind a tree* (B. 50)—in which W and Dürer repeat each other. But the greater part of this last group of the engravings of W show him fully the equal, some of them distinctly the superior, in technical accomplishment and resource, of Dürer at that time of his career.

Who, then, was this master with the one signature and the many manners? and what were precisely his relations with Dürer? These questions are so difficult to answer that, in hopes of either finding new evidence or seeing my way to more certain conclusions from the old, I have postponed their discussion till the last. Down till less than a hundred years ago, the initial W passed with little question for that of Michael Wolgemut, or Wohlgemuth, the head of the Nuremberg school of painting and wood-engraving in the fifteenth century, and the master under whom Dürer served as apprentice from his fourteenth to his nineteenth year. Accordingly, when the same design was found engraved separately both by the supposed teacher and by his pupil, the version of the teacher, W, was naturally regarded as the original, and that of the pupil, Dürer, as the copy. But towards the end of the last century, Adam Bartsch, the great catalogue-maker and encyclopædist for this subject, said, No; the engraver W is not the painter Wolgemut at all, he is only a goldsmith, one Wenzel of Olmütz; neither was it Dürer who at any time copied Wenzel, but Wenzel who, in all cases where they have engraved the same design, copied Dürer. This verdict of Bartsch, given at a time when the accurate comparative study of these things was just beginning, and setting down the engraver W. definitively as an obscure goldsmith of Olmütz in Moravia, who made mechanical copies in his youth of Schongauer, in his age of Dürer—this verdict was accepted with scarcely a demur, and prevailed until the year before last; when Professor Thausing of Vienna, in that acute and masterly biography to which I have had occasion constantly to refer, contended again for the truth of the older opinion, and showed arguments why Wenzel should be dethroned and Wolgemut reinstated. The question is evidently one of vital bearing both upon our knowledge of Dürer's history and our estimate of his genius, for several of his most famous engravings are among those whose originality is in dispute; including all, without exception, in which he shows a predilection for classic themes, and for studies, in the Italian rather than the German spirit, of the female nude; such are the *Rape of Amymone* (B. 67), the *Hercules*, or *Effects of Jealousy* (B. 69), the *Four Sorceresses with the Fiend* (B. 71), the *Dream of Love* (B. 72). If these designs were not invented by Dürer, but only copied by him from the inventions of another, then there is a not inconsiderable subtraction to be made from our estimate of his total achievement. And that kind of subtraction from a great man's greatness is one which history is always unwilling to allow. All critics have acknowledged the ingenuity of Professor Thausing's arguments; but few have accepted them as conclusive. In France especially, M. Duplessis, the accomplished Assistant-Keeper of prints at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and editor of M. Durand's splendid portfolio of Dürer reproductions, has pronounced emphatically against them, and in favour of the established view and of Bartsch. With M. Duplessis I can by no means agree. Having had every possible inclination, at the outset, to distrust Professor Thausing's view as paradoxical and over-ingenious, I have found it, so far from breaking down, gain strength under examination; and new arguments have forced themselves upon me, making not against it but in its favour. So that at this moment I find myself entirely on Professor Thausing's side, and ready, until further proof, to follow him in affirming that W. is, in the instances in question, the teacher and inventor, and Dürer the pupil and copyist. I will try and put the elements of the problem as clearly before the reader as is possible, short of being able to set before him the disputed pieces themselves.

First, as to the rival claimants, who they were and what we know of them. Of Wenzel of Olmütz we know nothing from tradition and nothing from literature; but there is a

careful copy of Schongauer's most famous engraving, the *Death of the Virgin*, bearing at foot this legend in full:—1481. WENCESLAUS DE OLOMUCZ IBIDEM (the last word is enigmatical, but should mean that the work was done by the workman at his native Olmütz itself); it is from this alone that we know of him in the first instance. Next, there is a copy of another piece of Schongauer, the *Man of Sorrows between St. Mary and St. John*, with the initial W to the bottom on the left; and on the example of this copy now preserved in the Albertina is written in a hand of the sixteenth century, *Dieser Stecher hat wenczel geheisen, ist ein goltschmit gewesen*, 'this engraver was named Wenzel, and was a goldsmith.' The inscription may record nothing more than an inference of the writer, or it may be founded on knowledge; but at any rate these two pieces of evidence together afford slender authority for the conclusion immediately formed by Bartsch, that the whole series of engravings signed at the foot with the letter W (written, however, not like this at one side, but in the middle), were the work of the same Wenzel. On the other hand, there is a piece of a good style unknown to Bartsch, representing Saint William of Aquitaine with a long beard and a scroll of writing, and signed W. O., the O placed over the W; this we may well enough give up to the Moravian master.

So much for Wenzel; now as to our knowledge of Wolgemut. Tradition, amply confirmed by documents, represents him to have been the chief painter and teacher of painters at Nuremberg in the fifteenth century, occupying there a position analogous to that of the elder Holbein at Augsburg. His portrait preserved at Munich gives the year of his birth as 1434; the Nuremberg biographer Neudörfer gives that of his death as 1519; so that he lived right through the period of the growth and ripening of German art, to the great age of eighty-five. He was over fifty when Albert Dürer was bound apprentice to him. We first find him mentioned as a citizen of Nuremberg in 1473; so that we cannot tell whether he was a native of the city or whether he settled there from some other part of Germany; but the name is one common in the city archives. In 1495, being in his sixty-first year, Wolgemut married Barbara, the widow of Hans Pleydenwurff, whose son William, a painter, had helped him in the illustration of two great books, of which more presently, and was lately dead. It seems that Barbara also died before long, and that after her death the painter had children by another wife, Christine; a testimony to a vigorous old age, just such as is required by the part we suppose him to have played in art. All exact remembrance of what Wolgemut's work had been had died out, or been lost in the greater fame of his pupil, within little more than fifty years after his death. Neudörfer's memoir is thus brief and vague:—

"This Wolgemut passed in his day for a good and skilful painter and draughtsman; wherefore also Albert Dürer's father put his son Albert to learn with him, Wolgemut. And what the said Wolgemut drew in his day, is to be found in the great Nuremberg Chronicle; and of his painting is the picture ordered by the Peringsdorffer in the church of the Augustinians beside the Schustergasse."

Sandrart, writing more than a century later, echoes Neudörfer almost word for word, adding only, 'certain it is that he was a man of skill, and left behind many good things, which however, as being old things and done two hundred years ago, have been effaced by lapse of time, so that honourable memory indeed is left of them, but of the greater part we are debarred from sight'—not but what, adds this dull and not over-conscientious pedant, here is his portrait for you all right enough. Of more value is Dürer's own testimony of gratitude and confidence, as set forth in the words that he learned much in the workshop of this master, though much teased by his fellow-pupils; in his looking to the same master as the person with whom, while he himself was away in Venice, employment should be sought by his mother for one of her younger sons; and finally, in the admirable drawing which Dürer made of the aged master's head a few years before his death, and from which, when that death happened, he painted the portrait now preserved at Munich. It is a long, lean, and keen old face, of much character and even beauty of expression; the falling and somewhat saturnine nose, the falling and at the same time advancing jaw, ennobled by a lofty upright brow, a pair of clear wide open eyes, and a mouth as sensitive and full of tenderness as it is

firmly set; among all the noble series of Dürer's portrait drawings there is hardly one that holds us with a stronger spell of life and sensibility.

Of paintings, a great number are attributed to Wolgemut at haphazard, and a few with sufficient reason. His name is currently used in churches and galleries for all the multitudinous produce of the Nuremberg school during its transition period, from the rudeness of the early fifteenth century to the mature power of Dürer. When criticism finds one class of painting, among those traditionally ascribed to Wolgemut, as grotesquely conceived and coarsely executed as any work of the time, and another so rich in colour, and full of force, character, and invention, as to fall little short of the very best that German art ever produced, then the inference readiest to hand is that the commonplace work represents what was done cheaply by the ruck of scholars in the workshop, and the fine work what was done with the best care of the master himself. Certain it is that for some of his altar-pieces the prices paid to Wolgemut, as recorded in documents recently brought to light, were higher than any paid afterwards to Dürer himself, and furnish conclusive testimony to the esteem in which he was held. But the present state of our knowledge does not enable us to form any complete or coherent view of his character as a painter. Only so much is clear, that he was familiar with the methods and ideals of the Flemish and Rhenish schools, and that he carried to Nuremberg the influence of those more advanced masters of the west, of Roger Van der Weyden and Martin Schongauer. So that we must not be surprised if the incongruous elements of old Nuremberg and old Cologne and of these new artistic centres seem to fluctuate in his work. For the English reader, the *Crucifixion*, formerly in the Campe collection, and exhibited last year at Burlington House by Mr. Fuller Russell—with the variety and careful splendour of its armour and brocades, the strenuous overcharged expression of its heads, its detailed and picturesque view of town and landscape in the background—may serve as an example to remember. The best authenticated as well as most important example of all is the Peringsdorffer altar-piece aforesaid, of which four wings are preserved in the Moritzkapelle at Nuremberg, showing so many pairs of colossal saints, George and Sebald, Catharine and Barbara, Margaret and Rosalia, John Baptist and Nicholas. There is also a genuine altar-piece from the church of the Trinity at Hof, now in the Museum at Munich, another, dating from the advanced old age of the master, at Schwabach, and an interesting series of wall and ceiling paintings at Goslar.

But more important for us than the paintings of Wolgemut, and not nearly so problematical, is his work as a designer on wood. In two folios which came from the press of the famous printer Anton Koburger at Munich in the years 1491 and 1493 respectively, the art of woodcut illustration was carried to a point much beyond anything known before. Ten years earlier, the same printer had borrowed, to illustrate his Bible, a set of rude woodcuts of the school of Cologne, already used in a Bible printed in that city; this time a Nuremberg workshop supplied him with cuts of infinitely greater skill and invention. The earlier of the two books in question is the *Schatzbehalter, or Treasury of the kingdom of redemption and everlasting salvation;* a series of symbolic lessons from Christian history illustrated with ninety-one full-page pictures. These fall far short yet of the climax of power and character reached by Dürer seven years later in his *Apocalypse;* the primitiveness of the designs is sometimes grotesque, the cutting often clumsy; but the progress towards full freedom of invention and aptness of expression is immense. Witness, for instance, the singular and moving mixture of the noble and the grotesque in the subject which is explained in the text to represent Christ voluntarily embracing and taking unto himself Death. Christ has sought out Death in the midst of an open place; his looks are those at once of a redeemer's commiseration and a martyr's resolve. Ordinarily it is Death himself who chooses his own victim to waylay him, this time it is one stronger than he who advances in unheard-of free submission; and at that supreme surrender the antic fiend himself is awed into solemnity. The two approach each other with deliberation, with something of ceremony; Christ gently draws

to himself by the waist and shoulder the abhorred monster, who with no forwardness or rudeness returns the same embrace. I know in art few inventions more simply daring, or better expressed with rougher means.

This great enterprise of the printer Koburger was quickly followed by another greater still, in which he was backed up by the learned patricians Sebald Schreyer and Sebastian Kammermeister, known in the history of humanism as Clamosus and Camerarius. These two furnished the capital for providing two thousand and more woodcuts, great and small, to a Chronicle, or Universal History, written by Dr. Hartmann Schedel. The contract for the cuts was made with Wolgemut and his stepson, Wilhelm Pleydenwurff, in October 1481; and they and their assistants must have wrought with a will, for the printing was completed, and the book published in two languages, Latin and German, by December 1493. This is

CIRCLE OF ANGELS FROM THE 'NUREMBERG CHRONICLE.'

the famous *Nuremberg Chronicle*, the greatest printed monument that had till then appeared, either north or south of the Alps, of secular learning and art. For grave fancifulness and quaint exuberance, for ruggedness with profusion, and childishness with power, these illustrations are among the most striking products of the Northern genius. The great bulk of them consist of fancy portraits of the historic heroes and heroines—placed, as such portraits used to be in the old manuscripts, along the margin of the page, and the same portraits often repeated—and of views of the cities mentioned, rude outlines of gables, towers, and fortifications in picturesque congeries, with rivers, trees and mountains in the same manner. Each of these topographical cuts goes across the whole width either of one or of both pages of the book; and although of many the design is entire and quite conventional guesswork, yet not a few, representing places in all parts of Europe, show that the artist knows and has desired to recall the real features of the scene. Subject illustrations are very few; yet among those few are enough to testify to the range of the designer's power. For instance,

there is that of which we give a reduced and not quite satisfactory reproduction; a subject from the beginning of things, before the first of the Days of Creation, with the Holy Spirit brooding in the form of a dove over the abyss, and the angels of God looking on; and for an instance of the opposite extreme of feeling there is that image of Death which follows immediately after the chapter on Antichrist; and surely into such grim symbols no man ever put more of a whirling, riotous, and fiendish fantasy.

That Wolgemut, in these days about sixty years old, was the designer-in-chief and superintendent of these two great schemes of illustration—that, therefore, he did more than any man of his time to advance the art of wood-engraving—of this there is no manner of doubt. But the testimony to his activity as an engraver on copper is much more ambiguous. The first explicit witness on this head is an anonymous annotator of Neudörfer, who curtly observes that 'Letter W is Wolgemut;' the next is Paul Behaim, who in a catalogue of the year 1518 ascribes the prints so signed in the same manner. The ascription was repeated by Knorr, a dealer in and historian of art writing in 1759; it is also recorded that in his, Knorr's, shop were the original plates of certain of these prints signed with the W, and that they were proved by entries in the old shop-books to have come there long ago direct from Wolgemut's heirs. Hence arose the tradition which Bartsch took it upon himself to overthrow, and did overthrow in the minds of all subsequent authorities; except the Englishman Ottley, who somewhat timidly, but for reasons perfectly just, maintained the older view, and the excellent French critic Renouvier, who writing in 1853 took the same side as Ottley, but unluckily changed his mind and recanted in a later writing of 1859. Bartsch and those who side with him forget that the truth is, it would have been very strange if Wolgemut had *not* been a metal-engraver. His is known to have been one of the longest and most active careers of all that age and country; in painting and wood-engraving we know that he was a great learner and a great teacher; so also we should naturally expect him to be in the third chief branch of an artist's practice in those days, in metal engraving. I can see no reason whatever why we should adopt for the whole series of engravings marked with a W as I have described, a name which, like that of the goldsmith Wenzel, we know only from one print where he has himself cut it in full, and from another upon which it has been written by a strange hand; especially when, in this last, the initial is not in its regular place in the middle, but on one side. These signatures with monogram or initial were strictly trade-marks, used for the purposes of identification and protection; where the same initial occurs over and over again in the same place, there is the strongest probability that it denotes the work of one hand, or at any rate of one workshop. In this case the variety of manner in the prints bearing the same mark is certainly a difficulty; but if we might expect such variety anywhere, it would be in the produce of a master who learnt from so many quarters, and was the head of a great workshop for so many years, as Michael Wolgemut. In one or two instances, internal evidence converts the probability that W means Wolgemut into a certainty. As Professor Thausing has pointed out, the engraving of the *Last Supper*, with the letter W in white upon a dark ground (B. 16) bears too exact a resemblance in design and spirit to the twenty-fourth cut of the Schatzbehalter, representing the same subject, for us to suppose them anything but the work of the same hand. And I am enabled to add another piece of evidence making strongly in the same direction. The *Annunciation*, here reproduced for us by M. Amand-Durand with even more than his usual skill, from an impression which, though originally good, is covered with grey stains—this *Annunciation* with the signature of the Master W is an unknown and undescribed example in the possession of Mr. R. Fisher, to whose kindness I am indebted for the opportunity of making it known. We have here, it is apparent, an excellent piece of old German art, with its pleasant arrangement and expression of the sacred personages, the simple and literal accessories of the praying-stool, cushion, and open book, the table with the tumbler and dish of apples, the towel on the wall, the window with carelessly-

opened shutters, through which the dove has come sliding down the shaft of light from heaven, and beyond, the sketchy view of gabled street-architecture, with people on foot and horseback in the street, and a little butterfly flight of angels in the air. But now, let the reader turn to the woodcut circle from the Nuremberg Chronicle, with the company of angels. Let him study, or better still let him draw, the heads of these angels one by one, and let him thence go on to any number of other figures of angels either in that book or in the Schatzbehalter, and he will find a singular and unmistakable uniformity in their type; the small toy-wings, sharply peaked at the joint and set back upon the shoulder, are imitated with little modification from Schongauer; but the face is quite peculiar to this master; he repeats perpetually the same low forehead with the curling lock in the middle, the same adjustment and flow of the rich side curls from behind the ear, expressed in exactly the same way, the same setting and angle of the nose, the same form of chin, quite different from the full oval of Schongauer, he has exactly the same trick of drawing the lips and corners of the mouth. Next look at the angel of this *Annunciation*, and you will feel that in wings, hair, face, hands—in all points of type, style, and character—he is of the same family with those others of the woodcut books. It is as certain to me as any conclusion from artistic style ever can be certain, that this print of Mr. Fisher's is by the same hand as drew for the Schatzbehalter and the Chronicle. In this case, then, again—and therefore also, we may conclude, generally—*Litera W ist Wolgemut.*

That in metal-engraving Wolgemut and his scholars should copy Schongauer, should copy the Dutch master of 1480, and should produce a few original pieces of more or less merit, presents no difficulty. But a master does not copy the works of his pupil; and the best and most skilful pieces of this engraver W are precisely those which he copied in his old age, according to the current opinion, from Dürer. Thus we are brought again to the question, is this opinion right? and did W copy Dürer or Dürer him? Quad von Kinkelbach, without giving any opinion who W is, says explicitly that it was Dürer who 'copied certain pieces line for line after the master W; the great *Hercules*, where W still bears the palm, but in the next Dürer has the best of it—the *Sea-rider*' (what we call the *Rape of Amymone*), '*Jerome in the Wilderness*, the *Prodigal Son*, *Mary with the monkey*, the *Sleeping Doctor* (our *Dream of Love*), and the little *Lady on Horseback*.' This list includes one or two prints by Dürer of which we know no version by W, and leaves out one or two of which we do know such versions. But those we do know include the entire group of studies, which stand very much by themselves in Dürer's work, of the female nude treated in a somewhat idealised and Italianised spirit, with a result quite different alike from that of his geometrical scheme of human proportions in the *Adam and Eve*, and from that of his unflinching study of literal Teutonic nature in the *Nemesis*. Besides these enigmatical mythologies, with their quite singular types and expressions, W and Dürer also repeat one another in a few of the subjects which fall more naturally into the main body of Dürer's work. All alike belong to those years when Dürer had begun to use his monogram by way of signature, but in a form, at first, slightly different from what it afterwards took, and without adding the date—that is, as we know by the analogy of similar marks on his drawings, to the years between 1496 and, at latest, 1505 or 1506. In vindicating Quad's discredited opinion, Professor Thausing has made it appear quite natural, first, that Wolgemut, now over sixty years old, should have acquired, by his copies of Schongauer and the masters, the high degree of technical skill shown in this new group of his engravings; second, that his intercourse with the humanists of his native city, Schedel, Kammermeister, Schreyer, and the rest, should have filled his mind with these new mythologic themes of the Renaissance; and third, that Dürer, after his return from his *Wanderjahre* at the end of 1494, should have set himself to acquire the difficult technical skill of copper-engraving by copying the new achievements of his old teacher. In drawing on paper and vellum Dürer, at this age of twenty-three, was already a consummate master; he soon showed himself a skilled painter; and in the great Apocalypse series of 1497, the greatest of all designers on wood. But some of his early copper-engravings

are rough and others timid; in this art we can watch him, after his return, gradually learning. Of the engravings indisputably his—engravings, that is, of which no other version with the mark W is recorded—there is nothing, until we come to the *St. Eustachius*, nearly so rich and skilful as the *Hercules*, the *Amymone*, and other pieces which, by our hypothesis, he engraved in these years not by himself but after his master.

But passing from historical probabilities to technical proofs, Professor Thausing has, as it seems to me, shown conclusively that in the *Couple with Death behind a tree* Wolgemut, working somewhat roughly in the manner of our illustration, shows all the vigour and character of first invention, while Dürer, in his reversed copy, which brings the man's sword to his right thigh and his left arm round the waist of the lady, shows the minuteness and comparative coldness of scrupulous imitation. That, again, in the *Dream of Love*, Dürer has made some omissions and deviations which could only have been made by a copyist; and in this case I should add that Wolgemut has some exquisitely rich and delicate work in the graining of a beam, which Dürer, in copying, makes bald and poor—so far, as yet, was the engraver of the St. Jerome of 1513 from his full power—and that Wolgemut gives to the thigh of Venus a rich and supple outline, which Dürer makes straight and common. And so on in example after example. Take, what it is very difficult to get, equally good impressions of both versions in each case, and the conviction gradually forces itself upon you that in this branch of his practice the young Dürer is as yet not leading but following. I will add one argument which has not been used hitherto—an argument dry enough, but difficult, I think, to get over. Everybody knows Dürer's usual kind of signature or trade-mark on a print. After the year 1504, he writes date and monogram together on a tablet or little scroll, which he places sometimes in shadow, sometimes in light, sometimes hung on a tree, sometimes pinned to a wall, sometimes lying in perspective on the ground, now high, now low, now in one corner, now in another; but out of seventy-two or seventy-three plates, done between that date and his death, there are only four in which he has chosen to sign himself at the bottom of the plate in the middle. Before 1504, he signs habitually with the monogram alone, and out of twenty-eight prints belonging probably to this early date, twenty-three have the monogram at the bottom in the middle. Out of these twenty-three, there are ten of which versions by W either exist or are recorded. Of the five which have the monogram elsewhere—they are the *St. George on foot*, the two *Saints Sebastian*, the *Standard-bearer*, the *Witch riding on a goat*—there neither exist nor are recorded any versions by W. If W copied Dürer, why did he happen not to copy any of these five? If, on the other hand, Dürer copied W, then, since W set his mark uniformly in this place, Dürer must, of course, in copying him, set *his* in the same; and would naturally, in designing for himself, keep up a like habit for awhile, breaking the habit at first only occasionally, but afterwards, as he grew into habits of his own, abandoning it. And it is to this latter presumption that the facts correspond.

It is fair, however, to quote two cases which at first sight look badly for our theory: they are these. The design of the engraving of the *great Hercules* is made up from elements which were undoubtedly supplied by Dürer himself; three figures being incorporated from that beautiful drawing which we have already mentioned, made by him in 1494 in free imitation of a Florentine print of *Orpheus and the Thracian women*,* and one from his drawing made in the same year in strict imitation of Mantegna's *Battle of Tritons*. Again, in the background of the *Virgin with the monkey*, there is an elaborate view of one of the island-houses on the Pegnitz, of which houses there are several near Nuremberg, and of which the popular name is *Weierhaus;* now of this same view an original coloured drawing by Dürer, with the name of the place in his own handwriting, is preserved in the British Museum. Nevertheless, take the two versions of each print side by side, and, given good impressions, it is impossible to escape the feeling that

* Both the drawing and the engraving, which is unique, belonged to the Harzen collection, and are now in the museum at Hamburg.

the W version of the *Hercules* engraving, with its three birds in the air, which Dürer omits, and its other variations, which are not like those of a copyist, is the true original. And in like manner as to the *Virgin with the monkey;* the W version, with its delicate Italian type of head, has more unity, more charm, more look of originality, than Dürer's with its uncomely Northern head in the midst of a composition otherwise quite Italian. We must, then, try to reconcile these awkward cases with our hypothesis in the only way possible, by supposing that after Dürer's return from his travels, he and his old master continued to work much together; and that the master was accustomed to work up portions of the pupil's drawings from the Italian, drawings from landscape, and so forth, into designs which he himself proceeded to engrave, which engravings again Dürer, for the education of his hand in that art, presently copied after him. The rarity and poor state of Wolgemut's prints, and the fact that it is usually not his but Dürer's version that we find multiplied by other contemporary copyists, must then be taken to show that in the mechanical processes of printing, and the commercial arrangements for sale and publication, Wolgemut was careless and Dürer careful; hence the work of the pupil might come to command the market even before the celebrity of his name, in consequence of the publication of the *Apocalypse* series, began to eclipse that of his master. This view of the relations of the two men is not without difficulties in itself, and cannot be without disappointment for those who do not love to deduct any factor from their estimate of a cherished pre-eminence. But in the present state of our knowledge, no other view seems to me to be tenable.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS.*

IT is a commonplace amongst the initiated that the general public lives in profound ignorance of the very existence of the prints and drawings in the British Museum. This is due to various causes, two of which may be mentioned as most obvious. In the first place, the general public, though really enjoying finished pictures, does not care much for old prints, and cares even less for the kind of drawings in which artists set down their impressions from nature or the first crude forms of their compositions. But besides this indifference on the part of the public, the Trustees of the British Museum have been equally indifferent about exhibiting the treasures in their possession. They have acted like some private collector, who does not object to show his treasures to some friend who wants to see them, and knows what to ask for, whilst at the same time he has no desire to exhibit them to ordinary visitors. The Trustees put no insuperable obstacle in the way of a determined student; but they do nothing whatever to make their drawings an educating influence for the people. Messrs. Chatto and Windus, in bringing out this volume, have desired to make the existence of our National Collection more generally known. This is merely a selection of twenty drawings by Italian masters, autotyped, and therefore cannot have any pretension to completeness; but it is quite enough to make people aware of the precious things which lie neglected in the Museum. The masters represented are Mantegna, Perugino, Francia, Raphael, Lionardo, Lorenzo di Credi, Michelangelo, Titian, Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, Giulio Romano, Garofalo, and Ligozzi. The autotypes are mounted on grey boards, with lines ruled round each drawing after the manner of the mounting adopted in the Louvre; and the size of the page, 23 inches by 18, is sufficient to admit drawings of a considerable size with a fair allowance of margin. Some of Mr. Carr's notes are copious; that on Mantegna extending to four pages and a quarter; others, such as that on Lorenzo di Credi, are much more brief, but in every instance the critic has had space to say what he intended, and he appears to have been free from the torturing exigencies of publishers,

* 'Drawings by the Italian Masters.' Reproduced by the Autotype process from the originals in the collection at the British Museum. With Critical Notes by J. Comyns Carr. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, 1877.

who like all the illustrations in a work of this kind to have an equal share of text. We are glad to observe, also, that Messrs. Chatto and Windus have been completely independent of another kind of publishers' Philistinism, which insists on having illustrations all of one size, for that would have deprived us of the exquisite little pencil sketch on rose-coloured paper of a *Virgin and Child* by Raphael, which is the gem of the volume, and irradiates the whole vast page with its beauty, though it only measures 5 inches by 4. On the other hand, we should have been very sorry to lose the large Mantegna of *Mars*, *Diana*, and *Venus*, which opens the series and represents the master thoroughly well, so far as his technical art of drawing is concerned, though from the nature of the subject it cannot give the serious moral side of his mind. That, indeed, is scarcely to be expected from the studies of any artist, which are usually nothing more than records of form or arrangements for composition. The drawings in every instance are well selected to represent the masters, but they are by no means of equal absolute merit, and we rather think that Mr. Carr has missed an educational opportunity in not pointing out more decidedly where these famous masters often cease to be profitable examples. His pages are rather a graceful accompaniment to the drawings than a critical study of the masters. The style of the writing is always elegant and thoughtful, but we have read stronger work by Mr. Carr, and cannot resist the impression that he has allowed himself to be needlessly over-awed by the celebrity of famous men. All these drawings are interesting, but some of them are bad in parts with that degree of badness which is permitted only to the illustrious. It would have been a service to the ordinary reader to help him to see this. One of Mr. Carr's best and most thoughtful passages is that on Raphael :—

'There is no problem of character to arrest the imagination, and from both faces all trace of passion or fervour has been driven away. The art is neither intensely religious nor strongly human; it is not touched with sad experience as the art of Lionardo or Michelangelo, nor lifted into ideal rapture as the art of Fra Angelico, and yet it holds us with a power scarcely inferior to either. The source of Raphael's influence, as expressed in such a drawing as this, cannot be understood until we realize the truth that he laboured neither in the service of things religious nor of things profane. Of all painters who have touched sacred themes, he is in essence the least moved by sacred fervour; and of all the great students of nature he is the least attracted to the tragic fortunes of humanity. Inheriting the larger resources that belonged to the artistic development of his time, he nevertheless did not identify himself with its most powerful tendencies. He abandoned the saintly grace of Perugino, but he did not truly accept the profounder and more tragic ideal that Michelangelo perfected. He discovered for himself, and in the presence of nature, that yet another order of beauty was left for art to interpret. Not to penetrate the secrets of life until the face and form should become the index of strong learning and sad experience, *but to rescue the body for the sake of its own natural beauty, and to reflect in the countenance only the simplest and most spontaneous emotion*, was the task that he set himself to accomplish.'

This, in a few words, is a good account of Raphael, and there is another profound remark on the next page, 'Raphael's faces are not only free from passion, *they are unfit for its utterance*;' but it would have been well in notes like Mr. Carr's to explain to the general reader the perfectly conscious idealizing process of Raphael. It has been proved that he saw nature as a realist, and then passed from that to the ideal conception which he preferred. He did not confound the two, as some artists of genius have done, and do still, when they fancy that they draw accurately. *The Entombment* in this volume is a fair example of Raphael's pen-sketches for composition; and Titian is represented by two pen-sketches, one for the *Peter Martyr*, the other a landscape study of some farm-buildings on hilly ground with a few trees. All Titian's pen-work is interesting, and it is generally powerful as a downright statement of the sort of truth that he wanted, though it has its weak points. For example, the beeches in the *Peter Martyr* are powerfully drawn, but the larches beyond them are bad, and though the buildings and trees in the landscape sketch are well set down as a memorandum, how empty the foreground is, and what an extreme example of abstraction is this treatment by rude lines drawn regardlessly of the grassy surface!

The two drawings at the end of the book, *The Incredulity of St. Thomas*, and *Neptune*

surrounded by the Marine Deities, by Garofalo and Ligozzi, are far inferior, both in quality of drawing and in pleasantness of aspect, to most of the examples in the volume, but they may be useful as a foil. If the reader looks first at the coarse yet feeble figure-shading in the Ligozzi, and then turns to the exquisite refinement of the shading in the del Sarto, he will enjoy the good work more than ever.

PRAYER.

ETCHED BY P. RAJON FROM A PAINTING BY G. P. CHALMERS, R.S.A.

PICTURES ought not to require literary explanation, and the one before us tells its own story so completely as to need no commentary. We could say nothing about it which the reader would not immediately discover for himself, and therefore prefer to increase its interest by a short account of the artist and his career.

Mr. Chalmers was born at Montrose, Forfarshire, in 1836, and remained at school there until the age of fourteen, when he went to a surgeon and stayed with him for two years. The next change was to a ship-chandler's, as apprentice. When the apprenticeship had lasted five or six years there appears to have been a slight difference of opinion between Mr. Chalmers and the ship-chandler, expressed somewhat energetically on Mr. Chalmers' part by throwing a besom at his master and departing. The pursuit of art had already been entered upon when this event occurred; indeed, the young artist had drawn since childhood, and his schoolmaster at Montrose, unlike most schoolmasters, had encouraged the habit: but this may have been because he was himself an amateur of the fine arts. He painted pictures in the evenings, 'fearfully bad ones' we regret to learn, and young Chalmers gave the advantage of his assistance. These works of art were afterwards bestowed as prizes in the school, as incitements to emulation and an encouragement to learning. At the ship-chandler's there was not the same zeal for the fine arts, but there was paint enough (that used for the ships), so the apprentice prepared canvases himself, and utilised the paint for artistic purposes. Sometimes he sketched from nature, but more frequently amused himself by copying engravings, with the added glories of colour, one of these being from a Stanfield. After that incident of the besom the young artist raised a little money by a raffle of pictures and drawings—about sixty of them in all—and went to Edinburgh. He had sent up three studies from Montrose to the Academy, and on his arrival in the Scottish metropolis was admitted to study from the antique, the class being then under the superintendence of Robert Scott Lauder. Mr. Chalmers steadily pursued his academical studies for several years, supporting himself by portraits in oil, chalk, &c. He began by modestly exhibiting a boy's head in chalk, then painted and exhibited several small pictures in oil of single figures, such as *The Student*, *The Rêverie*, and *The Smoker*, most of which were bought by the Association for Promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland. Having made a sketching tour in Brittany with his friends, Mr. Pettie and Mr. P. Graham, young Chalmers now painted, as a result of his travels, a picture of some importance, called *The Favourite Air*, also bought by the above-mentioned Association. Since then Mr. Chalmers has exhibited regularly in the Scottish Academy, and has only sent three small pictures to London. Of late years he has been chiefly engaged in portrait-painting, and he took to landscape many years ago from the love of it; nor has he ever abandoned that branch of art. The two largest landscapes painted by this artist are entitled, *Running Water* and *The End of the Harvest*. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1867, and an Academician in 1871. The picture from which M. Rajon's etching is taken was exhibited in 1871, and probably won for its author the rank of R.S.A.

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM WYLD. ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

IT was at the end of September, 1846, that Mr. Wyld and his brother left Paris together for Germany, where they visited a great number of the most picturesque places, staying to sketch in the neighbourhood when the country happened to be attractive, and lingering here and there, so that it was already December when they reached Cologne. Notwithstanding the season of the year they went on through Hanover and Minden to Berlin, thence to Leipsic and Dresden and on to Prague, which they thought more picturesque than any place visited in the course of their tour. It is unnecessary to mention many other well-known places, but Munich may be mentioned for the impression which Mr. Wyld received there from the works of Rubens. It occurred to him, that if Turner had ever seen the *Resurrection of the Blessed*, the influence of

GENOA.

that picture must have laid the foundation of his later manner of painting. 'It is a gorgeous assemblage of yellow and blue tones, harmonised with greys intervening, and here and there spotted with brilliant touches of green and red in juxtaposition. The principal light is on a dazzling mass of flesh, a group of soaring females in the centre of the picture. There are several of Rubens' sketches here, from studying which I conclude that he began most of his compositions by painting them in grey over a simple coat of bitumen, subsequently tinting and glazing in his tones of colour. In some of the sketches the bitumen has flown, so that the parts which were painted in as relative light have now become darker than the background or shadows.' The tour was continued to Vienna, Trieste, and Venice, where the travellers made a long stay, and then they quietly explored most of the towns in northern Italy, sketching all the time, and not returning to Paris till the end of April 1847. Mr. Wyld had hardly got his sketches and artistic materials in order, and resumed work seriously in his studio, when he received the dreadful intelligence that his second brother, ten years younger than himself, who was director of a mining establishment in the Sierra Morena in Spain, had been attacked and dangerously wounded by robbers. The two brothers in Paris at once started for Spain, travelling day and night till they reached Cordova. From Cordova to El Hozo, the village

which was their final destination, the travellers had to ride on horseback, which took them eighteen hours. They found the wounded man in such a condition that there was little or no hope of saving him; yet he lingered for several months, and it was not until the month of September that death put a period to his sufferings. During the whole of this time Mr. Wyld remained at El Hozo, except that he had liberty enough for sketching in the immediate neighbourhood. Here he saw many strange and wildly picturesque scenes; too romantic to seem real, for the figures were often as picturesque as the landscape. One of these scenes has ever since remained impressed upon the artist's memory. He met with a band of about fifty smugglers, all armed to the teeth, and clad in the romantic Andalusian costume, their mules bedizened, and even the pack-saddles enriched with many-coloured ornaments. A halt of these smugglers was such a striking scene, that Mr. Wyld painted it on his return to Paris, the picture being now in the possession of Baron Heath, Consul-General of Italy in England.

The Revolution of 1848 put a complete stop to the sale of modern pictures in France, and this induced Mr. Wyld to turn his attention to England, where he had never yet exhibited. He consequently sent two water-colour drawings to what was then the 'New Water-Colour Society,' and this led to his election as an Associate, after which he exhibited frequently. Another circumstance, in great part accidental, caused the artist to be better known in his native country, where he had not hitherto exhibited any work in oil. A picture of his in the Paris Salon of 1849 had remained unsold (for no picture found purchasers in that year), but it had attracted attention, and it was thought advisable to send it to the British Institution, where it met with considerable success, so far as newspaper criticism went. This was the *View of Oran*, which will be familiar to many of our readers, as it has remained in England ever since. After being exhibited in London it was sent to Manchester, where it not only was promptly purchased, but won a reputation for its author which led to a long series of important commissions from the leading lovers of art in that city and neighbourhood, including Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. J. Pender, Sir James Watts, Mr. Sam Mendel, Mr. J. Bull, Mr. Ricards, and others. The Messrs. Agnew appreciated Mr. Wyld's pictures, and bought many of them, which have been since disseminated through the north of England. They have always been excellent friends of his, and have done much for his reputation and success.

About the same time that Mr. Wyld began to be known in Manchester he made a reputation at Amsterdam, by exhibiting some important pictures there, which led to his election as a Royal Academician. His visits to England now became annual, and each of them extended to several months. He took chambers in Waterloo Place, and spent the London seasons there, so that the connexion with his native city was renewed. Some old friendships took him often to Manchester—friendships which had long preceded his artistic reputation in Lancashire, and amongst other friends may be mentioned Edward Walters, the architect, who was the first to transform the hideous square boxes which formerly did duty as warehouses into the palatial buildings which now give such a different aspect to the capital of the cotton trade. Mr. Walters was also the architect of the Free Trade Hall.

In 1852 the Queen wished to have an artist at Balmoral to make sketches in the neighbourhood. It happened that Mr. Wyld had already executed several commissions for the Queen, so that Mr. Colnaghi, who was entrusted by Her Majesty with the duty of finding a competent artist, suggested the project to him, requesting that a collection of his sketches might be sent for the Queen's approval. This having been done, and the sketches liked, the artist went to Balmoral in the month of September and stayed there till the middle of October, making many sketches and a few finished drawings, some of which are engraved in the illustrated edition of Her Majesty's book of reminiscences. Notwithstanding this interesting visit to the Highlands, Mr. Wyld has never felt any strong attraction to Highland scenery, though he has painted a few pictures of it. It is too northern for his taste, which finds fuller satisfaction in the Italian light and air and the

picturesque groups of Italian buildings. If he wants a city he prefers Venice or Verona, and Como pleases him better than any of the Scottish lakes.

As soon as the Empire appeared to be firmly established in France the profession of art began to flourish again, and French buyers gave renewed proofs of their appreciation. This encouragement, together with plenty of commissions from Manchester, kept Mr. Wyld to his easel; and then came the great International Exhibition of 1855, where every artist in Paris was anxious to be well represented. Wyld contributed six paintings, the most important of which were a picture six feet long, representing a regatta at Venice in the sixteenth century, now in the public gallery at Tours, and a classical sunset on the banks

STREET IN VERONA.

of the Tiber, with an antique barque and bathers in the middle distance, which is now in the Museum at Berne. Count de Niewerkerke, who in 1855 was *surintendant* of the fine arts in France, asked the painter to exhibit as a member of the French school, to which he consented, having exclusively studied in France and almost exclusively followed his profession there. At the close of the Exhibition there was a splendid ceremony for the distribution of rewards. This took place in the *Palais de l'Industrie*, where an immense throne was erected just opposite the entrance, with all the pomp that the imperial decorators knew how to display on due occasion. The body of the building was occupied by 20,000 spectators, all in full dress or in uniform, and there was an orchestra of 1200 musicians. The Emperor distributed the rewards himself, and amongst the rest gave the cross of the Legion of Honour to the subject of this memoir. On the same occasion Sir Edwin Landseer received a gold medal of the first class.

Since 1855 Wyld has lived chiefly in Paris, making excursions to England and other countries. He began to exhibit at the French Gallery in Pall Mall some years ago, and has latterly become a constant contributor. In the spring of 1866 his contribution consisted of three large upright subjects painted for Mr. J. Bull of Manchester, and intended to decorate a fine staircase at his country house. The central composition was an ideal Tivoli, with a blaze of sunset in the centre, whilst the pendants represented a canal at Venice and a canal at Rotterdam; the lighting was so arranged that the two canal scenes appeared to take their light from the sun in the Tivoli picture, an arrangement which gave a great appearance of unity to the whole, though the spectator may not always have discovered the reason for it. These pictures, however, are unfortunately now dispersed, having become the property of different collectors.

Manchester readers will remember an exhibition of water-colour studies taken between Nice and Geneva, during a pedestrian excursion which Mr. Wyld made in the autumn of 1863. Messrs. Agnew, with their usual kindness to him, had put one of the best rooms in their Manchester establishment at his disposal; and although they did much to ensure the pecuniary success of the exhibition by helping the sale of the drawings, most of which were bought at very high prices, they refused to accept any commission.

In the year 1869 Wyld executed a very large painting for the Gallery of the Luxembourg, where it now hangs in the corridor, in an admirable light, and on the level of the eye. The subject is a distant view of St. Michael's Mount, in France, taken from Avranches. The sun is setting in pale yellow light over the distant sea, and there is a picturesque château near the spectator, whilst the foreground is enriched with cattle and figures. This picture may therefore be taken as a *résumé* of the artist's studies, including, as it does, both sky and sea, and buildings, and foliage, and figures. The effect, too, an effect of pervading light with mist enough to increase the remoteness of distant objects without obscuring them, is representative of the artist's usual taste and feeling, which have always been opposed to the harshness of the Pre-Raphaelite landscape-painters. This picture was exhibited in the Salon of 1870, and was asked for by the Bavarian Government, along with some others, for an exhibition at Munich; the Franco-German War broke out in the interval, and the painting went from Munich to Vienna, and from Vienna to Pesth. It only came back to Paris after the peace, to take its place in the National Gallery of living artists.

With this picture our sketch of the painter's career may come to its close, though he is still producing. Few painters in the present century have enjoyed more of what constitutes success, much labour in a beloved occupation sustained by excellent health, public recognition in several different nations, and also that pecuniary success which an artist values as much for the appreciation which it implies as for its convenience. It is too soon to attempt any estimate of Wyld's position amongst the successful artists of this century. French landscape art, after having been as conventional and artificial as possible, has gone into the opposite extreme, so that the *paysagiste* of the present day usually sits down in the presence of nature without thinking about artistic traditions at all, and paints his bit of rough road, or his pond, with a single eye to the impression he receives from it. Wyld is not so artificial as Claude, and not so much a naturalist as the rustic painters of the present day. He has never been rustic in his tastes, and has never had the passion for solitude and wild nature; yet, on the other hand, he has never undervalued the knowledge which is to be acquired in the presence of nature. His art belongs, as may be expected, more to the first than to the second half of the nineteenth century, both in its temper and its tendencies. It is not so *intime* or affectionate as recent landscape-painting, but excels it both in the evidence of learning and in the exercise of taste.

London: Printed by JOHN STRANGEWAYS, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

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